

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF JACK HASELTON



A
TALE OF
ADVENTURE

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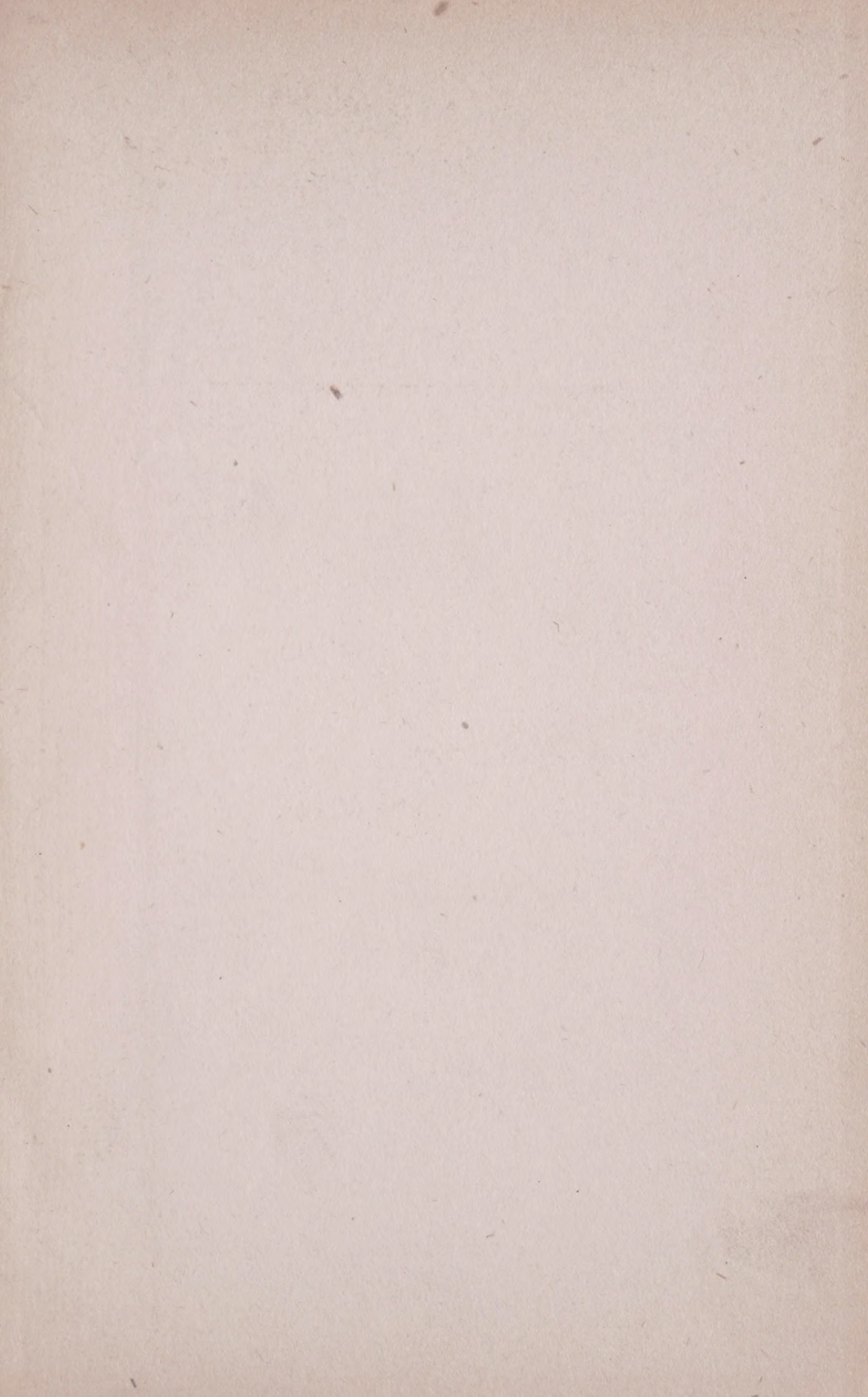


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HAPS AND MISHAPS

OF

JACK HASELTON

A STORY OF ADVENTURE

BY
W. H. MORTEN

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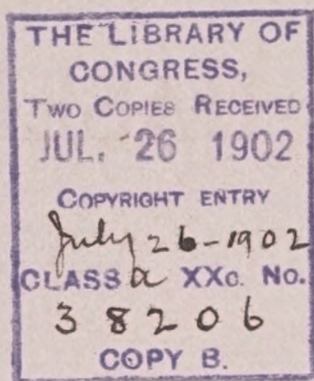
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HAPS AND MISHAPS OF JACK HASELTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLOT AND ARREST.

"WELL, Hal, we're in a pretty mess."

"I really don't know what I'm to do, George."

"How much did you lose?"

"Over two thousand dollars."

"And I lost twenty-five hundred."

"The worst of it is, George, this was not my own money. It belongs to the company," said Hal, "and I'll have to make it good or stand the disgrace of exposure, and perhaps imprisonment," continued he.

"That is awful rough, old man, and I can't help you any, although I lost my own money, I lost my pile, all my savings since I have been in the bank," said George.

There was a short silence, then George continued:

"Did you lose it all on the Firefly?"

"Yes, all in one pile," said Hal.

"And they said it was a straight tip," said George.

"Yes, they are all a lot of swindlers. I depended on that tip. They said it was straight, and that the jockey was in it, and I was sure to win, and now I'm disgraced for life," said Hal, mournfully.

"When do you have to make it up?" asked George.

"Oh, it may come out at any time. It was given to me yesterday by the cashier of our company to hand over to Mr. Warrington at Albany, and take his receipt, and now it's gone, and Mr. Warrington may inquire for it at any time. And what am I to do?" said Hal.

"Well, you're in a bad fix, old man, and I'm awful sorry, but I don't see any way out of it. I guess this will be a lesson to us to leave horse-racing alone," said George.

"Yes," said Hal; "but it all comes too late for me. You see," he continued, "I'm already done for."

There was a long silence between the two friends. George seemed to be thinking deeply. It was Saturday afternoon, and a half holiday, and they were sitting in the smoker of a train speeding along the banks of the Hudson towards New York. They had been attending the races, and had both lost more money than they could afford. One of them at least had ventured money that did not belong to him, and had lost, and was now placed in a very embarrassing position.

"Well, good-bye Hal," said George as they parted at the depot. George was to take another train, while Hal was to stop over in New York until the next day. "I'll see you again Monday evening. There may be a way out of this mess, old man," he continued.

"Mr. Seers, one of the members of our bank, dropped a hint to me the other day. I don't know just what he was driving at, but I think he wants to take advantage of my little trouble with Haselton, our cashier, to advance his own purpose somehow, and hinted that there was considerable money in it for me. I don't like Mr. Seers; he does little mean things, and I don't

believe he would hesitate at anything, however dishonorable, if it would only further his own interest. I think I'll give him a chance to make his proposal, whatever it might be, and see if there is money enough in it to help you out of this difficulty. Anyhow, I'll see you again Monday evening," continued he.

George Hampton was employed as one of the bookkeepers of the banking firm of Broughman, Seers & Co., a private bank of one of the Eastern cities. Jack Haselton was cashier of the same establishment. Jack had been raised in a little Western town by an aunt, his mother having died during his infancy. His father had kept the village store, with a miscellaneous stock of goods, where anything could have been bought, from a quart of thick molasses to a dress-pattern. Seers at that time was a clerk in this store, but having appropriated to his own use some money that did not belong to him, was discharged. Through the disgrace which followed he lost the affections of a very estimable young lady to whom he was engaged to be married, and vowed he would have revenge upon the elder Haselton, but before the opportunity occurred Haselton, Sr., died, and Seers then transferred his revengful feelings to the son, and vowed that he would ruin and disgrace Jack at the first opportunity. Soon after this Seers came into possession of considerable money through the death of a relative and went East and engaged in the banking business. After Haselton, Sr., died, and his affairs were settled up, there was very little left. Jack managed to finish his college course, but came out well-nigh penniless, but with a good education, good, well-developed muscles, and an undaunted spirit he had no fear of making his way. He had immediately come East to look for employment, believing that here was a better opportunity for an energetic, reliable young man.

Seers was the means of Jack becoming employed in the bank, and for no other purpose than to bring about his ruin. Jack, from an inferior position in the bank, through his energy, industry, ability and undoubted integrity, soon won his way to a

responsible position, and at this time, at the age of only twenty-two, was the cashier of the establishment. Now was the time for Seers to exercise his petty, malignant spirit, and bring about his long-deferred revenge.

It was on the following Monday evening, soon after George Hampton had left the bank, that he was overtaken by Seers. "Well, have you been thinking over what I said to you the other day?" asked Seers.

"I don't know what you want me to do, Mr. Seers."

"Well, I don't care about saying anything about it, unless you would be willing to do what I want," said Seers.

"And how am I going to promise what you want before I know what it is?" asked George.

"You can at least promise to keep your mouth shut if you don't take up with the idea," said Seers.

"Oh, yes," said George, "I can promise that much."

They walked along in silence for a short distance.

"You are still at outs with Haselton, aren't you?"

"There is no real trouble between Jack and me," said George. "He misunderstood me in a little personal matter, and I wouldn't take the trouble to explain, and so there is a little coolness between us, that's all."

"Wouldn't you like to see him ruined, and lose his place?" asked Seers.

"Not through anything that I might do," said George.

"Well, if you don't want to do this work, there is no use in saying any more about it," said Seers.

"But what is it that you want me to do?" asked George.

"Will you promise not to mention what I say to you, except to your friend Hal Sheldon?" asked Seers.

"Is Hal in it too?" asked George.

"Yes, we can do nothing without him," said Seers.

"Well, I promise," said George.

"Will you swear to it?" asked Seers.

"Yes, if you're so particular."

"And will you make Hal do the same?"

"Yes, I'll ask him to," said George.

"Well," said Seers, "I want to ruin Haselton, curse him! I want to down him, to disgrace him forever. I want to smirch him so with the mire, that when I get through with him he'll never hold up his head again."

"Say, Mr. Seers, that's going it pretty strong."

"He'll find out that I'll do all and more than I say."

"But what do you want me to do?" asked George.

"Hal is still employed by the New York Central Railroad, isn't he?" asked Seers.

"Yes."

"And has charge of the baggage car on the last train out Wednesday evening?"

"Yes, that's his run," said George.

"Well, Jack Haselton goes on that train. He starts then on his two weeks' vacation. I simply want Hal to open his trunk and put something in it. He can open any ordinary trunk with the keys he carries. If he can't let him break it open and say it broke in the handling," said Seers.

"What do you want him to put in it?"

"Merely a small package," said Seers.

"Where will he get the package?" asked George.

"You will hand it to him."

"And where will I get it?"

"You will take it out of the safe at the bank."

"Money?" asked George.

"Yes, a package of ten thousand dollars which I received Saturday from the Western part of the State, but I have not yet handed it over to Haselton. I will do so to-morrow at noon, just as he is about to start for lunch, when he will in all probability simply place it in the safe, after giving credit for it on his books," said Seers.

"I will be sure," he continued, "that some of the other clerks are aware that I hand him the package."

"And you want it to be found in his trunk, and make it appear that he stole it?"

"Exactly," said Seers.

"When am I to abstract it from the safe?"

"Just before closing. You have access to the safe and can do that at any time necessary."

"Then," continued Seers, "you are to hand it over to Hal tomorrow evening."

"He may have use for this money during the afternoon. At any rate, it may not be in the original package at the closing hour."

"Then you are to take any other package that you can lay your hands on. The larger the amount the better. You see, the bank won't lose anything for the package will be recovered," said Seers.

"This is an awful dirty business, Mr. Seers."

"Well, it's not exactly the kind of a thing that is taught in the Sunday schools," said Seers; "but I'll make it pay you and Hal pretty well."

"How much?" asked George.

"I'll give you five thousand dollars to divide with Hal," said Seers.

"And will you give that much to ruin Haselton?"

"Yes—curse him!—I would give more than that, if necessary, to see him disgraced forever," said Seers.

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Seers. This is an awful dirty business; but Hal is in a mighty tight place just now and might possibly take this matter up, but I very much doubt it. I'll see him to-night. By the way," continued George, "when could you pay the money over? You see, if it is to do Hal any good he will have to have it soon."

"If you secure the package to-morrow, come to my hotel with it, and I'll have the money ready for you and Hal," said Seers.

"Well, I'll see Hal to-night," said George as they parted at the street corner.

George passed on down the street shaking his head. "I don't like such dirty work. I wish I could see some other way out of it for Hal. I don't believe he'll do it, anyway; it's not like him. Poor Hal, it's awful for him either way, and I'm just as much in it as he is. It's awful hard all around."

When George called that evening at Hal's boarding-house, he found him in the very depths of despair.

"Well, how are you, old man?" said George as he entered the room where Hal was sitting at a table with his head resting on his hand.

"Oh, George," said Hal, turning his woe begone face towards him, "I'm just about crazy."

"Oh, you mustn't give up that way, Hal. Cheer up, old fellow; maybe things won't turn out so bad for you," said George.

"They couldn't be any worse, for even if the amount was larger, the disgrace is all the same. Just think, George, what's before me. If it was all over and everything known, perhaps I'd feel better. Anyhow, I couldn't feel worse. If I wasn't such a coward I'd commit suicide," said Hal.

"Oh, it's only the cowards that do commit suicide," said George. "But, Hal," he continued, "I came around to-night to tell you Mr. Seers' proposal. There is a way out of this business, but you've got to drag yourself through the mire; and the worst of it is, the filth will stick to you for the rest of your life. But if you want to do this thing, it will help you out of your present trouble."

"What do you mean?" said Hal. "What did Seers propose?"

And then George told Hal what Seers had proposed, and the part that each was to perform. Hal sat and listened, with wide-open, hollow eyes, until he had finished.

"And he wants me to do such mean, treacherous work as that! I wouldn't stoop to it; I would die first," said Hal.

"Yes, it's awful business," said George; "but it'll help you out."

"And put another man—and an innocent one—into my place," said Hal.

"Yes, that's what it would do, Hal."

"Oh, how could I, George?"

"Well, I told Seers that I did not believe that you would do it," said George.

"It is such an awful, low-down, mean trick," said Hal.

"Yes, but it would help *you* out," said George.

"Yes—but oh, how could I?"

Hal was walking the floor by this time.

"Have you seen Warrington yet?" asked George.

"Yes, and I told him the money was locked up in the safe at the office, and that I would bring it on my next trip," said Hal.

"O God, what am I to do?" continued he in despair.

"I'm sure I don't know, Hal; but I'm willing to do my part in this dirty mess to help you out, though how I can ever look Haselton in the face again afterwards I don't know."

Hal was still walking the floor, looking pale and haggard, and nervously kicking over the things that came in his way.

"How much does he propose to pay for this thing?" asked he.

"Five thousand dollars between us," said George.

"Oh, heavens!" said Hal, "how much I need that money. If there was only some other way of getting it," he continued.

"But there is no other way," said George. "It's either this or a prison cell, old man; that's about the truth of the matter."

"I'd probably receive the money too late anyhow," said Hal.

"He said that if we would promise to do the work he would have the money for us to-morrow night," said George.

"And then I could pay Warrington. Oh, heavens, what a

temptation! But could I ever hold my head up again? Could I ever look in the glass without cursing the reflection there?"

"Well, Hal, what will I tell him?" asked George.

Hal was standing with his back to George, looking out of the front window. He did not answer for a time. Finally he turned his haggard face around. "My God, George, I've got to do it," said he. "I've got to do the most dastardly thing a man was ever called upon to do. I'm going to send an innocent man to prison that I may go free. I'm going to do this most deplorable act. I'm going to do all this and then move about among my fellow beings as if I was a man. A man? A brute—a beast, rather—worse. A dog would prove faithful and honest, even unto death. And yet, George, I've got to do it or go mad."

"Well, Hal, I know it's awful rough, and I wish there was some other thing to do; but the fact is, that the part I do is just as bad, so there are two of us," said George.

"But the part that you do is not so bad, quite, for you simply sacrifice one friend to save another, while I do it to save myself," said Hal. "I don't suppose," said Hal, "that I would have to appear in court."

"Of course not," said George. "What would you be supposed to know about it?"

"Well, I'll do it, George," said Hal, "and may God have mercy on my miserable soul."

"All right," said George, rising. "I'll do my part, and have twenty-five hundred dollars for you to-morrow night. So good-bye, old man. Try and keep a stiff upper lip, and take it more easy."

Everything come about as Seers had predicted. The next noon as Haselton was putting on his coat preparatory to going to lunch, and while several of the other clerks had turned from their desks and stood quietly chatting, Seers handed Haselton the package containing the ten thousand dollars, at the same time calling his attention to its importance.

Hazelton took the package, casually turning it over in his hands, then turned to his books and giving the proper credit, placed it unopened in the safe, swung the inner doors to, and went out to lunch.

The hours of the afternoon passed slowly. It was getting on to time for closing the bank. George Hampton had been in and out of the safe several times on errands connected with his duties, and had recognized and located the package, and so knew just where to put his hands upon it. Entering the safe for the last time before closing, he slipped the package into the inside pocket of his coat and returned to his desk, lounging about until he heard the inner doors of the safe closed. Then the great outside doors were shut with a bang, the combination turned and the time lock set, and George knew that the safe could not be opened until a certain hour in the morning, and he breathed a sigh of relief, as the first act in the dastardly business was thus successfully performed.

Seers was true to his promise, and when George called upon him at his hotel and showed him the package, Seers handed him the five thousand dollars, to be divided with Hal.

George next called upon Hal and gave him the package to place in Haselton's trunk, together with his share of the pay.

Hal took the package, turned it over mechanically and said: "My heavens, George, but this is nasty business. But I suppose I'm in for it now."

"I guess we're both in it now," said George.

"This is the night for your usual run, isn't it?" asked George.

"Yes. I must start pretty soon."

"Will you see Warrington this trip?"

"Yes. I'll make it a point to see him. I want to pay over this money and get rid of it," said Hal.

"Well, so long, old man," said George, rising to go. "I hope we'll come well out of this."

"Oh, *we'll* come out of it all right," said Hal sarcastically.

"No doubt about that. It's the other man that has to walk the floor now. Well, good-bye, old fellow," shouted Hal after George, who was going down the steps two at a time.

Jack Haselton was arrested the next day at Albany, where he had stopped over before resuming his journey. He was returned and committed to jail to await his trial for grand larceny.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIAL.

THE jury was impaneled and sat waiting.

The judge was in his place, and was also waiting.

The prisoner, with his counsel, occupied seats at a table immediately in front of the judge.

The witnesses, scattered here and there, and occupying seats just behind and inside the semi-circular railing, were also waiting.

The court-room was crowded. Some were personal friends of Haselton; some were entire strangers drawn hither by curiosity; some were the usual court loungers. All who were fortunate enough to obtain seats occupied the chairs placed in rows across the room, the others standing in the passages in the rear. All were waiting. The silence was almost oppressive. All eyes turned instinctively to the prisoner and watched his every motion. Haselton sat erect in his chair and looked straight before him.

The prosecuting attorney stood at a table a little to the right arranging his papers. Having finally got things to his satisfaction, he straightened himself up, looked around at the audience, at the witnesses, at the prisoner, at the judge, and finally at the jury. Then turning again to the judge, he said: "If your Honor please, this is case No. 1410: The State vs. John A. Haselton for larceny."

The judge, after looking over a great book that lay on the desk before him, addressed the prisoner, asking him to arise.

Jack stood up and looked him square in the eye. The judge continued:

"Mr. John A. Haselton, you are accused of taking a package containing, or said to contain, the sum of ten thousand dollars out of the safe belonging to Broughman, Seers & Co., and appropriating it, or intending to appropriate it, to your own use. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said Jack, firmly.

"Mr. Horten," asked the judge, addressing Jack's counsel, "are you ready for trial?"

"All ready, your Honor," answered the counsel.

"Let the trial proceed," said the judge.

The prosecuting attorney arose. "If your Honor please, and gentlemen of the jury," bowing first to the judge and then to the jury, "this is a simple case of larceny. We are going to prove that the prisoner, Mr. John A. Haselton, was a trusted employee of the banking firm of Broughman, Seers & Co.; that he held the responsible position of cashier of that institution; that on Tuesday, the 20th inst., a package said to contain the sum of ten thousand dollars was handed to him by Mr. Seers, a member of the said firm in the presence of a number of witnesses; that Mr. Haselton took the package, and after examining the inscription, placed it in the safe; that the package was afterward abstracted by him and placed in his trunk, where it was found, at the time of his arrest, at Albany, whither the prisoner had gone, and from whence he had intended to take a train on that same evening for the Northwest. The first witness I will call," he continued, "is Mr. James D. Seers."

"James D. Seers," cried the clerk.

Mr. Seers stepped forward and was sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Now, Mr. Seers," said the prosecutor, "please tell all you know about this matter."

"On Saturday, the 17th inst., this package was paid over to me by the firm of W. D. Brown & Co., on some personal notes of theirs that became due. This firm is doing business at Spring-

dale, a small town in Pennsylvania. I turned this package over to Mr. Haselton on Tuesday, at about noon, and saw him deposit it in the safe, and thought no more about it until Wednesday morning when on looking over his books, and examining into the cash, I found a shortage of ten thousand dollars. I at first naturally thought of the package containing just the exact amount that was missing. I looked into the safe, but it was not there. I looked through the waste-basket, where the wrappings of such packages are usually thrown, but could not find the wrappings of this particular package, so it looked very much as though the package had been taken intact. I made inquiries of the other clerks, and they said——”

“That will do, Mr. Seers,” said Mr. Horten. “We do not wish to hear what the other clerks said.”

“Well,” continued Mr. Seers, “the package was gone, and after consultation with Mr. Broughman, I thought it best to arrest Mr. Haselton. I telegraphed to a detective agency at Albany, giving a description of Haselton, and ordering his arrest.”

“Is that all you know of the case?” asked the prosecutor.

“That is about all I know personally about the case,” said Seers.

“You saw Mr. Haselton place the package in the safe?” asked the prosecutor.

“Yes, sir,” said Mr. Seers. “After crediting the amount on the books, he placed the package in the safe.”

“That is all,” said the prosecutor.

Mr. Seers was about to step down from the stand.

“Wait a moment, Mr. Seers,” said Mr. Horten. “May I ask you, Mr. Seers, how long you have been connected with this banking firm?”

“For about ten years—ever since its organization.”

“Who are the other members of this firm?”

Mr. S. H. Broughman, who is president, and Mr. D. C. Warring.”

"What position does Mr. Warring hold in the bank?"

"He holds no position in the bank. He has capital invested, but has no active duties."

"A kind of silent partner, then?"

"I suppose so."

"And what position do you hold, Mr. Seers?"

"I am vice-president."

"And what are your duties as vice-president?"

"Well, they are of a miscellaneous nature. I have a sort of superintendency of the affairs of the bank, and often take the place of any clerk who happens to be absent for any cause," continued Seers.

"Who did you say that you collected this money from, Mr. Seers?"

"W. D. Brown & Co., of Springdale, Pa."

"What was the money paid to you for?"

"For certain notes that we held of theirs."

"Is it a usual thing for you to collect money in this way from persons or firms whose notes you hold?"

"It is done sometimes. Generally collections are made through the banks," he continued.

"How large a place is Springdale?"

"It's a small place, only of a few thousand inhabitants."

"Is not ten thousand dollars a rather large amount for a firm in such a small place to have standing out?"

"Yes, sir; if they were in a business that depended simply upon the inhabitants of such a place for support."

"And was not this firm thus dependent?"

"No, sir."

"What was the business of this firm, then?"

"They were contractors for bridge-building, and had business anywhere they could procure it."

"So they were bridge-builders, were they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mr. Seers, will you please tell us what especial reasons you had for personally collecting this money from this firm?"

"Well, the report got out somehow that they were shaky, and I thought it was a matter that I had better attend to personally."

"Was this report true?"

"I don't know."

"Did you have any trouble in making your collections?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Seers, how do you know that this package contained ten thousand dollars?"

"Because I counted it before it was put into a package."

"When did you say you received this money?"

"On Saturday, the 17th."

"And when did you pay it over?"

"Tuesday, the 20th inst."

"Now, Mr. Seers, why did you keep this package for three days before paying it to the cashier?"

Seers' face flushed, and he looked somewhat embarrassed. "It was a matter of no especial moment," he said. "I had the money, so that it was safe enough."

"Do you not think that it was a little strange, Mr. Seers?"

"How strange?" asked Seers.

"Did you not have plenty of opportunities of paying this money over to your cashier before Tuesday, three days after you had come in possession of it?"

"Oh, there were opportunities enough to pay it over, I suppose, but I simply neglected it."

"Are you in the habit of neglecting things of importance in this way, Mr. Seers?"

"Oh, it was of no especial importance as to the exact time that I turned the money over. I had it in my possession, and so was satisfied that it was safe."

"Well, I say it seems very strange to my mind. There must have come a great relief to your mind when this money was paid

over to you, after the doubts that you had in regard to the reliability of this firm, doubts of such a character as to cause you a special trip into Pennsylvania. Then, notwithstanding this great relief that you must have felt, to think that you should so soon forget all about it, and neglect to pass it over to your cashier and give this firm the proper credit for it on your books. I say all this, Mr. Seers, seems a little strange."

"There is nothing very strange about it," said Seers.

"How long has Mr. Haselton been employed by your firm?"

"About five years."

"Did you not always find him capable and industrious?"

"Yes, sir."

"And strictly honest?"

"Yes, sir; up to this time."

"Did you ever before even have cause to suspect his honesty in the least?"

"No, sir."

"Then, upon missing this package, why did you immediately suspect him of taking it?"

"I made inquiry of the other clerks first, but none of them knew anything of it."

"How large was this package? Could it have been put in one's pocket easily?"

"Yes, sir. It consisted of only a few bills, for they were all large ones."

"Do the other clerks have access to this safe?"

"Yes, sir. It's a depository for the books as well as for the money, and the books are always put away and locked up every night, and so most of the clerks have access to it."

"How did you come to miss the package in the first place?"

"There was a shortage in the cashier's books to that amount."

"How did you know that?"

"Because I took upon myself his duties while he was away on his vacation,"

"Well, but how did you find out so soon about the missing package?"

"Why, the very first thing that comes natural to a clerk that takes another's place where money is handled, is to balance the cash and see if the amount on hand tallies with the account in the books."

"And you found this shortage?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then Mr. Haselton had given credit on his books for the money contained in this package?"

"Yes, sir."

"I ask you, Mr. Seers, if Mr. Haselton intended to steal this money, if it would not be more likely for him not to have given this credit, and consequently not to make this shortage to appear."

"I do not know what Mr. Haselton might be likely to do, or not to do, under certain circumstances."

"That is all," said Mr. Horten.

Seers stepped down, apparently very much relieved.

"I will next call H. D. Hammond," said the prosecuting attorney.

Mr. Hammond took the stand and was sworn. He was a young man of frank countenance and pleasing address.

"Mr. Hammond," said the prosecutor, "please state all you know about this case."

"I know very little about it, sir," said he. "I saw Mr. Seers hand the package to Mr. Haselton, and heard him say that it was from Brown & Co., and saw Mr. Haselton look it over, and, after making an entry in his books, deposit it in the safe without opening it, and that's the last I saw of it."

"Did you look for it afterward?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Seers asked me on Wednesday morning if I had seen it. I told him I had not. I then went into the safe with him to help look for it, but it was not there."

"That is all," said the prosecutor.

"Mr. Hammond," said Mr. Horten, "I'll ask you what Mr. Haselton's general reputation was about the bank?"

"The very best, sir."

"Wasn't he known as being industrious, capable and strictly honest?"

"Yes, sir."

"Never a breath of suspicion against him before?"

"No, sir."

"That will do."

Harry Wilson, James Collins, and George Hampton corroborated the above testimony in each particular.

"I now call James Stubbs," said the prosecutor.

James Stubbs, being sworn, turned to the prosecutor to be questioned.

"What is your business or profession, Mr. Stubbs?"

"I am a detective, sir."

"Where and by whom are you employed?"

"By Wells, Hennegar & Co., private detective agency, at Albany."

"Please state, Mr. Stubbs, what you know about this case."

"Mr. Wells called me to him on Wednesday morning about ten o'clock, and said that he had just received a telegram from Broughman, Seers & Co., calling for the arrest of one John A. Haselton, an employee of theirs, and stated that he had stopped over at Albany. It also gave a description of him. I first commenced to make a round of the hotels, and questioned the clerks about the arrivals of the day before. I did not depend much upon the name given me in the telegram, for I expected to find him under an assumed name, and so I was somewhat surprised to find him at the B—— House, registered in his proper name. The telegram also stated when I found him to search him, both his person and his trunk, for a small package containing money of a considerable value, and that a search-warrant would be sent

if necessary, but not to give him time to secrete anything. He seemed surprised when I arrested him, but I took no stock in that; they all act that way. I told him what I wanted, and he appeared perfectly willing that I should search anywhere for what I was looking for. I thought in fact by his actions that I was too late and that he had already made way with the package. And so I was again surprised when I found it in his trunk. And he also appeared really surprised, or in fact dumfounded, when I told him I had what I was looking for. I also told him anything he said would be testimony against him; but he looked awfully cut up, and only said that he had nothing to say. I then brought him back here and turned him over to the authorities."

"And that is all you know of the case?" asked the prosecutor.

"Yes, sir."

"That is all."

"Mr. Stubbs," said Mr. Horten, "you say that the prisoner here was perfectly willing to let you search for this package?"

"Yes, sir. He gave me the key to his trunk and seemed perfectly willing that I should search for the missing package, and that was the reason that I was so much surprised when I found it."

"That is all," said Mr. Horten.

"If your Honor please," said the prosecuting attorney, "the prosecution here rests its case. We may have some testimony in rebuttal when the defense is through, but this is all we care to offer now."

Then Mr. Horten arose.

"If your Honor please, the defense also rests its case here. We have no witnesses to call, for unless we can prove how the package was abstracted from the safe and put into my client's trunk, it would be useless to call any witnesses, only so far as to prove the heretofore irreproachable character of Mr. Haselton, and we do not think that is necessary for we are willing to believe that every gentleman on this jury is willing to concede

that fact. When all his fellow clerks, who although from a sense of duty are apparently bound to testify against him in this case, when all these, without exception, are not only willing but glad to also testify to the good character that he has always held among them, we do not deem it necessary to take up your Honor's time, and worry the patience of the gentlemen of the jury with a long string of needless witnesses.

"We are then ready to hear the arguments of the counsel," said the judge.

The prosecuting attorney arose, looked over his notes on the table, looked around the court-room, stepped out in front of the table, turned to the jury, straightened himself up and thus began his argument:

"Gentlemen of the jury, we have here a very simple case of larceny, and I do not purpose to take up much of your time. We think that we have proved our case without the shadow of a doubt. This man was a trusted employee of this banking firm. He was holding the responsible position of cashier in this establishment. He was thus trusted, because up to this time he had undoubtedly never done anything to bring suspicion upon him. He had carried himself honestly and uprightly among his fellow clerks, and before his employers. He had performed his duties in a thorough and conscientious manner. He undoubtedly was a model clerk. But, gentlemen of the jury, it's only from the greatest height that there can be the greatest fall. When a man is down, he cannot fall very far. But, in social, religious or moral life, the higher a man succeeds in climbing, the greater distance is he in danger of falling.

"Just one little slip, one misstep, one mistake, and down he goes to irreparable ruin. He has lost in a moment what it had taken a lifetime to gain. It is rather sad, gentlemen, that a man may spend nearly all his life in building up a good character, not a reputation gentlemen, but a character, which is the inner life, the true self, guided by a consciousness of right-doing,

and so obtain a high eminence either socially, religiously or morally, or all combined, and then in one weak moment to fall down, down, down into inconceivable depths of everlasting ruin and disgrace. But such it is, gentlemen, and that one moment of weakness has undone all the efforts of a former life. A man can never fully recover after such a fall. He will never be the same man again. He may repent the act that caused his fall, he may do penance in long years of imprisonment, he may come out of prison and strive, by an upright life, to regain what he had lost by his fall, and to a certain extent may seem apparently to succeed, and his fellow-men may take him by the hand, and to all appearances seem to have forgotten his one mistake made in a weak moment, but, gentlemen, away down in their hearts they can't help but remember, and the man himself remembers. We have before us to-day, gentlemen, a case in point. Here is a young man who up to this time has been all that even a mother's heart could wish; a good, moral, conscientious young man, and all that an employer could desire; a faithful, industrious and capable clerk of the strictest integrity; yet in one weak moment he has fallen. We do not know what the temptation was. It may have been very great. It may have been a matter of life or death. We do not know, gentlemen, what the cause. We only state the facts in the case. Here is a faithful, honorable clerk, who is given a package containing ten thousand dollars. He was seen to take it in his hands and deposit in the safe. This package is afterward found in his trunk in a distant city, whither he had gone and from whence at the very day of his arrest he was to continue his journey. It is true, gentlemen, no one has been found who actually saw him abstract the package from the safe, but, gentlemen, that has no bearing in the matter. Would he not take particular pains to be sure that no one did see him when he did this thing?

“When a man is going to take anything from another that does not belong to him, does he generally wait until there is a crowd

around that can testify to that fact, or is he liable to do it when no one is liable to see him? And then think of the opportunities he had to secrete this package about his person! Why, he had access to the safe at any and all times. In and out of it at all hours of the day. But the most damaging testimony is that it was found in his possession. Taken from his trunk with which he was traveling way off to a distant part of the country. Gentlemen, the thing is too plain. This young man has fallen from his high estate and is guilty of this theft. You can agree upon no other verdict. You may feel sorry for him, but your pity will not save him. You have sworn to do your duty. You must abide by the law and the evidence, and may God give you a clear conscience in the discharge of your duty. I thank you, gentlemen, for your attention."

The prosecuting attorney again resumed his seat, and everybody drew a long breath, as though of relief from the tension in which their minds had been strained for the last half hour.

Mr. Horten then arose and addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I stand in your presence to-day to plead for an innocent man. That he is innocent of this crime I am just as well convinced as I am that I stand here before you. What has been proven against him? First, that he received this package of money from Mr. Seers, and deposited it in the safe. Is there any crime in that? Was not that all in connection with his regular duties? Yes. So that he has committed no crime thus far. What next is proven? That he went as far as Albany, where he was arrested. Is there any crime in that? Was it not by permission of his employers that he had started on a vacation of two weeks? Yes. So there is no crime in that, and he is thus innocent. What next is proven? That this package is found in his trunk. 'Ah,' you say, 'there is the crime.' But, gentlemen, is it a crime unless he put it there? And who among you dare to say positively that my client here put that package in his trunk? Did he act like

he knew it was there when he gave Mr. Stubbs his keys to examine his trunk? Is that the act of a guilty man? Such an act, the detective said, surprised him when he found the package was in the trunk. Surprised him because he did not expect to find it. He is a man in the habit of arresting criminals almost every day in the year, and yet this man was surprised when he found the package. He was nonplussed at such an easy solution of the matter. When this man was put upon the case, and told to find this man, he naturally supposed that the man was guilty, and began to look for him, and expecting to identify him by the description sent him, hiding somewhere under an assumed name. But how did he find him? In hiding? No. Under an alias? No. In some obscure locality? No. But he found him registered at a prominent hotel in his right name, like any other honest man. He says this was also a surprise to him. He was not used to finding those kind of criminals. He was used to something more intricate. And then, when he was handed the keys and told to search the trunk and found the package, he was surprised again.

“Why was he surprised, gentlemen? I ask you, why was he surprised? Because he was in the presence of an innocent man. He expected to find guilt, but found innocence, and so was surprised. He was in the presence of a man who did not know that the package was in the trunk.

“Do not all my client’s actions prove his entire innocence? Does he not act all through like a man naturally would who knew that he was innocent of any intentional wrong? And when the package was found, how did he act? The detective says he acted as though he was surprised. Nay, he was dumfounded. Is not that the action of an innocent man? Gentlemen, my client is no play-actor. Look into his frank and open face. Look down into his truthful eyes and you will know that he cannot act only in accordance with his natural feelings in all things. But you say the package was there. How do you

account for that? Somebody must have put it there. I acknowledge all that, gentlemen, and I am sorry to say I don't know. If I only knew that point and could prove it, my client would walk out of this room a free man. It is true the package was found in his trunk and must have been put there by some one's hands. It certainly could not have crept into the trunk of its own accord. You may say that the person who put it there was the person who expected to profit most by it; and I say that that would be a right conclusion; for the person who did this thing never intended that my client should profit by it, but that he did it for his own purpose—a purpose to bring about just such a state of things as exist at this moment; a state of things that would dishonor and disgrace this man in the eyes of the whole world.

“But who has done this thing, and for what reason? I answer again, gentlemen, I don't know. But there is something you may be assured of; there is some one watching this trial with glaring, gloating eyes; who is more than interested, and who is watching every point, and with bated breath, is only waiting for the end. Are you incredulous, gentlemen? Did this thing never happen before? Gentlemen, did you never hear of an innocent man being sent to prison. Is it altogether an unheard-of thing? I say no. Although it may not be a common occurrence, it is sometimes done. And I say it's a shame, a shame, gentlemen. Will you stop for a moment to think what it means to the man himself? Just think one moment, gentlemen. A man wrongly accused and sent to prison for a term of years. Let it come home to you, gentlemen.

“Imagine it to happen to yourself. And why not to you as well as any other innocent person? I say again, gentlemen, that it is a shame, a crying shame, that in this enlightened country, and in this intelligent age, that any innocent man, at any time, should be sent to pay the penalty of a crime that he did not do. Why is it necessary? I say, gentlemen, it ought never

to happen. In this age of intelligence and progress, when rapid strides are being made in every other direction, why is the detection of criminals at a standstill? Why, gentlemen, if the proper progress was made in this direction, there never would be a crime go unpunished—not by picking up some scapegoat to appease an angry public, but by a punishment of the real criminal. But there is the trouble, gentlemen. When there is a crime committed, there is a great hue and cry for some one to pay the penalty. Justice has been outraged, rights have been trampled on, and somebody must suffer for it, and the community is not satisfied until it is known that some one has paid the penalty. Generally, I admit, it is the right one, the one who ought to be made to suffer. But sometimes they make mistakes, and I say, gentlemen, that there should be no mistakes of this kind. It is altogether too serious a matter to allow to be open to mistakes. Now, gentlemen, I ask you in all seriousness, are you going to make one of these mistakes to-day? Look into this man's face. Do you find guilt written there?

“Perhaps some of you have boys of about this man's age. Put them for a moment in his place, and then remember that he is somebody's boy, that he once knelt at a mother's knee, that he was the pride of a father's heart, and do not, gentlemen, I beg of you, have upon your conscience for the rest of your lives the sad thought of having sent an innocent man to prison. Gentlemen, I thank you.”

Mr. Horten resumed his seat, and another sigh went up from the audience, and then there was a slight stir through the room, as the audience sought a momentary relief from strained positions and stiffened bodies; but all were anxious to hear the judge's charge to the jury which was brief and to the point.

The judge's charge to the jury:

“Gentlemen, the prisoner at the bar is accused of the crime of larceny. This crime must not be confounded with that of embezzlement. In law the line is drawn very finely but dis-

tinctly between the two crimes. Larceny is the act of taking, with the purpose of appropriating to the use of one's self, the property of another. Now, legally a person cannot take from another person what that person is not in possession of. It must not only belong to him, but he must be in possession of it, then, again, to be in possession of it, he does not really have to have it in his hands or about his person; but it may be deposited in his home, in his cash-drawer, in his safe, or at his office, or anywhere that he is likely to keep valuables. Now to explain: If a trusted employee was sent out to collect a bill by another, and after collecting the amount was to appropriate it to his own use, that would be embezzlement; but if he returned the amount and placed it in the cash-drawer and then abstracted it, even after a short time, that would be larceny, because during that short time that it was in the drawer, it was in the possession of the rightful owner. The prisoner at the bar is on trial for larceny. You must find him guilty of larceny or bring in a verdict of not guilty. It is not necessary that he should have proved his innocence.

"A man legally is always innocent until he is proven guilty. If, on the other hand, you are satisfied in your own minds, beyond a reasonable doubt, that this man abstracted this package from the safe with the purpose of appropriating it to his own use, you must bring in a verdict of guilty. It is not absolutely necessary that any one should have actually seen him take this package.

"But, gentlemen, if from all the evidence submitted to you, you are satisfied, beyond a reasonable doubt, that he did so, that is all that is necessary. Then, gentlemen, you are to repress all feelings that you may have for him. You may pity him, you may feel never so sorry, but you must put all feelings from you and carefully consider the law and evidence, and bring in the verdict that you conscientiously believe to be right, and may God help you so decide.

"You will now retire to the jury-room, gentlemen, and deliberate upon your verdict, and when you have reached an agreement the Court will be ready to receive it."

The jury was out something over half an hour, when they sent word that they had reached a verdict.

They soon filed in again and resumed their seats. Jack looked closely into the face of each as he passed, and tried to read what might be his fate, but without success.

"Well, gentlemen," asked the judge, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have, sir," answered the foreman as he passed a folded paper to the judge, who passed it on to the clerk.

The clerk took the paper, opened it out, arose at his desk and read:

"We, the jury, find the defendant *guilty*."

There was a low murmur heard throughout the room, but the gavel of the court officer came down upon his desk as he called "silence!"

"The prisoner will please stand up," said the judge. Jack arose, pale but firm, and stood erect, looking straight at the judge.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?" asked the judge.

"There is nothing to say, your Honor, only that I am innocent of this charge," said Jack.

"You have been found guilty by twelve of your peers, and nothing now remains for me but to pass sentence upon you. You will be taken back to the county jail and there await the convenience of the sheriff, when you will be taken to the State prison, and there kept in close confinement for the term of ten years," said the judge.

CHAPTER III.

THE ESCAPE.

JACK had passed one year of his sentence, when he made up his mind to try to escape. This had been a long year to Jack, the longest that he had ever known. He had made friends with the officials, and more especially with his particular jailers or keepers, whom he often tried to keep as long as they would stay with him, if for no other reason but to break the monotony of his weary existence, and so would often laugh and joke with them, and they became very friendly, and often did little favors for Jack. In fact, they would do anything for him that would come within the restrictions of their duties. Then during this long year Jack, for the sake of having some one to talk to, fell in the habit of talking to himself, calling himself Jack, as if he was some second person. This habit grew upon him so that he often held long arguments between himself and Jack, and would even find himself sometimes becoming irritable when he could not bring Jack around to his way of thinking.

But now had come the time when Jack was determined to escape. He had fully made up his mind to make the attempt.

"Yes, Jack," he said, "you can't stand this thing any longer. You are here to pay the penalty of some other fellow's wrongdoing, and it isn't right, old boy, to treat you so. You must escape at whatever cost. Yes, Jack, you must get out of this. You must vamoose, skedaddle, make yourself scarce. This is not a healthy place for you, old boy. You've got to make the attempt anyhow, whatever comes of it. If you should be shot in the attempt, old boy, I should feel sorry for you, but am

afraid I couldn't help you any. But anyhow, Jack, death would be better than to go on living in this hole. Now, that's my honest opinion. Just consider the thing a moment. You have been here one year, one year, Jack, just think, and you've got nine more years to serve. Jack, these fellows have been fooling you. They haven't told you the truth about this at all. You've been here more than a year. You've been here a century, old boy, that's what you have, and you've got nine more centuries before you.

"Do you think you can stand that, Jack? No. I thought I would bring you around to my way of thinking before I was done with you. And so you think death would be better than staying in this hole for nine more centuries? All right, then, we'll get out of it; you and I, Jack, can manage it some way. But whatever happens, old boy, we must stick together, through thick and thin, for better or worse, in sickness and in health, until death do us part. Isn't that the form of it, old boy? Well, something like it, anyhow. But how are we going to do this thing, Jack? You've got to help me to think this thing out. Now, there's the door, and there's the window. Do you think we could manage to get out of either of these places, Jack? Now, to go through the door, we've got to overpower the jailer. I believe we could do that, Jack, you and I together, for I remember what a fine athlete you were at college, and could get away with any of the fellows in most things. But that might mean bloodshed, Jack, and we would rather avoid anything like that. We might manage somehow, Jack, to remove one or two of those iron bars across the window up there, and make a hole large enough to crawl through one at a time, old boy, don't you think. I wonder what's on the other side. No I know you've never been able to see, because you ain't tall enough. I wonder why they can't make windows where they ought to be, so a fellow could see out of them without simply looking up into the sky; but then, Jack, we'd have the same

trouble there about bloodshed, for there's a guard underneath that window, old fellow, I've heard his tramp, tramp, tramp, so much that it seems to have eaten into my brain, and if we did not kill him, he would surely kill us, and we don't want to die yet, if we can help it, but we want to escape with our lives, as the saying goes; but how we could escape very well without our lives, is clear beyond me, old boy. What do you think, want to have your life when you escape don't you, old fellow? Then, Jack, we could never get through that door in the absence of the jailer, its too strongly bolted and barred.

"And then if we got past the door our troubles would be just commenced. We would only be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, old boy, and fire burns you know when it's too hot, and I rather guess it would be too hot for us out there, don't you think? Well, Jack, if we can't go through the door, nor through the window, how are we going to get out, for get out of here, we must.

"You know, we've already decided that point. There is only one other way that I know of, and that's through the wall. Now let's consider that point a moment Jack, for that is our only hope. The first thing to do is to try and locate our cell. Now, Jack, if you remember when we were brought in here, we did not climb any stairs; that means that we are situated on the ground floor. Yes, Jack, 'we were let in on the ground floor,' as the schemers say when they want to scheme you out of your wealth.

"Well then if that is a fact, if we went through above, we would probably only get into another cell, and the same thing would probably happen if we went through either of these side walls. So, Jack, it looks like our only chance would be through the floor.

"I wonder what's underneath us Jack. Have you any idea? The only way to find out is to take up one of these large stones, but how are we going to do that. Now if you only had a knife

in your pocket to dig out the cement we might loosen one of them. Haven't got a knife, what kind of a boy are you, Jack, not to carry a knife. You haven't been half raised. But then come to think of it, how could we ever raise it if we got it clear of the cement. We couldn't get any purchase on it, old fellow, we'd have to have a crowbar, or a lever of some kind. Haven't got a crowbar in your pocket either, have you? Well, Jack, I'm afraid you're no good. You ain't a bit of help in this business, and that's a fact."

In the meantime he had been giving the floor as thorough examination as possible under the circumstances. He had tapped here and there and listened to hear if it would give back a hollow sound. He tested the cement with his fingers and found it very hard. He examined the side walls along near the bottom of the cell.

"Well Jack," he said, finally, "it looks like a hard case, and I don't know but what we would have to give it up, if we hadn't already decided to escape, and having decided that point we'll have to go through with it. Now, old boy, among all the things that are against us, there is just one little thing in our favor. I don't know what's underneath, it all sounds solid everywhere, but perhaps that is only the thickness of the stone.

"But Jack if you will notice the first layer of stone next to the floor, you will see that it is only about six inches in width. Now if we could get one of these out, and then loosen the large one on the floor next to it, we could then lift it out, for we could get our hands under it.

"Don't you see that, old boy, now why didn't you think of that yourself. But, Jack, there is one thing we must have, we cannot get along without it, and that's a knife. Now I'm going to let you attend to that, old boy, I can't do everything; besides you're just cut out for it.

"Don't you remember all those slight of hand tricks you used

to perform for the amusement of your young friends. Well you can put some of them into practice now, where it will do some good.

"It would be a pity, old fellow, with all the juggling you can do, if you can't juggle a knife out of that half-witted jailer. So I'll leave that to you, and you better attend to it as soon as possible, for we may have a long hard job before us, and the sooner we get at it the better."

The jailer in furnishing meals for the convicts, always left with each one, during the time allowed to consume their vituals, a knife, fork, plate, spoon and tin cup. And in gathering them up after the meal, he always carried a large flat-bottomed basket, with a handle across the middle. By the time he reached Jack's cell, he usually had this receptacle half filled with empty utensils gathered from the other prisoners.

When he first come to Jack's cell on this particular evening, he deposited before him a plate, containing meat and vegetable, a piece of rye bread, a cup of black coffee, together with a knife, fork and spoon.

"Say Hogan," said Jack, "you're going to let me keep this knife this time, aren't you." He had often joked before with him that way.

"Oh, come off, Jack, you know better."

"Oh, but I'm going to keep it this time."

"Yes, in my eye you are," said Hogan.

"Say Hogan, honestly, you might let a fellow have a knife."

"Couldn't do it, Jack."

"Come Hogan, show a fellow a chance," said Jack, as he commenced his supper.

"Oh, Jack, you couldn't never get out if you had a dozen knives."

"Well you're just afraid to try me," said Jack.

"No, and I wouldn't be, if I had my way you might have a

knife and I'd simply laugh at you," said Hogan. "No one has ever got out of this place till they walked out the front door when their time was up," he continued.

"All right, if you won't give me a knife, I'll get out any way," said Jack, as the jailer went out and locked the door after him. I believe I could work right under his nose thought Jack, he has such confidence in his stronghold.

After twenty minutes the jailer returned, with the basket half filled with empty utensils, and gathered up Jack's things, but there was no knife.

"Now Jack give me the knife," said he.

"I did give it to you," said Jack.

"Come, come, Jack, I haven't the time."

"But I tell you I gave it to you," said Jack, coming up to him.

"But you didn't put it in the tray, you put it in your side coat pocket," continued he, reaching in and taking it out of the jailer's pocket.

"There's your knife now just where you put it," and as the jailer reached out for it, again it disappeared. This time Jack took it from the back of the jailer's neck, and the next time out of his shoe, then finally gave it up. "Oh well take your knife then, if you won't give a fellow any show at all."

"Oh, it wouldn't do you any good, Jack my boy," he said, "besides its against the rules."

"Well, so long, Hogan," said Jack, as the jailer again disappeared.

"I thought I could juggle Hogan out of a knife," said Jack, as he shook one out of his sleeve, that he had slipped in there from the tray.

"It's got a good strong blade too," he continued. "Now he'll take his last rounds in about two hours and that'll give me about eight hours for work to-night. I'll go to sleep now and get a little rest while I can." And so he lay down, and was soon sound asleep. But was awakened by the jailer in making

his last rounds for the night. "Come, wake up, Jack, it's time to go to work," he said, as the sound of the jailer's footsteps grew faint in the distance. "I tell you we've got a big contract on hand, old boy, so rub the sleep out of your eyes, and give me a hand here now." He took the knife, and looked around for the best place of attack on the hard cement that held the stones in place.

"I think, Jack, the best place to begin this work will be behind the bed, where it is least likely to be seen. So we'll move the bed out a little and begin there. We'll try and get out one of these smaller stones in the side wall first, next to the floor, you know as we agreed upon." And suiting the action to the word, he moved the bed out far enough to give him ample room to work behind it, and commenced digging vigorously into it.

"I tell you, Jack, this cement is awful hard stuff," he said, after working at it a while; "but it comes out a little at a time," he continued. At the end of two hours he had loosened the cement all around the smaller stone, but it seemed still to be imbedded firmly in its place. So he lay down upon his back on the floor and placing his feet against it succeeded after several efforts, in jarring it loose. He then worked it slowly out, little by little, by working the knife blade around it as a lever.

"Well there is so much done Jack, now we'll tackle this larger one, I'll let you get that one out now. You used to be good at tackle, you know."

In three hours more he succeeded in removing the cement from the large stone in the floor, and then jarred it loose with the smaller stone. Then getting his hands under the edge, turned it back on the floor of his cell.

"Well, Jack, we've found out one thing, we know now what's underneath, at least. Looks like solid earth, old boy, I guess we're in for a long, tough job of tunneling. Do you think you're equal to it. But there's just one thing that bothers me

more than anything else, and that is, what in the world will we do with all the dirt that we take out. Can't you think of some way to get rid of it, Jack, you've often heard fellows digging tunnels before, what did they do with the dirt. Can't you remember that either. I'm afraid your no good in an emergency, old boy. Sorry to hurt your feelings, but that's a fact.

"What's that you say, give it to the jailer? Now that is a bright idea isn't it. To give ourselves away like that. Oh you want to tell him we found it in the food. Well there might be something in that, only there is just one thing in the way. There is too little food, you see. If we had anything like a square meal three times a day, we might possibly work that racket, and maybe the proportion of dirt wouldn't be so very far out of the way, but I'm afraid you'll have to think of something else old boy. But I guess we won't do any more to-night. It'll be daylight in two or three hours and it's most too late to do anything at digging, so we'll put the stones back, and get a little sleep and to-morrow we'll try and think of something."

It was Sunday, and they held services in the corridor for the benefit of the prisoners, which Jack attended as usual. In the afternoon he managed to get a good sleep, after which he felt ready again for his night's work. After the jailer had made the rounds for the last time he set to work.

He first lifted the two stones from their places, and sat thinking what was best to be done. The moon was shining bright, and gave ample light through the window near the ceiling for such work as he had to do.

"Well Jack," he said, "Have you made up your mind yet what you intend to do with this dirt; what, you haven't? After having all day to think it over. I believe you're no good, old boy. I believe you've been asleep most of the time. Well we'll commence and get it out anyhow. What we get out for the first few nights we can stow away under the bed."

The dirt was not hard, being composed largely of sand, and

with the use of his knife he could scoop up large handfuls, which he piled around the hole he was digging. In the course of an hour he had dug into it about two feet, when he struck something solid.

"Hello Jack, I've struck hard-pan. Do you know what hard-pan is, old fellow. Well whatever it is, I've struck it anyhow."

He kept digging the dirt away from solid substance, that soon begun to take shape.

He soon saw it was composed of brick tightly cemented together, and was of a cylinder shape.

"Holy gee, Jack, I've struck a sewer, old boy, what do you think of that. Don't you know what that means. Why it means that some one has been so kind as to have dug our tunnel for us. Not only that, but they were so nice about it, that they even walled up the sides, so that it wouldn't cave in on us. Now don't you call that friendly, old fellow."

He had been digging into the cement between the bricks while communing thus, and soon was able to take out a few bricks. In a short time he had a hole large enough to let himself through.

"Now Jack, we'll let ourselves down into our ready made tunnel and go on a tour of inspection, and see where it leads to. I suppose, old boy, it must eventually empty its contents into the river, don't you think? And then Jack you must keep your head cool, this may be only a branch, and we may have to make several turnings, so you don't want to get lost, and wander around under the streets of the city for a week or two, that wouldn't be pleasant you know, and then if a heavy storm should come up we might be drowned like a rat in a trap, and then you know, Jack, you wouldn't be escaping with your life, as we agreed to do.

"Now have you touched bottom yet, well how much water is there. Just a few inches, that's good. Now see which way it is running, we want to follow the current, you know, so we'll

come out where it empties. Isn't that the racket, old boy. Why we can stand up straight too. Now that's the kind of a tunnel to have. Well forge ahead now and mind you don't bump your head. It's awful dark though, Jack, I think they might have put a few electric lights in while they were about it."

So he felt his way along carefully in the dark, bumping his head occasionally, and sometimes barking the skin on his elbows. Once he felt something cross his foot, and he jumped with so much energy that he struck his head so hard, that he saw stars glancing before his eyes, and soon raised a lump as big as a walnut.

"Gee Wilikins, Jack, but that was a hard crack."

"Seems like my head was still going round."

"There must be rats in this place, I suppose that's what run across my foot, and nearly frightened the life out of me."

So he continued to cautiously feel his way along until he probably had gone some six hundred feet, when he was brought to a full stop.

"Well what are you running up against now Jack? Gee Wilikins, iron bars, good heavy ones too. Why didn't you think of that. What you going to do about it. Going to get past them are you, well not without the knife, and I bet you left it in the cell. Just as I thought, Jack you're the biggest fool that ever I met. Didn't you have sense enough to expect something of this kind. Now you'll have to make your way back again after it. What you don't have in your head you must have in your heels, as the old saw goes."

He made his way slowly back to the cell, and found the knife on the floor where he had left it, and returned again to where he had come across the obstruction.

In half an hour he had cleared the cement away from one end of a bar, then taking hold of the bar, and working it back

and forth, soon loosened the other end. Taking out this bar, and using it as a lever, soon removed two more. "That's enough, we'll leave the short one at the top and bottom, Jack, now then crawl through, old fellow, and see what's on the other side. Well, I guess we're in the main sewer now, what you think. You see how much larger it is.

"Well don't stop there gaping. See which way the water is running. We turn to the left then, when we return, this opening, we have made, we'll be on our right. You've got sense enough to understand that, haven't you. Well come along then, get the knife this time. Oh I thought maybe you hadn't any more sense than to leave it in the bottom of the sewer.

"Better bring one of those bars along too. We don't know what we may need in this place." He stumbled along in the darkness, feeling his way carefully with one hand outstretched against the wall on one side. He came to several more branches that opened into this one, but kept on following the current of the little stream of water in the bottom.

"I wonder how much further we've got to go Jack," he said, after making his way slowly along for half an hour. When on making a short turn, he saw the moon shining into the end of the sewer.

"Hurrah, Jack, we've struck daylight, or rather moonlight. We're free old boy, did you know that. Hold on though, we're a little too previous. Here are some more of these confounded bars. We'll soon make short work of them though."

After loosening and taking out three of these, he stepped out into the moonlight, a free man.

"Free, free, Jack, old boy. Do you understand that. Don't you know what freedom means after a whole century of a prison cell. Ah Jack, don't that air taste good. Did you ever breathe such air before, and look at that moon. Did you ever see such a moon before. Ah Jack, you and I together did it. We said

we would, don't you remember, and now we're free. But only for a little while, old boy; so fill up your lungs with this delicious air of freedom, and then we'll crawl back again.

"You want to stay out while you are out. No it won't do Jack. It's too near morning, and you'd soon be caught in those prison togs, and returned to prison, and put in another cell, and it would be where there would be no friendly tunnel already dug and walled for you. When you make your escape, it must be on some dark night, early in the evening, so that you can have a good start. Too bad, old fellow. I'm sorry, but we must go back."

So he made his way slowly backward, and reached his cell about an hour afterward, and dumping all the bricks and extra dirt into the sewer, and replacing the stones, threw himself down upon his bed, and was soon fast asleep. He was awakened by the jailer coming in with his breakfast.

"You sleep late this morning, Jack."

"Yes, I didn't sleep much in the night."

"Lay awake, planning to escape."

"That's what," said Jack, "but you won't leave me a knife."

"No, harping on that same string," said the jailer. "By the way, Jack, there is a knife missing, the count was short, night before last, and I was accused of carelessness, and reprimanded. The warden says some prisoner has kept one out, and is going to have a thorough search made."

"That must have been the knife that I kept," said Jack.

"The knife that you kept. The knife you tried to keep you mean. No I was sure of your knife, that's the reason I told you about it. I knew you hadn't any knife to hide, Jack, as bad as you wanted one."

"Say Hogan, what day of the month is this?"

"This is the fifteenth of June."

"Can't you get me an almanac, that's a good fellow."

"What do you want with an almanac?"

"I want to keep the run of the days, it's kind of company for a fellow, you know. I can check the days off as they pass, and so always know the day of the month."

"What good will that do you?"

"Oh it's a good thing to know whether it's the fourth of July or Christmas. I might forget to hang up my stockings, you know."

"Ho, ho, mighty little good that'd do you."

"Well get me one any way, Hogan."

"I've got one in the office, you can have, I don't see as that can do any harm. You can't saw through these bars with an almanac, Jack."

"No, you're afraid to leave me a knife though," laughed Jack.

After the jailer returned, and took Jack's dishes, he brought him the almanac from the office. Jack waited until the sound of his footsteps ceased.

"Jack, old boy," he said. "Did you hear what the jailer said? They're going to search for that knife, and it mustn't be found here. No, sir, they'll never find it here. But they might have done so, if the jailer had not been quite so fond of talking."

And taking out the stones, he threw the knife into the excavation. He then took several handfuls of the sand and laid it on the floor. After replacing the stones, he carefully filled the cracks with the sand, and sprinkled over all some of the dust scraped from the floor, giving it about the same appearance as the rest of the stonework.

Sometime before noon, the officers appeared and began the search; they searched his clothing carefully, then the bed clothes, then all parts of the bed, then under the bed, looked in the drawer of the little table, turned it around, upside down, thumped it all over, examined the bars of the window carefully, and found—nothing.

After his dinner Jack began to examine the almanac. "You'll

have to wait about two weeks before the dark of the moon, Jack. I'm sorry we can't go sooner, but, you see, old boy, it won't do to run any risks, we'll just have to wait. You see we've got to have everything in our favor that we can possibly bring about. There'll be enough against us, old fellow, and you mustn't forget it. You mustn't think you've got a picnic in this escape business for you haven't, not a little bit."

The time during the next two weeks dragged heavily, and Jack found it hard to wait patiently. He joked with the jailer, and tried to feel and appear as usual, but he was on a nervous strain, and he thought the time would never pass. He watched the moon through his window, as well as he could, and thought it never did change so slowly. He saw it finally begin to wane, and then to grow less and less, until finally a night came when there was nothing left but a small crescent, and Jack knew his time had come. He would make the attempt the very next night.

And this last day, was the very longest day yet, it seemed as though the sun would never set, and night would never come. But it came at last, and as soon as the jailer had made his last rounds, Jack, full of energy, attacked the stones. He had some difficulty in removing them without the aid of the knife; but with patience and perseverance, he finally succeeded. He found the knife again, and put it in his pocket. Then made his way without special incident out to the mouth of the sewer on the river bank. The night was very dark, and he could see nothing. He could hear the water in the river running past just below him, but he could see only a few feet from him.

"Well we're free again, Jack, and for good this time I hope, and yet just how we're going to retain our freedom I don't know. Well what do you say, old boy; what's the next thing on the program? How are we going to get away from here, and get far enough away to avoid recapture in the morning?

Well while we're considering this thing we'll move on down the river, no use standing here. Now Jack there is one thing that must not happen, if you don't want to go back to jail. No one must see you even for a little minute with those prison togs on. You comprehend that, don't you? Well then that forces you to do just one of two things, old boy; you've either got to change those togs, or else you've got to go into hiding. You see that also, don't you? Well if you go into hiding what will happen, provided you could find a place to hide? You've got to come out again; or starve to death, and what better off would you be than now. And then, on the other hand, how can you change your clothes when you haven't anything to make the change with; or how are you going to secure a change without showing yourself in your present togs. It looks like, you was up against it, as they say in the jail slang. I guess you're in a pretty tight place, Jack, and that's a fact."

He went on, however, feeling his way along the river bank. He left the city behind him, and had proceeded probably a mile beyond, when he saw a light out upon the water which seemed to be approaching the shore. He heard the oars creaking in the locks, and knew a boat was being propelled toward him.

"Now if we only had a boat, Jack, that would be just the ticket, don't you think. We could make good progress and keep out of sight too, at least until daylight, then we might hide until night again; but how to obtain food, old fellow, I don't just exactly see. But the time hasn't come for that yet."

In the meantime the boat had reached the shore, and a short distance in front of Jack, who stopped, not wishing to be seen by the man who had been propelling it. This man now arose and picking up the oars in one hand, and the lighted lantern in the other, stepped ashore.

He fastened the boat with a long chain to a tree on the bank locking it with a padlock. He then picked up the lantern and

the oars, and proceeded up the hill a short distance to a cottage, and Jack saw him enter the yard, and after placing the oars in the corner of the porch, enter the house and close the door.

"Now, Jack, here's a boat already to our hand, it's just what we want, and necessity knows no law, old boy."

And going up the bank to the house, he found the oars, and felt his way back to the boat, broke the lock with a stone, got in, and rowed out into the stream.

"I'm sorry that I had to take that man's boat, Jack. Perhaps we can make it right with him sometime."

Jack swung the oars lustily, endeavoring to get as far away as possible before daylight. He had learned the business thoroughly while at college and so made good time. Hour after hour passed and still he kept on.

"Well Jack, old boy, daylight can't be very far away now, and we'd better begin to look a little out."

He turned in the boat and looked ahead. He saw by the many lights ashore that he was approaching some large city. As he drew nearer he found a large wharfage with many steamers tied up. Some appeared to be getting up steam, preparing to depart, when a new thought struck him.

"Jack if we can get into the hold of one of those steamers, old boy, we'll be right in it. Don't you see; we'll be in hiding, at the same time that we are being carried away off, to some distant country perhaps. We'll make a try for it anyway," said he. And approaching nearer, he glided from one boat to another; it was still very dark. Coming to one presently that seemed to be making preparations for departure, he allowed his skiff to float alongside until he approached a small square window in the side, when standing up cautiously, he grasped the edge of this window, kicked the boat from beneath him, and drew himself up and climbed in and found himself in—darkness.

"Well we're in anyhow, Jack," he said; "but just *what* we're in, is pretty hard to tell."

He commenced feeling around in the dark. There seemed to be great stacks of miscellaneous freight piled all around him.

Among many other things there was a large quantity of new wooden buckets, telescoped in bundles and tied with strong hemp cord.

"Jack, old boy, that puts me in mind of something. You see this steamer is probably bound for a long ocean voyage, and if we are to go along as passengers, we will want a supply of fresh water, so I think we had better fill some of these buckets while we've got the chance; don't you see. Yes of course, after I've explained it all."

And cutting the cords that bound them he slipped out a half a dozen buckets, and set them in a row near the window. Then making several folds of the hemp cord, knotted them into a strong rope, and tying one of the buckets to the end, proceeded to draw water from the window and fill the buckets he had prepared for the purpose.

He had filled five of them, and was about to continue his task when he heard a man's voice from above, say:

"Who is down there in the water, what are you trying to do."

Jack looked up; it was still quite dark, and he knew the man could not see him, so he commenced to whine like a dog in distress.

"Somebody's dog overboard," continued the voice. "Well, we can't look after people's dogs, we take good care of our passengers, but they'll have to see to their own dogs," he still continued to some one who asked what the trouble was.

Jack concluded he had enough water, and thought the best thing he could do, was to try and get some sleep; so making himself as comfortable as possible, he was soon sound asleep. He awakened after some hours, rather stiff from his hard bed, to find the vessel in motion, and that he was somewhere upon the vast ocean, with nothing in sight, but sea and sky.

"Well, Jack, this is something like. I guess they won't catch

us now in a hurry; you see our names are not even on the passenger list, old boy. I wonder what old Hogan thought this morning when he brought us our breakfast. I'd give a good deal to see the expression on his face. I expect he's scratching his head trying to think how we got out with the use of that almanac. That reminds me, old fellow, let's see what day of the month it is. By the way, Jack, we must keep a correct record of the days, I've got it all right up till now. But be sure you put me in mind to punch a little hole over the day each morning, so we can always tell exactly. This is the first of July. How do you intend to celebrate the fourth, Jack. We might fire off some fire-works out of the window here, providing we could find any among all this stuff; wouldn't they open their eyes on deck, but I guess they don't carry such combustible stuff in such a manner. My, what a lot of stuff there is here, and anything almost you could think of. No danger of starving here Jack, just look at the stacks of food of all kinds. By the way, old fellow, I don't know how you feel, but I'm getting hungry; so I intend to tackle some of this food.

"Now what'll you have for breakfast, Jack? Not particular. All right we'll open a case of this canned beef, and another case of peaches. That'll make a pretty good breakfast, don't you think."

He looked around for something to open the cases with, but could find nothing better than an axe handle, of which there were great bundles.

After some trouble he managed to get the lids off, and then with the aid of the knife, succeeded in getting at the contents of the cans.

"There now, Jack, there's your spread all ready for you. Don't want anything better than that do you? Coffee? Don't mention such a thing, they don't furnish coffee at this hotel. If you want something to wash it down with, you must stick your head down into one of those buckets, for the waiter even forgot

to leave us some cups. So pitch in, old fellow, and quit your grumbling. They'll be putting you down as a kicker first thing you know."

Jack ate heartily for he hadn't eaten anything since the night before, and was hungry. After his late breakfast, he proceeded to examine his surroundings a little more closely.

"Jack we must see if we can't find a more comfortable bed. Our bed last night was just a little hard; it didn't have quite enough feathers in it, and so we'll see if we can't improve it. I don't like to complain to the landlord for I don't like to be called a kicker, however you may feel about it."

He climbed up on top of the freight, and began looking it over as well as he could. Peering over it, and peeping in through crevices, he finally espied a lot of mattresses done up in rolls, and wrapped and corded in shipping order.

"That's just the thing, Jack, though I don't see how we can ever get one of those mattresses over here, through all this stuff. But if the mountain won't go to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain; Isn't that the way they say it, Jack? Well something like it, so we'll have to go over there and make our bed."

He climbed over the freight, and squeezed himself in between boxes and barrels, until he finally reached the mattresses. After some trouble and much tugging, puffing and blowing, he succeeded in stretching one over the top of the freight, but could only partly open it out; but enough so to enable him to crawl in and stretch out. It was really better so, because he was protected by the sides which curled up, from tossing and pitching much even in the roughest weather.

"There, Jack, is a bed fit for a king; you're rising in the world, old boy. You've got now a bedroom and dining-room. You're not used to such luxuries; you've quite a palace, I assure you. There is only one difficulty, I'm afraid you haven't been fortunate in your selection of housekeeper. The fact is, she

keeps your hall-way too much littered up, with things too, that you don't exactly need, but I wouldn't say anything about it. Don't learn to be a kicker, Jack, whatever you do, try to take things patiently as they come.

"Now you ought to be contented. You have a good place to sleep, plenty to eat and drink, and you're traveling away off to some foreign country, where no one knows you, and where you'll have a chance to begin your life over again. You're young yet, my boy, and you may have a chance in this world yet, though you have got such an unlucky start; I wonder who could have served you such a dirty trick, Jack. But there, old fellow, we've thought about all these things so often before and could come to no conclusions, so we'll try and forget all about it."

After another meal, which included some ship's biscuit, a case of which Jack found and opened, he sat at the window for long hours looking out over the ocean.

"I wonder Jack what'll the captain say when he finds an extra passenger aboard his ship; be pretty mad, don't you think. And then in these togs, too, perhaps he'll take the trouble to take us all the way back. Bnt we won't go without a struggle, Jack; we'll never go back there if we can help it, old boy. I wonder where this ship is going to any way. From the direction of the sun, I should think we were traveling southeast."

Thus Jack sat ruminating, and sometimes communing with himself until the ship's shadow grew longer and longer, and then dimmer and dimmer, until all disappeared in complete darkness. Then feeling his way back over boxes, and barrels, he found the bed he had prepared, and crawling in was in a moment fast asleep. He awoke about daylight feeling much refreshed after a real good night's rest. After eating his breakfast he stood looking at the water in the buckets.

"Jack," he said, "that water is beginning to taste bad. I

could hardly stand it last night, I'll fix it, old boy." And taking a slice of peach on his knife, he drank all the water he could without stopping, and then with the last swallow gulped down the peach.

"There, that's better isn't it, old fellow? Didn't taste the new wood that time." After his breakfast he sat at his window a long time, looking out at nothing apparently.

"Heigh ho, Jack, this is wearisome business. It's awful lonesome, old fellow. I wish some of the other guests would come in. They don't seem very sociable at this hotel. And then there ought to be a reading-room with the morning papers spread out, not very accommodating; my, Jack, wouldn't we like to have a morning paper. It's been a long time since we've seen one. We don't know what's going on in the world any more."

He sat in silence a long while, listening to the chug, chug, of the engines, and feeling the quaking, and shaking, and upheaving of the vast timbers of the ship as she was propelled through the water by her powerful screws.

"I wish we were well out of this Jack," he said. "It seems that our life is in a terrible muddle some way, and not by our own bringing about either.

"I wonder," he thought again as he had done many times before, "who could have put that package in my trunk, and what could his object have been. His object no doubt was to ruin me, but why I wonder. I don't remember of having injured any one, at least not intentionally. I'd rather be in my shoes than his anyway. I'll have to commence all over again I suppose in some new country. But it's hard to be compelled to do this from no fault of your own."

So he sat all that forenoon thinking the sad thoughts that would come to him sometimes in spite of himself. These times were scarce and far between, for he generally tried to throw off

such feelings, or hide them beneath a jovial exterior, and in the nonsense he often indulged in forgot his wrongs, but way down in the depths of his heart, Jack was a very sad man.

The next morning as Jack crawled out of bed and made his way through the "hall" to the window, he noticed that the sea was a little rough, and a good fresh breeze was blowing. The ship was rolling a little, but that did not worry him, for Jack was a good sailor.

"Well, Jack, what are you going to have for breakfast. Now, Jack, you mustn't begin to blow up the waiter the first thing because it isn't quite ready. You ought to have the instincts of a gentleman, don't you know that? You ought to always treat the waiter kindly, old fellow. You might be a waiter, yourself sometime.

"Above all things you must never swear at him for any negligence. But you must be very good to him. Now to prove that fact, see what a nice breakfast he has brought you. No, he didn't bring you any coffee, he says they're out of coffee this morning, and I guess that is so, for if you'll look around you'll see that none of the other guests have any. So you'll have to do the best you can. They must be short of dishes too, Jack. You even have to eat with a knife, which shows very bad manners, but perhaps no one else will notice it, so I wouldn't mind it, old boy; and get along the best I could, and say nothing about it."

Jack spent most of the long hours of this day also, sitting at the window. His thoughts running away back into his childhood. He could not remember his mother, for she died during his infancy, but he very distinctly remembered his father and the store, back in the little western town, with its miscellaneous stock of goods. He remembered Seers as a young clerk there, and that he had done some wrong; Jack had never known exactly what. Then there had been some trouble between his father and Seers, and Seers had left, and Jack had lost all trace

of him, until he met him at the bank. He wondered then if Seers remembered him. He never mentioned old times to Jack, and Jack did not know what he might think.

Then he thought of his school life, and the little sweetheart that he used to ride to school on his sled. And wondered what had become of her, and if she read in the papers of his arrest, and trial, and if she thought him guilty.

Then he wondered if all his friends thought him guilty. And if the time should ever come when he should be vindicated. And he tried to think again of what his future life would be, and he could not imagine for he did not even know to what part of the world he was bound.

So he spent most of the morning, and also the afternoon, sitting at the window thinking all kinds of thoughts, and remembering things that had been forgotten for years, until the sun went down, and it began to grow dark; when after a hasty supper he crept to his bed, and went to sleep.

He awakened gradually to the consciousness that he was lying in water, and when thoroughly awake began to realize that his mattress was almost afloat, for there was several feet of water in the hold. He saw a great part of the freight about him was already afloat, then fully realized that something had happened to the ship. Just what he could not tell, but something undoubtedly of a serious nature. And even as he got up to investigate, the stern of the vessel began to sink very rapidly, while the bow seemed to be going up in the air.

"I wonder, Jack, what the dickens can have happened now. Come we must be getting out of this, or we'll be drowned like that same old rat in the trap, after all. There surely couldn't have been a collision in the night, or the shock would certainly have awakened us. But something's wrong sure, or the bow wouldn't be climbing up into the air like that. I guess she's sprung a leak in the stern, but why don't she settle altogether and go down. I think I know how it is, old fellow. The bow

has run upon a reef of some kind, perhaps a coral reef, and the stern is hanging over.

"Well we must get out of here, old boy; you'll have to change your hotel again. Perhaps to the bottom of the ocean this time."

While speaking thus, Jack had been making his way, the best he could, towards the window, and his only outlet. The ship had settled at an angle that made progress rather difficult. But Jack reached the window which he found nearly submerged; so without more ado, he waded through the water, and climbed out of the window into the sea. Swimming along until he reached where the deck met the water, he climbed aboard, and crawled up towards the bow, and looked around. There did not seem to be anybody on board, and looking out over the sea, he could just see little dark objects bobbing up and down, away off towards the horizon, which he knew must be the ship's boats, with her passengers and crew.

CHAPTER IV.

JACK FINDS CARLO AND BUILDS A RAFT.

JACK stood there on the partly submerged deck, looking out at the boats, now mere specks upon the horizon, in a sort of dazed manner. Then he pulled himself together. He first looked over the ship to see if there were any boats left. But they had taken them all.

"Well, Jack, I guess they have deserted you.

"Couldn't hardly blame them though when they didn't know you was aboard.

"Hully gee, what in the name of conscience is that," as an unearthly howl sounded through the ship.

Jack couldn't just locate the sound.

"There it is again," he said. "I wonder if some of those sailor men have escaped without their lives, and left their ghost behind?"

As the sound went forth for the third time, Jack started for the cabin, and kicked in the door, and out bounded a large fine mastiff.

"Hello here, old fellow, did they desert you too? Wouldn't they take you in the boat with them? Come here old fellow, and let's see what your name is. I see you carry your card with you in the shape of a collar around your neck. So it's Carlo is it? Hello Carlo, old fellow, shake hands."

Carlo sat back on his haunches and put up his paw which Jack shook heartily.

"That's to eternal friendship, Carlo. You've got speaking eyes, you can do everything but talk with them. And what you

can't speak with your eyes, you can thump out with your tail. Isn't that it old fellow?

"But come along let's see if we can find something to eat, Carlo."

And going to the ship's kitchen Jack found a plentiful supply of boiled ham, and tongue and ship's buscuit, and many other things that he hadn't tasted for a long time. Both he and Carlo had all they could eat, and then Jack began to look around and see what was to be done.

"The ship seems to be stranded on something and doesn't seem to be sinking any further. But she might go to pieces at any minute, and I don't see anything to do, but to make a raft. Here's a whole chest of tools, that the carpenter left, and plenty of timber.

"We'll make a raft, Carlo, that's what we'll do. We're not dead yet old fellow, not by a long sight, and where there's life there's hope they say. And we're not going to drown if we can help it," Although there was a considerable slope to the deck, it was not really difficult to get about.

"I suppose the carpenter brought these tools up to try and stop the leak. Or perhaps he intended to take it in the boat and they wouldn't allow it."

There were a number of large empty casks floating around in the hold. They appeared sound and tight, and Jack proceeded to get some of them out on deck. He cut two pieces of heavy timber about twenty feet long, and two pieces fifteen feet long. He laid the longer pieces parallel and nailed the shorter ones across at the ends. He then bound the large casks firmly to the underside of this frame, putting six on each side. He tied a strong rope, to each end of the frame now, with plenty of slack, and pushed it into the sea, and drew the lines taut fore and aft, and thus drew it up close to the ship's side. Then cutting a number more pieces long enough, he nailed them on this frame

crosswise and thus covering the whole space, and making a raft about twenty feet by fifteen. He now made a rudder, and placed it in position, and held it there by a large bolt taken from a spliced spar. He cut down the flag staff, and made a mast for the sail. He made the sail out of some of the deck awning. He then cut some more plank and made a raised platform about sixteen by twelve feet, to keep everything as dry as possible.

"Well Carlo, what do you think of it; think it will carry us to the land of promise? Now we're ready to load up, old fellow. But I guess we'll have some dinner first. I feel kind of hungry. How do you feel? You hungry too, all right, come on we'll get some dinner."

After dinner, Jack, began to load his raft. As the raft was large and would carry a good load, he was determined to put on plenty of everything. He got out of the hold great quantities of all kinds of canned goods. There was canned beef, peaches, corn, soup, tomatoes, then there were large boxes of biscuits, jars of fruits, three large cans of ground coffee, half a barrel of sugar, and a keg containing salt, a box containing mixed spices, three cases containing matches, several boxes of candles. He fastened several casks tightly to the raft, and filled them with fresh water from the water butts. He took the carpenter's chest with all kinds of tools, together with an axe, shovel and spade, and a full supply of cooking utensils. He also took a supply of dishes, and a box of soap.

He took also several large tarpaulins, and several coils of rope, and a keg of nails, and several other things not necessary to enumerate. In fact, he took anything that he thought he might at any time need. He went into the cabin and secured a large strong trunk. Into this he put half a dozen good suits of clothes, together with several pair of shoes, three hats, two dozen shirts, the same of socks, half a dozen suits of light underwear; also a shaving outfit, including a mirror hanging in the

cabin. Also a large quantity of fine cigars. He took a mattress from one of the bunks, and carried that to the raft, and laid it out across some of the boxes.

Going below again he changed his prison suit for a nice check suit, and seeing a revolver, together with a box of cartridges some one had left in their hurry, he put them in his pocket. He also put the almanac in the pocket of his new suit, after having dried it in the sun. He then rolled as many bed clothes together as he could carry, called Carlo and went aboard the raft, cut the ropes holding it to the ship, seized the rudder and brought the strange craft around before the wind, and sailed away in the gathering twilight.

"Well, Carlo, old fellow, we're off for the land of promise, wherever that may be. Are you hungry again? Well the sun is getting low, so I guess we'll have our supper."

After supper, Jack, remembered that he hadn't marked the day of the month, which he usually did the first thing in the morning.

"Why, Carlo, did you know this was the Fourth of July? The greatest day in the year, and we haven't done anything to celebrate. I couldn't help it old fellow, I've been busy, but you had plenty of time to celebrate. Why haven't you been raising Cain all day, or making a rumpus of some kind? Well it isn't too late yet, so let out a howl any way, out with it Carlo. Speak, louder, louder yet. Very well, old boy, you've done your duty like a good patriotic dog. You speak a good deal with that tail of yours, Carlo. Or rather you thump out with your tail, what your eyes speak. Is that it, old boy? Or is it the emphasizing of the words that you speak with your eyes. Is that it? Maybe it's the kind of a way that dogs have of using swear words when they not only want to tell you something, but want to make it doubly strong. But you mustn't get into that habit, old fellow. It's a bad practice, and besides you won't go

to the dog heaven when you die. That would be pretty rough, don't you think?"

Jack stretched himself out upon the mattress, for he was very tired, after his unusual exertions. He had tied the rudder in place to keep the raft before the wind, and lay there thinking, and sometimes talking to himself, and sometimes to the dog.

"I wonder what will be the outcome of this strange voyage?" he said "We might beat about upon this vast expanse of waters for weeks and perhaps months. We're not rigged for tacking, and so are at the mercy of the winds and waves. I don't suppose such a cumbersome craft could be made to do much tacking anyway. It is just as well perhaps, for we have no compass and chart, and so could not tell in which direction to go anyway. So we can only go on being blown about, changing our course with every change of the mind, until we starve, go to the bottom or land—somewhere.

"Well, Carlo, what do you think about it by this time? Oh you needn't have disturbed yourself, why didn't you keep your bed? I wonder who your master was, old fellow, and why he deserted you? Wouldn't they let you in the boat with them? Well we found room in our boat for a dog, didn't we? And now we'll stick together through thick and thin. Yes, we will that," as Carlo gave a joyful bark.

"We'll stick together to the last. We're going to live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish together, old fellow. You're perhaps the only friend I've got in the world anyway, and I suppose that I'm the only friend you've got. So let's shake hands on it once more, that's right, that binds it good and strong.

"But we'll get ready for bed now. It'll soon be dark; gets dark pretty quick after the sun goes down in this latitude."

Jack slept soundly all night, but awoke as the sun appeared above the horizon, and proceeded to get breakfast.

"Now if we only had some way of cooking some coffee this morning Carlo, we'd be right in it. Would you like a cup of coffee for breakfast, old boy? Don't like coffee, rather have meat, well we've got plenty of meat anyway."

Jack stretched himself out upon the mattress to let the weary hours go by. The sun soon become very hot, but he avoided the worst of the heat by shifting his mattress to keep in the shade of the sail. Once he sighted a ship away off on the horizon, but his craft lay too low in the water to attract attention at that distance. He was glad of it as he told Carlo.

"It would not do, old fellow, to be picked up by that ship. She's going in the wrong direction. She might land us where we'd be recognized and sent back to that cell. Wouldn't like to be shut up in a cell, would you, old boy? No, neither would I, I'd rather take my chances with old ocean, with nothing between me and the bottom than a rough craft like this. So we'll let her go, old boy, and wish her bon voyage and a safe landing."

Thus the day wore away, and the night, and many more days and nights, without bringing any change to our two strange traveling companions. The wind still continued to carry them southward, only blowing a little fresher at times. So they bowled along at about the same rate of speed from day to day. The weather had become very warm, and Jack suffered a good deal from it during the day, but managed to rest comfortably through the night, and altogether was doing very well, considering all things.

But one morning Jack awoke to find the raft almost stationary. There didn't seem to be a breath of air stirring. He looked around; there was scarcely a ripple upon the ocean. The sail hung limp against the mast.

"Hello, Carlo, we're becalmed, old fellow; what do you think of that? What are we going to do now, swim for it? Do you

think we could swim to shore? Well I guess we won't try that anyway. I guess we'll get some breakfast instead, that'll be better won't it, old boy?"

They had plenty of provisions still, great stacks of it, but the water had become nauseous and hard to swallow. Jack never drank it only when he became very thirsty, and could not do without it. And even Carlo did not seem to fancy it very much, and would not drink very much of it.

"Don't like it do you Carlo," said Jack.

"Well I don't blame you, but it's wet anyhow, old fellow, that's the main point after all."

After breakfast Jack stood looking out over the quiet waters.

"I wonder how long this calm is going to last anyway? It would be awful tough, broiling out here in the hot sun, day after day. I believe I'd feel better for a good bath."

Slipping off his clothes, he jumped into the sea.

"Ah, that feels good, old boy, better come in and have a swim."

Carlo stood at the edge of the raft, looking at Jack, and whining piteously. He did not quite understand this new move of Jack's, and apparently did not altogether approve of it. But after some coaxing he too jumped in, and swam around after Jack.

"Isn't this delicious, old fellow?" said Jack.

"Don't it cool your hot skin? I hope there are no sharks around looking for breakfast though. They'd make mince meat of you and me. And I suppose they're very fond of mince meat. I don't know though, perhaps they'd make sausage meat of you. Would you like to be made sausage meat of, old boy? Well we'll swim around a bit and then crawl out. Come on, Carlo, here we go."

After making a circuit around the raft two or three times, they climbed back on the raft, and Jack began to pull on his clothes. Looking down at the water, he saw a large fin cutting

through it, and rapidly approaching the raft and not more than a few feet distant. He watched the shark maneuver around, seeking for the prey it had lost, for a while.

"Too late that time, my fine fellow," said Jack. "You didn't come to breakfast when the first bell rang. You'll have to get up a little earlier, and rub the sleep out your eyes, or you'll get left every time. See that fellow, Carlo. He wanted us for breakfast, but we fooled him that time."

Carlo looked and growled.

"Don't like that do you, old fellow. Well it was a little risky. I guess we'd better not try it again."

The calm continued from day to day, until life on the craft became almost unendurable to Jack. It was different when in motion, for then, no matter how long and weary the hours, he knew, at least, that he was making progress, and going *somewhere*. But to arise each morning, and know that you were just where you were on yesterday morning, and in all probability would still be the same place to-morrow, was to say the least disheartening.

"Wouldn't you like to take a swim this morning, Carlo? Wouldn't it feel good to get into the water, old boy? But I'm afraid it's rather too risky. I guess we'll have to do with a good wash instead."

After washing and dressing he picked up the hatchet, and taking some nails, went over the raft thoroughly, strengthening any weak places, that might have been caused from the strain it had borne. After he had made everything as secure as possible, he stood looking out over the deep blue, solid mass of water. Not a thing in sight, in any direction; nothing but sea and sky.

"Don't you believe, old fellow, that you could whistle up a breeze, if you should try? That's the way the sailors do, you know. What, never tried to whistle? You don't know what you've missed, old boy. Well never mind I'll whistle."

And Jack whistled one tune after another, until finally growing tired, he threw the hatchet down on the raft, and lay down in the shade of the sail, in utter weariness of it all.

He lay there quite awhile, and was about going off into a doze, when he was aroused by a sharp yelp from the dog. He started up instantly and saw a long, slimy, black arm reaching up out of the sea, which had seized the dog about the middle of the back and was drawing him towards the water. He knew instantly what had happened, and picking up the hatchet from where he had thrown it, he ran instantly to the dog's assistance. Before he reached the dog another arm had appeared and caught him further up nearer the head. The dog was perfectly helpless, he could not even turn his head to use his teeth. With two quick powerful blows of the hatchet, Jack succeeded in severing both these arms. But by that time another arm had come up out of the depths, and caught him by the leg. And with all his strength, it was as much as he could do, to keep from being dragged into the water. Carlo who was now free, tried to offer his assistance, and caught the black, slimy arm in his powerful teeth, and tugged, and pulled with all his might, when he was again seized by still another arm, which tried to drag him loose, but he held firm his grip although apparently suffering great agony. In the meantime Jack tried to turn so as to get in a blow with his hatchet, but was powerless to do so. And thus they were both drawn to the very edge of the raft, by some powerful unseen monster. And it looked like nothing could save them, for both were becoming weak from their exertions. The dog had bitten clear through the arm of the monster, until the teeth met, and still it held firm to Jack's leg. Just at this moment, when to all appearances there was no help for them, there appeared upon the surface of the water, a round black body, with hideous looking eyes, and two little horns protruding from the top of its head. No sooner, however, did this

make its appearance, than Jack dropped the hatchet, and reaching back into his hip pocket, grasped his revolver, and leaning as far forward as he dared, fired three quick shots right into the body of the horrible, repulsive looking object. The mouth gasped several times, the eyes closed, the body collapsed, turned over, and sank, but the arms still held their grip by the powerful suction on the end, neither would they yield until Jack severed them with the hatchet, when the ends fell upon the raft, and Jack kicked them into the sea.

The dog crawled back whining with pain. Jack suffered severely from the sore spot on his leg, where the powerful tentacle, with its suction-like terminus, had held him in its tenacious grasp. The dog had three of these sore spots, and so powerful was the suction, that the blood had been drawn through the skin, and settled in clots on the hair.

"Well, old fellow," said Jack, after he had partly regained his breath. "That was a close call. It seems to me, that you and I, will have to look a little out, don't you think? You see this is a new country to us, my boy, and we don't know much about the inhabitants. But it does seem as if there were a lot of monsters of various kinds around here awaiting for our carcasses. But we don't want to give them up, old fellow. We might want to go home again sometime, and if we didn't have any carcass to go in, well to say the least, it would be rather inconvenient, don't you think?"

Carlo looked up and whined.

"Poor fellow," said Jack. "Did it hurt you much?"

And stooping down he examined his back.

"Yes, I know it hurts, old fellow, I can tell by the way my leg feels, but we got off lucky. I can tell you the next time a devil fish gets a hold of us, perhaps we won't get off so easy.

"I wish I had something for these sores, but I haven't got a thing, old fellow. You see when we shipped, you remember, we came away without engaging a surgeon with his medicine chest,

and so we'll have to let nature do it all. It'll come all right, old fellow, only be a little patient. I think we will have a little dinner now. Don't you want some dinner, old boy?"

After dinner Jack changed Carlo's bed more to the center of the raft, so that he would be safe for the future. He then lay down again and tried to pass the time in sleep, but it was hard work sleeping so much, and the weary hours passed very slowly. The next morning when Jack woke up, he felt a slight breeze across his face. He immediately sat up and looked around; although the sun had arisen and was shining brightly, there was a dense bank of black clouds off towards the northwest. The slight breeze he had at first felt, grew fresher every minute.

"We'll soon be cutting through the water at a lively rate now, old fellow. Hello, it's coming fast," as a slight puff of wind struck the sail, then another, then another, growing stronger all the time. And soon the unwieldy craft was bowling along through the water at an astonishing rate.

"Hello, old fellow, ain't we going it now?" said Jack. "What do you think of this for sailing? That steamship you came off ain't in it with us, old boy."

The wind continued to grow fresher, and Jack was in ecstasy at the rate they were going. Soon the water began to be troubled, and then formed into waves, which grew larger and dashed higher, as the winds increased in violence, until they began to look threatening.

"I tell you what, my boy, we're going to have a storm, and this craft is going to do some tall rolling, so you'll have to watch yourself. But isn't it delightful, old fellow?"

Carlo looked like he did not think it was very "delightful." He could scarcely get about, for no sooner would he succeed in standing erect, when he would be thrown down again.

"Here Carlo, lie down, lie down, sir. That's it old fellow or you'll go overboard."

The wind was now blowing a hurricane, and the waves rolling

many feet high. The strain on the sail was too much for such a lumbering craft, and the forward end began to dip and the waves to wash over it.

"I'll have to take that sail in," said Jack. He tried to do so, but could not succeed, so he seized the hatchet and cut the ropes that held it and let it down on the raft. This eased up matters so that the raft simply rose and fell with the waves, and carried herself very nicely.

"Didn't I tell you how to whistle up a breeze, old fellow? You didn't believe me, I knew you didn't. I could tell by the look in your eye, but you see you were mistaken. You'd better learn to whistle old fellow at the first opportunity. My, but don't she roll?" he continued. "I don't suppose anything can happen, if she only holds together. She can't sink, and she can't upset. It's a good thing, too, that I secured everything so firmly, or we'd lose some of our stores. I guess we'll come out all right. Hello there, there you go," he suddenly exclaimed. For Carlo had gotten up and was making his way over to Jack, when a sudden lurch sent him overboard. As the dog struck the water a huge wave took him up and carried him further off. And as he turned to struggle back he was carried still further. In fact he could make no headway against the waves, which were rolling in the opposite direction carrying him further and further off.

"Here Carlo, swim for it, swim hard, old fellow."

But Carlo, after doing his best, was only getting farther away.

"Can't you make it, old fellow?"

Carlo turned to him such a pitiful look and so full of despair, that it went right to Jack's heart.

"Well keep up, old fellow, I'm coming. I'm not going to lose the only friend I've got, and see him drown before my eyes. Besides old boy we promised to sink or swim together, and shook hands on it. Don't you remember that?"

While speaking Jack was hastily throwing off his clothes. Then seizing a thin but strong coil of rope, he quickly measured

the distance with his eye, and cut an end off with the hatchet, allowing plenty for mistakes. He tied one end quickly to the mast, and grasping the other end, jumped into the sea. A few powerful strokes brought him up to the dog, for it was easy swimming with the roll of the waves. He grasped the dog by the collar, and tried to pull them both in by the rope, but having only one hand free, he could not succeed.

"Never mind, old fellow, I'll fix it, keep up a little longer."

Then tying the end of the rope in the ring of the dog's collar, he pulled himself hand over hand to the raft. Then taking the rope he easily succeeded in pulling Carlo in.

"There, old fellow," said Jack, as the dog lay panting on the raft. "Another narrow escape for you. You've found out, to go overboard now, is not like taking a quiet swim in calm water. I'll just leave that rope attached to you, old boy, so if you go overboard again, I can simply pull you in."

Carlo thumped his tail against the raft, but the thump was very weak, for the dog was nearly exhausted.

The storm continued way into the night and well on to the next morning, and the rain came down in torrents. They were wet through and through, and could not become more so, so they simply sat and took it. One thing they were glad of, they got a supply of fresh water, caught in the hollow of one of the tarpaulins. Towards morning the rain ceased, the winds abated, and the waves receded to some extent, and Jack crawled under the tarpaulin, found the mattress, lay down and went to sleep.

Jack slept far into the day. When he awoke he crawled out into the light, to find the sun shining brightly, the sea almost smooth, and the raft thumping gently against a sloping beach.

"Hurrah, Carlo, we've come to land, old fellow. Did you know it?"

They both sprang out upon the land, Jack loosened the rope from Carlo's collar, and tied it to a tree on the bank to hold the raft from drifting.

"Come on Carlo, we'll explore the country," said Jack. And looking to see that his revolver was in order, he started up the beach, followed by Carlo, who was in a perfect ecstasy of delight. He was running here and there, poking his nose into every hole and crevice, and jumping about with quick little joyful barks.

"Hello, you're happy are you, old fellow? Like this do you? You think we've reached that dog heaven we were talking about. Is that it, old boy? But we don't know whether we can stay here or not. We must see if anybody has a prior claim to this place. And then above all things we must have water. Come on, we'll see what we can find."

The lower part of the island where they had landed, seemed to be a level tract, a few feet above the sea, and about a mile and a half across. At about the center of the island the ground began a gradual rise, until it ended at the extreme west in quite a promontory, which upon examination Jack found to consist principally of huge rocks, many of which hung over the sea. There were paths down this side, which though difficult of passage, were not by any means impassable. In fact, these paths appeared somewhat worn as if constantly traversed, but whether by human beings or wild beasts, Jack had no means of knowing. Upon one of the highest points of this promontory there appeared a rounded crest, with concave top, that dipped something like a saucer. In the center of this appeared what seemed something like a rough idol, made of stone. The upper part of this idol, took somewhat the form of a human being, but nothing was very clearly defined, and it was a puzzle to Jack to understand its meaning. There was not a human being of any kind to be found upon the island.

Over towards the south side there appeared quite a forest of trees, consisting mostly of the palm family. They were all sizes, from mere shrubs just peeping out of the ground, to trees of enormous size. Some reaching the height probably of a hun-

dred feet. Upon proceeding to this side of the island, Jack found just at the foot of the rocks, and at the edge of the forest, a cool, clear spring of water, which Jack and the dog both enjoyed immensely.

"Well, Carlo, I guess we'll inhabit the land; we'll take possession, old fellow, put in our claim, and build our house."

"We'll be monarchs of all we survey. How does it seem to be a monarch, old boy? Never was a monarch before, heigh Carlo? Well you're a monarch now, old fellow, and don't you forget it."

CHAPTER V.

JACK BUILDS A CABIN TENT.

"WELL Carlo, old fellow, I guess we'll build our house here in the woods, and where it will be handy to the spring. That's the idea, don't you think?"

"But then we'll have to manage to get our raft around on this side of the island so as to have things sort of handy. Nothing like having things handy, old boy. Just remember that."

So he selected a good strong pole from among the debris that cluttered the shore, and proceeded to pole the raft around the eastern end of the island where the water was shallow, and then to the westward, until he reached the woods.

"Here we are at last, Carlo, already for business, but the first thing on the program will be breakfast. Had you forgotten you hadn't had any yet, old boy? And we'll have a good cup of coffee this morning too, just think of that. Oh I forgot, you said you didn't like coffee. Too bad, old fellow, you don't know what you're missing. You ought to learn to like it. It kind of braces you up in the morning, you know. That's two things you ought to learn now. To whistle, and to drink coffee, and then if you'd only learn to smoke you'd be right in it. Yes, old boy, you'd be right in the swim. By the way, I'm glad I can get at my cigars now for I think I'd enjoy a smoke after breakfast."

While talking all this nonsense to Carlo, Jack had tied up the raft, and selecting such things as he needed for breakfast, proceeded to make a fire on the beach. Then filling the coffee pot with water from the spring, he put it on the fire to boil. When

the water boiled he put in the ground coffee, and soon had the satisfaction of enjoying a cup of good coffee.

After breakfast he began to unload the raft, carrying everything off and piling them in a miscellaneous heap upon the beach.

“Now we’ll see what kind of a home we can build, old fellow.”

Going into the deepest part of the wood, he looked around until he found what he wanted. He selected four trees about equal distance apart, and that would leave space enough for a good sized room. He then cleared out all the underbrush, and with the spade leveled the ground off smooth and even. He cut the raft apart and carried the planks to where he intended building. He set the casks out on the beach.

He then took four planks and formed a frame around on the trees and about ten feet high, and formed another frame around at the bottom of the trees. The planks used for the latter he sank in the earth about half their width, to keep out all crawling things. He placed one plank edgewise along the top of the upper frame to give a slight slope to his roof. He then unfolded the tarpaulin, and after proper measurement, cut a piece large enough to cover the upper frame. He nailed one side of this fast to the frame, and drawing it over the plank turned edgewise, drew it taut, and nailed it to the other side of the frame, thus forming a sound roof with plenty of slope. He then measured and cut pieces for the four sides, leaving room on one end for a door. These he nailed to the top and bottom frame. He now cut a door a little larger than the opening. This he nailed at the top only, but fastened short pieces of rope on the inside at short distances, and in such a manner that they could be tied, when he retired for the night.

He now cut two good sized windows, one on each side, and made coverings to fasten like the door. As he had plenty of plank left he made a floor of them. And when all was completed, he surveyed it with much satisfaction,

"Now, Carlo, old fellow; how do you like it. How does it suit your majesty? Is the palace fine enough for the reigning monarch? But I guess, old boy, it's about grub time."

After dinner Jack made a bedstead, by driving the posts into the ground, then nailing two rails along the sides, and placing short pieces across on these. Then put the mattress over all. He then carried in all his stores and placed them along the rear wall. He placed the chest where it would be handy to get at. He drove a row of nails to hang his extra suits on. In hanging these up, he noticed a watch chain hanging from the pocket of one, and on examination found a fine gold watch attached to it.

"Well, I guess we'll be able to tell the time of day, old fellow, as well as the day of the month. I'll wind it up to-morrow at noon. Let's see what else there might be in these pockets," he continued. "Here's a match safe, four pencils, two memorandum books, cigar case, two pen knives, some loose change, and a pair of eye glasses which he did not think he would need, and put back where he found them. I guess that's about all."

He then brought in the looking glass and hung it up near the window, and placed the shaving materials where he could get at them when he needed them.

"There I guess we're about fixed, old boy, don't you think? But you haven't got any bed, have you? Well we'll fix that."

And going out he soon returned with a quantity of sedge grass, which grew in abundance at the edge of the forest, and making a bed of it in the corner, covered it with a piece of tarpaulin.

"There, old fellow, you ought to sleep like a Turk. Yes, like two Turks, though come to think of it I don't know just how a Turk sleeps."

After supper he enjoyed the first cigar he had had for a long time.

"I'm glad I brought a good lot of these along, for a cigar is awful good company when a fellow is lonesome."

As it began to grow dark, Jack went in, drove some nails in the top of a box and placed a candle in between, lit it, and lay down on the bed. He felt very tired, Carlo lay in his corner with his head between his paws, blinking at Jack, who watched him for a while with rather a comical expression on his face.

"Well, what are you thinking about, old fellow, do you like this better than the raft? No devil fish here, old boy, and you can't fall overboard either."

Soon Jack's eyes began to droop, so he got up, closed and fastened the door, also the windows, blew out the light and went to bed.

When he awoke the next morning, he was surprised to find it so dark, until he remembered that he had shut out every particle of light. He got up and opened the windows and door, and stepped out, and down to the beach, threw off his clothes and had a good bath.

Then he had his breakfast and a cigar, and wondered if he couldn't rig up some sort of fishing tackle, and catch some fish. He had no hooks, there was plenty of line in the carpenter's chest that he had used for chalk line."

"Perhaps I could file a nail down to the right thickness, and bend it to the right shape, for a hook. Of course it will not have a barb to it, and I would probably lose some fish, but then where they are so plenty I ought to catch some of them."

"But to fish properly, I ought to have a boat, and I haven't any, though I suppose I can knock together some kind of a tub that will do to paddle around in. There is about plank enough left for it."

So selecting two straight pieces without flaw, he cut them to about twelve feet in length, and rounded one corner of both ends. Then he placed them edgewise, rounded side up, about three feet apart and parallel to each other, and nailed short pieces crosswise the full length. He made some tow from a rope's end, and carefully caulked up all the cracks. He then

turned it right side up; he also caulked it on the inside. He nailed a piece across each end on the top, and one about the middle for a seat. He pushed it into the sea, and found it nearly water tight. He nailed some short pieces on the side for row locks, and found a couple of pieces that were suitable and cut them down into oars.

"That's all right, Carlo, you know what that's for. That's to catch fish in. Don't you like fish, old boy?"

But Carlo had gone off on a tour of inspection on his own account, and Jack now heard him barking and growling back in the woods. He called to him, but he would not come. "He's come across something," said Jack. And he followed the sound into the forest. He found Carlo, laboring under intense excitement, and the cause seemed to be up in one of the trees. Jack found it to be a good sized monkey, sitting on a limb about ten feet from the ground. He was enjoying the situation immensely, and seemed to take particular delight in teasing the dog. He would gesticulate frantically, and make the most comical faces at the dog. And Carlo wouldn't stand such indignity, and wanted instant revenge.

"Come, come, Carlo. You mustn't mind him. He's one of the natural born citizens here, and has all the rights of first occupancy, and you are the real intruder, old fellow. And you don't want to molest him. Besides, he might give you the worst of it in a fair fight. He could give you a pretty good tussle anyhow; so come along, Carlo, we'll not interfere with him. Come on."

Carlo obeyed, but he didn't like it a bit, and he kept looking back and growling every few feet until he was entirely out of the woods, when he seemed to forget all about his late antagonist.

Jack took one of the wire nails and with file and pinchers fashioned it into a sort of fish hook. Taking some of the line from the chest, he got into the boat, and rowed around to the

west, where the water was deep and clear. He took with him some of the canned meat for bait. He enjoyed the sport immensely for the fish seemed plentiful, and, although he lost some, he found he could land them fast enough to keep the sport interesting. He caught quite a number of a species belonging to the mackerel family. They had a greenish back, and white silvery belly. They weighed from two to three pounds. These were called, "Bonito," and very fine eating, and found mostly in warm waters of the deep seas. He also caught a few fish called, "Pompano," also rated fine for food, and related to the same family. Then a few Spanish mackerel, a most delicious fish for food. He brought to the surface a fine soft shell turtle, weighing about ten pounds, which he succeeded in tumbling into the boat. Then he threw out his line again, and it hardly began to sink, when there was a tremendous pull, and the line ran out quick and fast. There was no stopping it. The whole line ran out, and then a quick jerk, the sound of a snap, and the end of the line hung limp over the side of the boat.

"That settles the fishing business for to-day, old fellow. That last one was a wopper. But we're not rigged right to catch such big ones. I guess we've got enough to last us far a few days anyhow. What, don't you like the looks of that fellow?"

Carlo had been sitting in one end of the boat and now he had gotten up on the end seat, and was growling and whining, while watching the turtle, which seemed to be making towards him.

"Well, we'll put him back in the other end, if he seems to worry you. But when we come to dish him up out of the stew pan, I don't believe you'll have any very great objections to him."

When they got back to the tent, Jack took some of the empty boxes and knocked together a fish box, and, after putting the fish in, pushed it into the sea, and anchored it to the shore.

"Now Carlo, what will your majesty have for dinner, fried fish or turtle soup? Or will you have soup for the first course,

and take the fish on the second or third course? How is it old fellow? Will you take your dinner in courses to-day; is that what your majesty has been used to? Well, we'll have one course to-day, and another, to-morrow. Won't that suit your majesty? I guess that will be best. I think we'll try some of these fish to-day. Can you eat a whole one, think? Well I guess we'll cook a couple of the Spanish mackerel, I guess they'll go all right, don't you think?"

So Jack made a fire, and while waiting for it to burn down to a bed of hot coals, cleaned and prepared a couple of fish, which he cut up in sections. Then preparing the coffee, and getting out some biscuit and fruit, he said: "Now, old fellow, I guess we've got a dinner fit for a king, two kings, excuse me your majesty, I came near forgetting that you are a monarch. But I tell you one thing, old fellow, you forgot to milk the cow yesterday. So that we have no cream for our coffee, and butter for our bread. Don't you know you did? Well we'll overlook it this time, but you mustn't forget again."

After dinner Jack lit a cigar and stretched himself out on the beach for a quiet smoke. After breakfast the next morning, Jack lit a cigar and told Carlo that they would take a walk around the island, and see if they could discover anything new.

"This is the eighteenth of the month, old boy," said Jack, as he was marking the date.

"Did you know that? Do you think you can remember it? You can? Well now, if I ask you after while what day of the month it is, will you tell me; you will? Will you bark eighteen times? Well, all right, see that you remember that."

They started around the eastern end of the island, intending to make a complete circuit. The sun was not yet risen, and the atmosphere was fresh and invigorating, and they both enjoyed the fine morning air blowing in from the ocean. They went around the east end, and along the north shore towards the west. There was a little stretch of beach at the foot of the

promontory, not very much, but sufficient for a passage between the rocks and the sea. Jack intended to go along this passage, then continue on around the island. But while still upon the north side, and just as he was about to round the rocks at the foot of the promontory, he suddenly grasped Carlo's collar, and jumped back behind the rocks, pulling the dog with him. "Be still Carlo, not a sound, hush up." And then cautiously he peered around the corner of the rock, still holding Carlo by the collar. The dog seemed to understand and crouched at Jack's feet, but with bristling hair and glaring eyes. What Jack saw was four light canoes, filled with savages. They were nearly nude, having only their loins covered with some kind of cloth, and heavily fringed. Their hair was woolly, like the common negro. They also had the negro's thick lips. They were less than one hundred feet from the shore, when Jack first saw them. But as they had their backs to the bow of the boats, they had not seen Jack.

Jack took out his revolver, examined it, and kept it in his hand. They were making for the narrow beach at the foot of the promontory. When they landed they stepped out of the boats, and formed into single file, looking very solemn and dignified. The tall straight fellow at the head seemed to be the leader, and had his hair decorated with some bright feathers which the others did not have. Each one carried a spear made of some kind of metal, and apparently hammered out by hand. After all had landed they still retained their position of single file, and started forward in Jack's direction, and he began to prepare for action. But just before reaching the rock behind which Jack and the dog were concealed, they turned into one of the paths, that Jack had before noticed, and passed on up between the rocks. Jack counted thirteen of them as they passed up towards the summit.

Jack breathed more freely after they had passed out of sight, but wondered what it all meant, and was determined to

find out, if possible. So again bidding the dog to keep quiet, he followed in their footsteps, but keeping well concealed behind the rocks, and in the many turnings of the path. He proceeded thus until he could command a good view of the summit. Again commanding the dog to be quiet and lie down, for Carlo once in a while would emit a low growl, he succeeded in concealing both behind two large rocks, with a small crevice between, where he could get a good view of what was going on at the summit.

The thirteen savages, after they reached the top, marched single file around the cone-shaped crest, before spoken of, several times. Then all stood facing the east, solemn, dignified and silent. The sun was just appearing above the horizon, and as it made its full appearance, the chief or leader made a sign with his spear, and they all bowed three times. Then at another signal they prostrated themselves and bowed their heads to the earth. This they did three times, then they arose and stood erect once more. Then at another signal they gave forth a sound which was a sort of guttural chant, with no music nor harmony about it, but a kind of dismal medley of woe. Then this ceased and they commenced their march around the crest again, chanting another dismal, melancholy orgy. Then there was more bowing and prostrating themselves, and more marching and chanting. Then they turned their attention to the image in the center, and bowed to him, and prostrated themselves before him, and apparently chanted their delightful music to him.

"I believe I understand," said Jack. "These savages are worshippers of the sun, and this image is the idol that represents their god."

As the savages appeared about through with their worship, Jack thought it about time to leave. So he and Carlo proceeded down the path, and, when near the bottom, slipped behind some large rocks, and waited for the savages to leave. They soon

made their appearance, walking in their dignified style, passed Jack's hiding place, entered their boats and put out to sea.

"Well," said Jack, "It seems I have made my camp in somebody's meeting house. Who would ever have thought that there would be a lot of savage fools, coming from no one knows where, who had selected this place to go through their tom foolery?"

"I wonder where they came from any way; it must be some distance off for I can't see any signs of land anywhere. Why in the name of everything that's sensible can't they go through their mummary on their own island? Why do they have to come here to do it? If they should find out that I am living here on their consecrated ground it will probably go hard with me. But I must not let them know it, if I can help it. I must endeavor to get away from here, if possible, but how am I to do it? I have no boat suitable to make the trial in, and I have even destroyed my raft. Well, I suppose I'll have to stay here for the present and take my chances. Meantime I must keep a sharp lookout for them. I wonder if they never go farther into the island than they did this morning, and how often they come here to worship. Well, I suppose I shall find these things out in time. Meantime, Carlo, old fellow, we must look a little out."

CHAPTER VI.

JACK FINDS A SECRET CIPHER.

JACK watched for several mornings for the re-appearance of the savages, but had seen nothing more of them. One morning while strolling along the narrow beach, at the base of the promontory, having seen nothing of the savages, he came upon what appeared the skeletons of several human beings. These were scattered over quite a surface of the rocks, and while looking at them curiously, and wondering who they could have been, and whether they had been savages, or some poor shipwrecked persons, he noticed further down, in between the crevice of two rocks, what appeared at first to be a piece of soiled writing paper. Thinking it might contain something in explanation of the presence of the skeletons, he picked it up and unfolded it. He found it was not paper at all, but a small piece of parchment, on which were quite a number of strange characters, that to the ordinary eye, had no significance whatever. Jack knew at once that he had found some kind of a secret cipher, which he determined to work out, if possible, when at leisure. Not because he placed any particular importance to its meaning, but simply to pass the time, or for his own amusement. Just as a person likes to work out any kind of a puzzle. So he folded it up and put it in his pocket, for future investigation. Looking further among the bones, he found a large horn handle jack-knife, long ruined by rust, and several pieces of coin. "I suppose these things were in the pockets of these men when they died," said Jack. Looking further he found several brass buttons, also suspender

buckles. Then he saw further down, nearer the water, an iron chain fastened to a ring inserted in one of the large rocks.

"This chain must have been fastened to their boat, and these men must have died soon after landing, or else when just going to embark; I wonder how. It isn't natural that they should all die at once, unless they were killed. Perhaps they were murdered by these same savages that worship here, or their forefathers, simply for trespassing on their place of worship. That thought is not a very pleasant one for me to contemplate, and the more reason why I should be cautious. This must have happened a long while ago. These bones look like they had been bleaching a long while; though maybe only a few years of hot sun and rain might give them that appearance. I really do not know how long it would take."

"Well, come on Carlo. We'll go home, old fellow," he continued.

The next morning after breakfast, Jack lit a cigar, and took out the parchment containing the cipher, and copied it off on a page torn from the memorandum book he carried in his pocket. And this is what it was:

M B J O T J O O E J O T J O O N E I A I J O O U O
 B O O B J O T T N E O E J O T J T B J T E O N J O
 T J E O X B J O E O X U O J O T J T B J T E O N J O T O I
 T O X O N J O T J E O C C E T I C X E T N O N J A N T T B
 O E J O J X T B J A N O T T T T T J T O U
 O O O B L F I J O E O E T
 J I B J O N J O T L F I J O J E O C C

He studied over it several hours, trying to find a key that would unravel the mystery, but in vain; he could not get head nor tail of it. It was all Greek to him. Then he picked up the

almanac and studied that intently, looking through the medical advertisements, paying particular attention to the construction of words and sentences, but could get no clue. Thus he spent the morning hours, when he was finally aroused by a whine from Carlo, who was standing a little lower on the beach, and who was stretching himself with a sort of restless impatience, and looking up in his face with questioning eyes.

"Hello Carlo, getting impatient? Want your dinner, old fellow? We were to have soup to-day, made out of that ugly looking fellow, whose appearance you didn't like. Well, we'll cut him up and make him into soup."

So Jack built up the fire, and filled the large iron pot half full of water from the spring. He killed the turtle and took a quantity of the fleshy part of the meat, and cut it up into small pieces. After the water boiled he put the meat into it, and left it to cook. He then went at the cipher again, and studied from all points, but without success. I suppose these two lines underneath form a signature. If I only knew what the name was, it would give me a clue, or even the first name. But then I might as well ask for a solution of the whole thing and be done with it. Then he picked up the almanac again, and looked over it carefully, turning page after page, then finally settled down to study a page of solid reading matter. He took out a pencil and tore a leaf out of his memorandum book, and began to do some figuring.

He put down certain words, and after doing some counting would put marks under them. This he continued for a long time. Then he turned to another page and did the same thing again. And then to another page and then another, and then he finally said:

"Jack, old boy, I've got a clue, and its a sure enough clue too. I find that in the proper construction of any ordinary sentence in the English language, the word *the* is used many more times than any other word of *three* letters, and I find further that the

word *of* is used many more time than any other word of *two* letters. Now do you know what that means, you old numskull? Can't you get the true significance of that through your thick head? No, I don't believe you can, so I'll have to tell you. Well it simply means that if we go through the secret cipher carefully and find the *three* characters that appear oftenest together, and in the same relation to each other, these three characters will undoubtedly represent the word *the*. And then if we go through the cipher a second time, and find *two* other characters, that appear oftenest, in the same relation to each other, those characters will undoubtedly represent the word *of*. Now, is it plain enough? Oh yes, certainly. But why didn't you think of it yourself? But we'll wait until after dinner now."

"Carlo, old boy; want your dinner? Does it smell good? But it isn't ready yet; I wonder how long this stuff ought to cook? I suppose until the meat is tender anyway. Isn't that it, old fellow? Like your meat nice and tender; but we'll see what we've got to season it with. Wouldn't your majesty like your soup well seasoned? Well, we'll see what we've got."

He went to the tent and returned with the box of assorted spices. "Well, here's thyme, parsley, cloves, allspice. That'll be enough, I guess, with pepper and salt."

He put in a little of each at a time, until he got it to suit his taste. Then as it seemed to be done, he set it off, and put on the coffee, and prepared the rest of the meal. When all was ready, he gave Carlo a plentiful supply in the tin basin, together with a quantity of the meat.

"How do you like that, old boy?"

But Carlo lay with his jaws between his paws, howling with pain. Jack burst out laughing.

"Too hot, old fellow? Well you mustn't be in such a hurry. You must let it cool, or else blow it like I do. Can't you blow it, old boy? Well, that's something else for you to learn."

After dinner Jack went at the cipher again.

"Now you've got a clue, Jack, you ought to be able to solve this puzzle, unless you're a bigger numskull than I ever took you to be. Now, the first thing to find is what three characters appear together oftenest in the same position. And as we find the characters we will put them down together with the letter which they represent." After about an hours study, he continued. "Now these are the *three* characters which appear more than any others, $\sqsupset \square \sqsupset$; so we will suppose that they represent the word *the*, and that gives us three letters to start with: \sqsupset t, \square h, \sqsupset e, and then we go through the cipher again and we find the *two* other characters that appear oftenest are these: $\sqsubset \sqsupset$; so these must represent the word *of*, \sqsubset o, \sqsupset f.

Now, if we look through the cipher we will come to these characters: $\sqsubset \sqsubset \sqsubset \sqsubset$. If that should prove a single word, it means a word beginning and ending in the same letter, with double o in the center. What's that you say, Jack, how am I to know it's a completed word? Well, I don't know, but I intend simply to find out. Is your head so thick that you can't understand that there is a good deal of guess work about a thing of this kind? The way to do is to make a stagger at it, and then if you find you're mistaken, all you have to do is to go back again and start on another tack. Don't you see? Now this might prove to be the beginning of one word and the ending of another. Or it may prove to be a single syllable of some word, but until I find it is so, I'm going to consider it a single word. Now, the question is, what word is it? We will begin and run down the alphabet; a, boob, cooc, dood, e, foof, goog, hooh, i, jooj, kook, lool, moom, noon. This is the first word we come to that has any sense, and if we continue the alphabet, we will find that it is the only word. If this proves right it gives us the letter n, \sqsubset n.

We now find we have the first two words of the cipher: *On the*. Then the third word begins with *th* and the fifth letter of this word is *t*. By running down the alphabet, we find we can get no word with sense with the letters in this position, so we

can only continue the word, and we find the seventh, eighth and ninth letters are *e, t, h*. That gives us the word *thirtieth* nearly completed. That gives us two more letters, Δ i, \exists r. "Hurrah Jack! we're getting there.

"The next word is *of*, which we have already found. We have now the first four words. *On the thirtieth of*. Now, this undoubtedly signifies a date, and the next word should be the name of a month of the year. The next four characters following this are unknown to us, but the next three are *t, h* and *i*. But by running through the calendar we can find no month where these letters could occupy these positions; so, of course, Jack, you blockhead, it must be the name of a month containing less than five letters. You see that, don't you? Well, there are only three months in the year that contain less than five letters; *May, June* and *July*. When you first consider the month of *May*, there is no clue to guide you; so you go on to *June* and you know *that* could not be correct, because the known characters of *n* nor *e* do not appear. Then you know it could not be *July*, because the second and fourth characters representing this month in the cipher are the same, standing for the same letter, and in *July* they are different letters; so, Jack, the only thing for you to do is to fall back upon *May* for the month intended in the cipher; you see that, don't you? Oh you do; well it's a wonder. Now, this gives us three more letters, E M, I a, X y.

Now the next letter is *a* again, and the next one *t*, then *h*, then *i*. The next is unknown, but by placing the known ones down, and leaving a space for the unknown we have, *a, t, h, i—*. Then by running down the alphabet, we find that *g* is the only letter that can possibly fit in; that gives us *g, U g*. The next letter is *t*, then *i*, then one unknown, then *e*. The only two words that could fit here are *tide* and *time*. We know it is not *time*, because there is no *m*; so that it must be *tide*, and that gives us *d, f d*. The next word is *from*, all known characters, the next *the*. By putting down the known characters in the next

word we have —*e, n, t, e, r*, which we can immediately make out to be *center*; that gives us *C, J C*. The next word is *of*, the next *the*. Then comes *c, r, o—n*, which we understand to be *crown*. This gives us *w, X w*. Then comes *t, h, r, o—g, h*, which is through and this gives us *u, u*. Then comes—*h, a, d, o, w*, which can mean nothing but *shadow*; that gives us *s L s*. Then the next three words we find are *of the cross*.” The rest was so easy that Jack could hardly write down the words fast enough, and the result when he was through was the following:

On the thirtieth of May, at high noon tide, from the center of the crown, through the center of the shadow of the cross, measure fifty feet, north twenty-five feet, dig.

JOHN BLACKMORE,

Capt. of The Black Cross.

“Well Jack, old boy, you’ve accomplished it; but small good it is going to do you for all I can see. You know just about as much as you did before, for this don’t tell you much. What the dickens does he mean by his *Cross and Crown*, or rather as he put it, the *Crown and Cross*? It seems he has reversed the order of things; but perhaps it would be about right as far as he is concerned, for I suppose he had his crown in this world, and has to bear his cross in the next, for this whole thing seems to reek of piracy. Heigh ho, I guess I have had all my trouble for nothing, and will take a smoke to relieve my feelings. Ain’t that the best way, Carlo, old boy? We’ll take a smoke and relieve the tension of our minds.”

CHAPTER VII.

JACK IS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE SAVAGES.

JACK the next morning, after a hearty breakfast, called Carlo, and started out for a stroll. He was walking along the north shore, and was about to turn the rocks at the foot of the promontory, to see if he could see anything of the savages, when he was immediately surrounded by them. The thing was so sudden and unexpected, and he was taken so much by surprise, that he at once saw that resistance was useless. They had evidently seen him at a distance and been watching his movements for some time. Carlo wanted to immediately show fight, and it was as much as Jack could do to hold him back.

"No use, old fellow," he said, "there are too many of them. They would only kill you, without helping me any, either. We'll have to submit, at least for the present, old boy, and see what comes of it; then watch our chance to get away." But Carlo was not satisfied and wanted to spring at the throat of the great chief, who stood out a little in advance of the other, but Jack made him be quiet.

"Well my high-cock-i-lor-um," said he, addressing the dignified chief. "What do you want with me."

But this worthy only grunted, and, pointing out over the ocean, commenced to talk in some sort of unknown gibberish.

"Oh, why don't you talk United States, then a person could understand you?" They could make nothing of one another's language, and so could come to no understanding. The dog seemed to be a great curiosity to them, and while Jack was trying to make something out of the gesticulating that the chief was

going through, the rest stood around talking excitedly and pointing at the dog. Carlo did not like so much familiarity, and wanted to attack the whole party single handed.

"Keep still, Carlo, keep still; maybe our turn will come after while. There, be quiet, old fellow."

"Well," he continued, addressing the chief again.

"What does your high mightiness want with me?"

But he could get nothing out of him but his gesticulations and strange unknown language. They drew off finally a short distance, and seemed to hold a sort of consultation. Then the chief stepped forward and motioned to Jack that he must get into one of the boats that lay beached close by.

"All right, your highness, we'll see the end of the farce. Come, Carlo, these gentlemen of the islands want to give us a sea voyage."

And taking Carlo, who uttered his protests in low growls, he entered the boat pointed out by the chief. The chief and two other savages entered the boat with Jack; the others got into the other three boats.

Taking the oars and pushing out into the sea, they proceeded to row about due west, the boat containing Jack and the chief taking precedence of the others.

"I wonder if these fellows are cannibals, old fellow," said Jack to Carlo, "and are going to serve us up in a stew for their supper."

"Do you want to be put in a pot and boiled and dished up for supper, old boy?" Carlo emitted a low growl.

"Don't you think you would like that, old fellow? Well, they haven't maltreated us so far, anyway. Perhaps things are not so bad as they look, old boy. We'll wait and see."

Jack, on entering the boat, or canoe, as it really was, had taken a seat in the stern, with Carlo crouched at his feet; and now a strange thing happened. They had proceeded about a mile on their way, when Jack thought he would like a smoke; he took

out a cigar and put it in his mouth, and lit a match, when all the savages in his boat jumped into the sea, and swam to the other boats, into which they crowded, and commenced to talk their gibberish again, and undoubtedly were laboring under intense excitement.

"What in the name of strange things does that mean," said Jack. "I guess it was the match, old fellow, that did that business. They never saw a match before, and thought I set a stick a-fire, by striking it on my pants. Well, we'll let them think so; we won't tell them any different, and perhaps it may serve us a good turn." The savages now brought the other boats alongside of the one containing Jack, and were kneeling, and gesticulating and bowing to him, and undoubtedly showing him the greatest reverence. Then going forward and taking Jack's boat in tow, they proceeded on their way, but all the time watching him with the greatest curiosity.

After about three hours, Jack perceived that they were again coming to land. This was another island, but apparently larger than the one they had just left. As Jack stepped ashore, he was immediately surrounded by the savages who had already landed. They all bowed and prostrated themselves, several times, and continued to treat him with the greatest reverence. They then formed into a line of march, with Jack in the center and the dog at his heels, and started for the village of the savages, the great chief marching at the head. They proceeded thus toward the interior of the island, and had gone, perhaps, half a mile, when a halt was called on the edge of a forest. The chief sent one of the men away. He was gone about half an hour. He returned with quite a number of boys about half grown. These boys each carried some sort of instrument, supposed to give forth music. Some were made of hollow canes, some made of bones of large animals, and resembling horns, and some were made of the skins of animals stretched over wooden rings. These were played upon with a couple of sticks with rattles

attached to the end. And when the whole savage band set up their music, each one trying to exceed the other in amount of noise, and there being no harmony, but each playing at a discord, the noise produced was perhaps the most dismal ear-splitting sound ever produced. With this savage band in advance they again took up the line of march. They thus proceeded onward through the forest into the village, where all were immediately surrounded by the entire population, consisting altogether of about one thousand men, women and children.

In the center of the village was a large open space about a quarter of a mile in length and breadth. Around this space were placed the huts, made of limbs, covered with bark and skins. Towards one end was a strong solid building made of heavy logs, with several small windows near the top. This was probably a prison where they put their prisoners, or captives; but Jack was not put in this prison. He was led into the center of the open space, and all the savages gathered around, men, women and even small children, and bowed and got down on their knees and bent their heads in the dust and grunted and groaned and even howled, until Jack got sick of it all. He motioned to the chief, and by gesticulations gave him to understand that he wanted something to eat. He was conducted to a hut and given to understand that he was to consider it as belonging to him. It was well furnished with a good supply of skins, which seemed to be clean and in good condition, and Jack proceeded to make himself comfortable, giving Carlo one corner of it. His dinner was soon brought to him, consisting of oysters, turtle steaks and fish. They also brought an extra supply of turtle for the dog. They then retired and left him to himself.

"Well Carlo," said Jack. "What do you think of it all, old fellow? It's not so bad, is it?? I think these people have found out in some way that we're monarchs, isn't that it, old boy?"

"I expect," said Jack, "they think I'm some great lord from the

sun, sent to them by their god, because I can make fire come out of a stick. Well, we must keep up the delusion."

The chief now advanced and made Jack to understand that he was to follow him. Jack went with him and found they had gathered material for a fire and it was all ready for lighting, and he motioned to Jack that he was to light it. Jack took in the situation at once, and determined to surround the affair with something like mystery. He bade them by gesticulating that they were to stand back, and after a space had been cleared for considerable distance around, Jack walked around the pile of wood several times, swinging his arms, and then proceeded to where he could see the sun in the west, held up the match in the air and bowed three times as if invoking the help of the great sun god. He then returned, struck the match and lit the fire, at which they all commenced their groaning and howling again. They followed him around afterward wherever he went prostrating themselves, until Jack got awful tired of it all. When suddenly it all ceased and Jack looked around for the cause, he saw that the chief had given a sign, and they were all silently withdrawing.

"I'm much obliged to your high mightiness, for stopping that din," said Jack. "I couldn't stand much more of it." Jack went back to his tent and, arranging the skins to suit him, lay down and gave himself up to thought.

"I wonder how long this thing is going to last. I expect I'll get awful tired of all this nonsense they go through. Then I wonder what will happen if I run out of matches. It's lucky I happened to have a good supply when I was taken prisoner, but I guess I'll have to quit smoking for the present and save my matches. I'd be in a bad fix if I should run out of them before I can escape. If I could only go with them when they go to worship, perhaps I could manage to give them the slip long enough to get a fresh supply from my tent. But there is time enough for that when I begin to run out of them. It's a good thing that there are so many of them to cook, that they hardly

ever let the fire go out day or night, and so it will only be occasionally that they'll want a new fire started."

The next morning after breakfast Jack concluded he would take a stroll and explore the island. He did not know whether he would be permitted to go about by himself or not, but determined to find out. He first went to a quiet spot on the beach and had a bath and swim. While swimming about in the water he perceived a couple of woolly heads peeping out from between the bushes; so he supposed he was under surveillance, unless these two savages were merely prompted by curiosity to watch and see what such a strange being might do. He paid no attention to them, however, but dressed himself, and calling Carlo, went on past the place where they were concealed towards the west end of the island, where there appeared quite a range of high hills. Ascending to the top of this range of hills, Jack stood for a long time looking out over the ocean. Part of the western slope of this range was covered with a heavy growth of timber. Jack finally continued his walk down through this timber towards the western shore. In passing in among the trees he found them thickly inhabited with a great variety of many beautiful birds of very bright plumage, and, also, several varieties of the monkey, many species of which Jack had never heard of. He noticed that the two savages were still following him, thought for what purpose, unless for curiosity, he could not tell. If they expected him to escape from that end of the island, without a boat, Jack would like to have them tell him how. In fact, Jack would hesitate to attempt to escape in one of their frail boats, unless the necessity was urgent. He thought perhaps he might conjure up some excuse to be permitted to build a raft, on which to effect his escape. It is true he might be able to escape to the island where he had built his hut, but to what purpose, only to be recaptured, and brought back, and perhaps be severely dealt with.

He stood awhile on the beach at the foot of the hills, looking

out over the water. Many thoughts came to him as he remembered what all that great body of water had done for him. He thought of the strange chain of circumstances that had brought him to his present position, and again his thoughts reverted to the future, and he wondered what the outcome of it all would be, and if indeed all these things in his life had been so ordered from the beginning, or were all mere chance happenings. He stood there a long time thinking the sad thoughts that would sometimes come; then sighing deeply, he started to retrace his steps toward the village. Entering the village he passed through groups of women and children, who retreated backwards from him, bowing as they went. Even the smaller children that could hardly toddle were thus required to give him reverence.

Passing further up the village street or lane, he entered into the open space in the center. Here a group of men were congregated, among them many of the chief ones, and were holding some sort of a confab. Merely from force of habit, Jack pulled out his watch, as he came up to them, to see the time of day. No sooner had he touched the spring and opened the case, than they all came crowding around him, showing much curiosity, but at the same time evidently under much stress of awe and fear. Then, as he held it to the ear of the nearest one to let him hear the mysterious ticking, he was surprised to see him retreat in great fear. He then held it to the ear of another with the same result; then another, and another. There was none that could repress the curiosity to hear, but when once they heard the mysterious sounds the little thing gave forth, they were so overcome that they retreated in great fear. And when Jack finally looked around to see what the trouble was, they were all concealed behind trees and peeping out from the doors of the huts, and wondering what was going to happen. Jack burst out laughing.

“Well if you ain’t the biggest jays that ever I run up against.”

Then he laughed again at the comical expression on their faces, made up of awe, fear and curiosity.

After assuring them by all kinds of gestures that nothing was going to happen, and that no harm was intended, they came slowly forward and gathered around him. He then tried to explain to them what the watch was for. He drew a large circle on the ground, and made them understand that was like the face of the watch.

Then taking a stick in one hand, he pointed steadily at the sun with the other, until the attention of all was riveted upon it. Then pointing to the east, he slowly raised his arm up overhead and around to the west, at the same time moving the stick around the circle on the ground with the other. This he did several times, until one, more intelligent, perhaps, than the others, caught the idea. This he excitedly explained to the others, and soon they were all talking excitedly in their strange gibberish. They then regarded Jack with more awe and wonderment than ever, and surely thought him some great lord of the sun they worshipped. For these poor, deluded beings did not grasp the right idea at all. Instead of understanding that the watch was made to regulate the time made by the sun, they conceived the idea that the watch regulated the sun, which was run by its mysterious machinery. Jack let them think so when he found out how things were, and even opened up the works to them, and let them see all the little wheels and springs moving in such a wonderful manner.

Jack left them and went to his tent, but, as for the savages, they had ample time to talk and think about it; for here was something new and strange in connection with their religion. And soon there was great excitement throughout the whole village, and for the rest of the day they stood about talking in excited groups. Jack saw the influence he had gained and determined to keep it, if possible, and to take advantage of every opportunity to advance it, and gain all the power over them he could; it

might stand him in good stead some day. Day after day passed, and Jack came to be regarded almost as a superior being. He called the people together one day in the center of the village, and performed many sleight of hand performances. Very simple these would be to civilized people, but most wonderful to these ignorant savages.

In his intercourse with these people, he found that they were divided into twelve tribes. The great chief of all was elected by the whole people, assembled for that purpose. He held his position for life, unless he proved himself in some way to be unworthy, when he was liable to impeachment.

Each tribe also elected a chief of its own. These were the thirteen that did the worshipping at the other island. Their religion in some respects resembled that of civilized Christians, as Jack found out after he learned their language. They believed in a life hereafter, and that after death they went to live in their beautiful sun; that this life was everlasting, and that only happiness and joy awaited them after death. But Jack had been with them many weeks before he found all this out.

CHAPTER VIII.

JACK FINDS NELLIE.

JACK had been among the savages for about two months, and had learned their language, not only so that he could understand them, but he could also make himself understood. He found it very simple, as it did not consist of such a great variety of words as languages of civilized nations. It was not necessary in the simple life they led; although he did not enjoy his life among them, he did not find it altogether disagreeable. He still retained his power and influence among them, and they yet believed him some superior being sent to them by the great god of the sun.

Carlo also seemed to be resigned to his fate, and had made many friends among the savages, especially among the children, with whom, at times, he loved to frolic. He allowed many familiarities from them when in the proper humor, but there were times when they seemed to learn by instinct not to bother him. Or if they should happen to forget, by a low warning growl he would soon remind them that he was on his dignity and not to be interfered with. Jack found it sometimes difficult to keep his power over the savages; they expected impossibilities from him. Because there were certain things that he could do that were, to them, miraculous, they expected him to perform all kinds of miraculous things, and would sometimes make the most unheard of requests. One day one of them lost an arm by a shark while in the water, and after the stump had healed over, they wanted Jack to give the man a new arm. Jack could not tell them that he could not do it; that would never do. He called a council of the chiefs. Instead of the chiefs appearing alone he found the

whole village assembled, to see this wonderful performance, and they firmly believed that Jack could perform this miracle.

When Jack arrived and saw the great throng assembled, and beheld the excitement under which they were laboring, he advanced quietly and stood in their midst and looked around upon them, until all were hushed into absolute silence.

"Mighty chieftain of a great people," said he. "You ask me to perform a great thing. I think, when you ask me to perform this thing, you ask it in ignorance. In fact, you don't stop to think what you ask. Has there been one of you, who has thought for a moment whether this thing would be agreeable to the great sun god, whom you worship? Has any one asked this question of the great god of your fathers?" He looked around, all were more or less abashed, some hung their heads. All except the great chief, who stood erect, and held his head up haughtily, and who now stepped forward and said:

"We expect our brother from the sun to tell us these things, and not to ask us questions. We know not what the great god of the sun may want us to do. We want to hear what our brother can say."

"Yes, your brother can tell you these things, but you want to see to it that you believe him, and not make a lie of the god of your fathers. But," he continued, "if you want me to tell you these things you must let me do it in my own way. I intend to ask questions, and I expect the great chief of this people to answer them. What is he that he should question the ways of his god?"

Jack had been long enough among the savages to know that this audaciousness would probably help him. The old chief bowed his head but remained silent.

"I ask my question again," said Jack. "Have any of you asked the great god of the sun whether the thing would be agreeable to him?" They were all silent.

"If there should be any one and he has received an answer let him speak out." All were still silent.

"I ask this question because had there been any one who had received such an answer, it would have been in the negative, because this man would then have been an eyesore to the great god throughout all eternity.

"I ask you another question. How long has this man to live? How many moons before his life goes out? Will he live so many moons, or so many *more* moons, or more moons than any of his fathers ever lived before him? It matters not, for some time he will die, and join his fathers in the beautiful sun, and there he will live forever. Are the words that your brother has spoken, good?"

The old chief bowed and announced:

"Our brother has spoken words of goodness and wisdom."

"Well then, when he goes to join his fathers in the sun, he will be made a perfect man. His arm will be restored to him. Is it well spoken?"

The old chief bowed.

"Then I ask you, oh chief, what would he do with the extra arm that I should give him. It is true that it would be a help to him for the number of moons that he may continue to live here, and so I ask the great chief if it would be best for him to have this extra arm for the few moons that he may continue to live, and then go about forever and ever in the beautiful land of the sun, a monstrosity, an eyesore, a thing hateful to see?"

"No, no. That should not be," said the chief.

"No, no. That should not be," they all repeated.

Then they prostrated themselves before Jack, and said he had spoken well. And as Jack went back to his tent, he wondered if there would not come a time when he would be unable to extricate himself from some difficulty in which he would become involved. The time had come now when it was really necessary for Jack to replenish his supply of matches.

He was nearly out of them, and he must get a fresh supply, or else acknowledge to the savages what a humbug he was. He had been to the other island on two different occasions, but had had no opportunity of paying a secret visit to the tent. He was satisfied that the savages were not aware that such a tent existed. They never went further into the island, than the extreme western part where they had set up their temple, and spent no more time than was actually necessary in conducting their services. One morning he asked the chief to call the council together, as he had something of importance to communicate. He walked in quietly among them after they were all seated around in a circle on the ground, and said:

"Oh, mighty chief, and chieftains of a mighty people, behold before you, the brother sent to you by the great god of the sun. Behold him and know that he is different from his brothers of the island. His skin is white, he is clothed in different raiment, he has powers given him which you do not possess. He came from the great god in the sun to teach you many things. He has tried to perform his mission.

"Has your brother spoken well?"

"You have spoken well," said the chief.

"But now the time has come when your brother must return to the god of the sun. Behold his clothes, they are in rags. He is a disgrace to the great god who sent him among you, his pride is hurt. When the great god sent him to you, he clothed him in raiment suitable for the great mission upon which he was sent, but now your brother is sad because of his rags. He holds his head down in shame. If he disgraces his calling for want of proper clothing it will greatly displease the great sun god. He will withdraw his favor from him, and your brother will go out in sadness and die in distress."

"What is it our brother wants?" asked the chief.

"In the morning, while the moon still makes a shining path upon the waters, your brother would journey over the dark

waves to meet the great god of the sun, as he comes up out of the sea."

"He will make known his wants, and the great god will give him what he wants. Then he will return to his brothers in gladness and joy, and mingle with them in council, and speak unto them good words."

"Can our brother from the sun accomplish this?" asked the chief.

"The great god of the sun is all powerful," said Jack.

"Wonderful, wonderful," said the chief.

"And how long will my brother be gone?" he continued.

"Till the sun sinks again in the west."

"Cannot my brother take one of the chiefs with him, that he may behold the glory of his presence?" asked the chief.

"The glory of his presence would strike my brother dead," unhesitatingly, asserted Jack.

"How can my brother make his wants known? Can he speak to the great god?"

"Oh, mighty chief, your brother can speak to the great god in a language you know not of."

"Wonderful, wonderful," said all the chiefs.

"My brother shall take this journey to-morrow while the darkness still rests upon the waters, to meet the great sun god as he comes up out of the sea, but he must go alone. The dog must remain."

"Oh, mighty chief, can I not take the dog?"

"No, the dog will remain, he does not need any clothes, and so could do my brother no good."

Jack had no especial reason for wishing to take the dog, only for company, for he fully expected to return. When he did attempt to escape, he wanted something better between him and the bottom of the sea, than one of their frail boats. All the rest of the day, Jack was a special mark of awe and reverence, for it was undoubtedly known throughout the village that he was to

make a trip to the sun and return clothed in new garments. He started the next morning, about three hours before sunrise, and was really astonished to find how much excitement existed. Nearly the whole village had turned out to see him off. He had to tie Carlo to a tree before he started. The dog couldn't understand how it was, that Jack could go off anywhere without him. Jack pushed off and got away with as little ceremony as possible, or he would undoubtedly have been treated with some of the ear-splitting music of the band, which Jack could see was very much in evidence.

He rowed away over the ocean towards the east. In about three hours he reached the island, and going around to the south side, brought up at the nearest point to the cabin tent. After beaching his boat, he took off his clothes and had a swim. He then prepared and ate a hearty breakfast, which included the luxury of a cup of coffee, which he had not enjoyed for a long while. After giving himself a clean shave, he proceeded to dress himself in a new suit. He selected the most flashy suit he had, a "loud" check suit, with a dash of red in it. This, he thought, would best catch the savage eye. He then put on a bright blue tie, and new shoes and hat. He also put up a bundle to take with him, including some gauze underwear, socks, collars, shirts and a dozen handkerchiefs. He took, also, his shaving outfit, including the mirror. In changing the things from the pockets of the old to the new suit, he noticed he had selected the suit which contained the eye glasses in one of the pockets. These he put back in his pocket, as he thought they might help him some way to bamboozle the savages. Then taking a good supply of matches, he got into the boat and shoved off. He rowed around the east end of the island; the thought struck him that he might have been followed by some of the savages, and he could thus better avoid them until he was ready to meet them. He had rounded the point at the east end, and was proceeding very leisurely along the north shore, when his eye caught something

afloat, away off towards the horizon. His first thought was that this was a boat containing some of the wily savages, and had lost track of him in the darkness. He lay upon his oars and watched this object for some time. He knew they could not see him at that distance with the island immediately behind him. He was finally satisfied that the object, whatever it was, was not propelled by any human force, but was only being beaten about by the waves.

"It's probably only a piece of drift wood," said Jack, "but still, we'll get a little nearer and investigate."

As he approached nearer he saw that the object took the form of a boat. Coming still nearer, he saw that it was a ship's boat of good proportions.

"Ah Jack, my boy," said he. "That's just what you want when you make your escape."

He did not think there was any one in it, until he came along side. He then found it contained a boy and a girl; both were apparently dead at first glance. The girl was very beautiful, evidently about eighteen years of age. The boy was a mere lad in his early teens. The girl lay at full length in the bottom of the boat, her head resting upon some clothing formed into a bundle. The boy lay in the bow, with his head resting upon his arm for a pillow. Jack's first attention was to the girl. She was not dead, for he found her heart beating strongly; she had probably only fainted. But the boy he found was dead beyond all doubt.

"Poor lad," said Jack, "you've met a sad fate. I wonder if they are brother and sister; I ought to bury the poor fellow before she comes to. Then she won't have to see him let down into the sea. It will be less hard maybe when she knows it's all over."

"Poor fellow," he said again. "We will give you a sailor's burial, and let you down into the sea."

After he had disposed of the boy's body, Jack gave his atten-

tion to the girl. He soon succeeded in reviving her, for, as he thought, she had only fainted. Upon regaining consciousness, she looked up into Jack's face, and perceiving a stranger, she started up in bewilderment.

"Where am I?" she said.

"You're in good hands," said Jack, gently.

She looked around upon the water, then perceiving another boat alongside, she seemed to comprehend. Then she looked toward where the young lad had been.

And Jack said, again, gently. "He was past help, and I had to bury him."

"Yes, I know," she said. "He died this morning, poor boy, he was very good to me."

"How long have you been afloat?" asked he.

"The marks are on the side of the boat; we commenced keeping an account of the days so. The last mark was made by poor Harry just before he died.

"That's the last mark I'll ever be able to make, Miss Nellie" said he, and in an hour he was dead."

Jack looked and counted eight marks.

"So you've been afloat eight days," said he.

"And how did you live?"

"Our water gave out day before yesterday, and our food yesterday," said she.

"I know," she continued, "that poor Harry gave me the most of it, and so starved himself. He always persisted that he wasn't hungry, or had had plenty, when I knew that he had scarcely touched anything at all," she continued, the tears coming into her eyes.

"Poor Harry," said Jack. "He was a noble fellow, and deserved a kinder fate."

"But," he continued. "We must not stay here while you are starving."

And tying the painter of the canoe to the stern of the boat,

Jack seized the oars and pulled lustily for the shore. He rounded the island and beached the boat at the nearest point to the tent. As the boat landed and Jack jumped out, he said:

"Now, Miss Nellie, for I have learned that that is your name, you will have to trust yourself to me," he said.

The beautiful brown eyes were raised an instant, and looked square into the honest gray ones. She did not answer, but simply held out her hand to be helped out of the boat.

Jack took her into the tent and made her lie down. He then took the bucket and went to the spring and filled it with the cool clear water. He gave her some of this to drink, but not too much. He raked together the fire and put on the coffee pot again. After looking over his stores, he concluded that some soup would probably be best for her at first; so he opened a can, and prepared it according to the directions. He also opened a fresh can of meat, and a can of peaches. When all was ready, he arranged some boxes around her, and brought her first a bowl of soup. He then brought in the other things and arranged them on the boxes, together with some biscuit, sugar, salt and pepper.

"I know you will feel better after you have eaten what you can of these things," he said. "It is the best that I can do on short notice. The coffee will give you strength after you have swallowed it, although I cannot give you cream in it, which is perhaps what you have been used to."

"I have been used to pretty hard fare of late, I assure you, Mr. —"

"Jack," said he, "it's the only name I have here; so you'll have to call me that, or nothing, I suppose."

"Well, your nice breakfast smells savory," said she, "and I have no doubt will taste much better. And I'm nearly starved, so that you mustn't be surprised at the quantity that I can consume," she continued.

"You go ahead and eat all you want, and there's plenty more; so don't be afraid of it," said he.

"But aren't you going to have any?" asked she.

"I just had my breakfast, before I found your boat, and I'm hardly prepared for another meal so soon, but I'll be glad to take dinner with your ladyship, if you will have me," said he.

There was unbroken silence for the next few minutes. Nellie was of a good, sound constitution, and was very hungry, and ate ravenously. Jack went out, that he might not embarrass her, for he knew that she was nearly starved. He wandered down to the shore, and succeeded in catching a small turtle, which he brought back and put into an empty box.

"Had enough breakfast?" asked Jack, as he looked into the doorway.

"Oh, plenty, thank you, and a real nice breakfast too. But where did you get all these things from?" asked she.

"On board ship," said Jack. "You see I was shipwrecked too."

"But how did you get away with so many things?"

"On a raft," said Jack.

"Oh, you made a raft, and were there no boats?"

"Nope; boats all gone, filled with the passengers and crew. Nobody left on board but Carlo and myself."

"And who's Carlo?" asked she.

"He's my dog, about the only friend I have left in the world, I expect."

She raised her eyes, and regarded him earnestly a moment.

"You've seen trouble too," she said.

"Yes, I've dipped pretty deep into it," said he. "Sometime I would like to tell you all about it. But I don't like to talk about it — yet. I do not even like to think of it when I can help it. But there is one thing I will tell you. I've been in prison, I'm an escaped jail-bird, as I suppose most people would call me. But there is one thing I want you to believe. You *must* believe,

that is, that I was not put there for anything that I had done, either intentionally or unintentionally."

She again raised her eyes and looked at him long and intently.

"I'm sure you weren't," she replied, simply.

"Are you, Miss Nellie? Thank you," he said, taking off his hat to her. "I believe those are the sweetest words that I ever heard spoken by human life," he continued.

"Sometime," he continued, "I will tell you all about it."

"But where is this dog of yours? I haven't seen him around."

"I left him this morning, before sun up, with a band of savages."

"Savages!" she said, looking around apprehensively.

"Yes," said Jack, laughing. "I've been living with the savages for the past two months or more."

"Where, on this island?" she asked—again looking around and turning slightly pale.

"No, not here," said Jack, smiling. "On another island, about, I should judge, ten miles off to the west."

"And did you escape from them?"

"No, not exactly. I'll tell you how it is." And lying down on the beach close to where she was sitting, for they had come out of the tent, when they commenced to talk, and Jack had brought a box for her to sit upon, he related all that had happened to him since he left the wreck on a raft. How he first landed here and built the cabin tent; his first discovery of the savages, and their mode of worship, how he was taken prisoner, his present influence among them, and how he happened to be at this time on this island.

"And you must return to-night?" said she.

"Yes, I promised to be back by sundown, and to keep my reputation among them, I must keep my promise."

"But why not escape now, in the boat that you found me in?" asked she.

"I've thought of that," said he, "and we might possibly suc-

ceed, but to tell the truth I could not leave my dog thus in the lurch. You probably cannot understand why I'm willing to risk so much simply for a dog. But that is because you cannot understand what we've been to one another, and how faithfully he has stood by me at all times. I think if I should desert him now, I could not help but imagine the sad reproof that I would see in his eyes all the rest of my life."

"I see," said Nellie. "You certainly prove a staunch friend, where you give your friendship."

"Well, Miss Nellie, I hope I may prove just as staunch a friend to you, if you will permit me," said Jack.

"I'm sure," said she, blushing slightly, "that I haven't so many real true friends, that I can afford an offer, both so generous and kind."

"But what is to become of me, then, when you go back to the savages?" asked Nellie.

"You might possibly stay here unmolested, until I could find an opportunity to come for you," said he, thoughtfully. But Nellie shook her head. "All alone?" said she. "I don't believe I could hardly do that; I would be imagining all kinds of horrors."

"I do not myself, believe that that is the best plan," said Jack.

"What, then, do you propose?" asked she.

"That you go with me," said he.

"To the savages?"

"Yes, I think that is best," said Jack. "There is not the least danger to you; you will be perfectly safe. When I tell them that you are my sister, and returned with me from the sun, they will be willing to worship you."

"But when they see the boat, will they not doubt your story?" asked she.

"But I don't intend they shall see this boat," replied Jack, "or know anything about it. And when I return to the savages, the only boat they will see, will be the boat I took away with me."

"Then what will you do with the boat?" asked she.

"I'll hide it here among the rocks, until the time comes when we can get away," said he.

Both were silent for some time.

"I really don't see any other way," finally, said Nellie.

"You must trust me implicitly, Miss Nellie, and believe that I would not do anything that would bring you into danger. At least, there is no present danger. Of course, I can't look into the future. If these people should find out what a humbug I am, I really don't know what would happen. But rest assured of one thing, that in any or in all cases, your safety shall be my first consideration, even to the giving up of my life, if necessary." said Jack, earnestly.

"I'll trust you in this, as in all other things," said Nellie.

"Thank you," said Jack. "And now, there is one other thing," said Jack. "Let us be perfectly free and frank in our intercourse with each other, and drop all formalities. And while we're here on these islands let us consider ourselves, simply as brother and sister; I'll be your brother Jack and you'll be my little sister Nellie. And right proud am I of my little sister," continued he, taking off his hat.

"All right—Jack," said Nellie, with a pretty blush. "I'll consider you my big brother, and tell you all my troubles."

"I see one thing, Nellie," said Jack. "You're a nice, sensible girl. Now, we'll have some dinner, and then we must take our departure," continued he.

"But you must let me get the dinner," said Nellie.

"Can you make turtle soup?" asked he.

"Of course, didn't you know that I was a graduate of a cooking school," asked she, looking at him comically.

"All right," said Jack, smiling in return.

"I submit, and run the awful risk of eating the cooking done by a graduate of a cooking school. But I'll make the fire and bring the water and wait for further orders," continued he.

"Let me see," said she, "if I can remember the recipe for making turtle soup. First catch the turtle—then—,"

"Oh, but you see, the turtle *is* caught. I did that while you were enjoying your breakfast," said he.

"Well then, I'll let you cut it up into small pieces, and remove the bones."

"All right," said he.

Nellie in the meantime had put the water on to boil, and sat watching Jack cut up the turtle, which, after cleaning thoroughly, she dropped into the boiling water.

"How long do you let it cook, Nellie?" asked Jack.

"Oh, it depends upon the turtle; some take longer than others. You must cook it until the meat is tender," said she.

"That's what I told Carlo," said Jack.

"And did Carlo undersand?" asked she.

"Understand, I should say yes. You don't know what long and numerous conversations Carlo and I used to have together."

"And would you understand him?" asked she, smiling.

"Of course," said he. "His eyes speak volumes, and then he emphasizes everything with his tail."

"With his tail?" asked she.

"Yes, by thumping his tail. I accused him once of swearing that way. Just a little swear word, you know, that men sometimes use when plain language is not emphatic enough. I told him if that was what he meant, he mustn't do it, or he wouldn't go to the dog heaven when he died."

Nellie's laugh rang out so clear and sweet and full, that it did Jack's heart good to hear it.

"You *must* have been great friends," said she.

"Indeed we were. You see we were sort of orphans, as it were, thrown onto the world together, and had a kind of fellow feeling for each other."

"You mean a-bird-of-a-feather kind of feeling," said she.

"Well yes, or rather it was more of a-no-one-cares-for-me, and I-care-for-no-one-sort of a feeling."

"Poor Carlo must miss you," said she.

"Yes, I expect the poor fellow thinks that I have deserted him."

When the soup was done, Nellie put the coffee on the coals, and Jack went in and brought out and opened a can of corn, which he put into the skillet to warm. Then he brought out some biscuit and peaches, and, also plenty of dishes, and a couple of bowls and knives and forks and spoons.

"You seem to be well provided with everything for a Robinson Crusoe," said she.

"Well, you see, I had read of Robinson Crusoes before, who landed on desert islands without anything to do with, and what a hard time they had; so I was determined to come as well supplied as possible. Then, you see," he continued, "I had a better opportunity than most Robinson Crusoes, for I had a whole ship-load to select from. The only trouble was to choose the things that I would most likely need."

After dinner Jack went down to the boat and brought up six bundles of women's clothing.

"Oh, they're not all mine," said Nellie.

"Nevertheless, I think you had better lay claim to anything in the clothing line that you can get hold of," said he.

"You see," he continued. "You might need them badly before you ever see civilization again."

"But I don't really like to wear those poor dead women's things."

"I know, Nellie, just how you feel, and you needn't wear them unless necessity compels you. You can wear your own things first, and keep these in case of emergency. I am only going to put them in the hut here, and, when we manage our escape, we can take them with us, only to be used when you are compelled to. When we join the savages you need only take your

own things, or as many of them as you think you may need for a few weeks, and if you will put these up into a bundle we will soon be ready to start."

"All right, whatever you think is best," said she.

"Now, Nellie, it will be best for you to make the best impression possible, when you first appear before these savages. I would advise you to put on the brightest colored dress that you may happen to have. You see, colors go a long way in the savage eye. Have you noticed the *loud* suit I have selected? I only wish I could dress myself in scarlet, embossed with gold braid or covered with tinsel. It would delight their ignorant hearts beyond anything conceivable."

"I don't know as I have anything so very gay," said Nellie. "But I'll do the best I can."

"Well, I'll go and find a good place to hide the boat, and leave the hut for your accommodation," said he.

Jack got in the boat and rowed along the shore, looking for a place suitable for his purpose. He finally found what he wanted in a little cove, between two large rocks, projecting over the sides and nearly meeting at the top. Running the boat into this safe little harbor, and making it fast, he was satisfied that it would be there when he wanted it. As he approached the hut, Nellie stepped out of the door, attired very prettily in a dress made of bright blue material.

"Will I do—Jack?" she asked, flushing prettily.

"Do? I should say so. You're just—nice," although he was going to say stunning, but thought better of it. "Now, if you only had a bright red ribbon tied around your neck, with a large red bow in front, you'd captivate the savage eye."

"Oh, Jack, I could hardly stand red with this dress," said she.

"It might kind of look to them like the sun setting in a blue sky," said Jack, laughing.

"Here," she said, "I'll put on this pretty yellow ribbon. That

may look to them like the yellow streaks in the sky after the sun has gone down," she continued, laughing.

"That will do," said Jack. "Now, Nellie, if you have your things ready that you want to take, we'll take our departure."

"But I see," he continued, "you have some of your things wrapped in newspapers. I wish you'd please find something else to wrap them in, and let me have those papers. It's been so long since I saw a newspaper that I hardly know anything."

"You're welcome to the papers, Jack. But I'm afraid you'll find them rather stale news."

"It will be new news to be though," said he.

And taking the three papers she handed him, he folded them up, and put them in his pocket. Nellie wrapped her things up in some pieces of dress goods, and tied them neatly with string. Jack took these bundles down, and put them in the canoe. He then went into the hut and made everything as compact, and as easy to handle as possible. He could not tell how much time he might have for loading up, when they arrived after effecting their escape, and so thought it best to take time now, that might be very valuable to them then.

After Jack got everything fixed to his satisfaction, he closed and fastened the door as well as he could from the outside. Then he happened to think that he hadn't marked the day of the month that morning, so he took out the almanac, and put the little pin prick over the number that designated the day.

"This is the fourteenth of September, Nellie," said he.

"Do you keep a record of time?" asked she.

"Yes, I like to know what day of the month it is, and try to keep it correctly, and fully believe that I have done so."

"Now, I think we're all ready," he continued. "It's just three o'clock, so we'll have time to spare, and can take it leisurely."

Jack handed Nellie into the canoe, and making her comfortable in the stern, he took up the oars and began the return trip to the savages.

"You haven't told me anything about your shipwreck," said Jack, "and how you come to be alone in the boat with Harry, I believe you called him."

"Yes, poor Harry," said she. "My heart fairly aches every time I think of him."

"Was he your brother?" asked Jack.

"No, he was one of the ship's passengers, going out to Australia, to see if he couldn't better his condition, for he was not strong. His lungs were affected somewhat, and he thought perhaps it would be better for him out there. And having a good offer from a reliable firm there, he thought it would be better all around."

"You must have started with a boat full, when the wreck happened," said Jack.

"Yes, there were fifteen of us altogether. All women, except Harry and four sailors, who rowed the boat. The women began to die the second day and went off two and three each day. I think it was the heat and exposure, which none of us were used to. Then the men had smuggled a cask of liquor aboard before starting, and soon got to drinking that, and were drunk most of the time. One fell overboard, and another went to save him, and both were drowned. Then the next day the other two died, just drank themselves to death. Then poor Harry and I were alone. The food was nearly gone, and he was starving, yet forcing the food upon me, and when I refused he pretended to eat, yet afterward I would know it was all pretension, and that he had hardly touched a bite of it."

"He was a noble lad," said Jack.

"And then you came, you know," said she.

"Yes, I came to rescue you from one danger, only to take you into another," said Jack. "My poor little sister is certainly being tried very hard, but she bears up bravely under all her troubles, and I can only hope that she may come out all right

at last. But Nellie," he continued, "were you traveling alone; was there no one aboard the ship that belonged to you?"

"Yes, I was with an aunt, dear Aunt Amelia; I wonder if she was saved. You see, we became separated during the confusion, and she was put into one boat, and I into another, and during the first night the boats became separated."

"And so you were on your way to Australia; is that your home? But," he continued, "if I ask any questions that I ought not, you must snub me, Nellie."

"No, I want to tell you all about it. You see, I live in New York with papa, my last name is Robinson, and my Aunt Amelia is papa's sister. She had paid us a long visit, and I was returning with her to her home in Australia, when the wreck happened."

"And your mother, Nellie?"

"Mamma died when I was about ten years of age."

"And your father is worried to death about you, probably, for I suppose he has heard of the wreck by this time."

"Poor papa, I wish I could let him know that I was alive and safe so far."

"And your aunt, too, I suppose is a good deal worried about you?"

"Yes, if she herself escaped," said Nellie.

They were silent a long time. Jack rowed mechanically while occupied with his own thoughts, and Nellie sat looking out over the water.

They reached their destination a little before sundown. The bank was lined with savages, evidently awaiting Jack's return, and undoubtedly very much surprised to find that he brought a companion back with him. Jack heard Carlo's joyful bark before he reached the shore, and turned to speak to him.

"Hello, old boy. Did you think I had deserted you, and had gone for good? Did you miss me, old fellow?" he continued,

as he stepped out of the boat. Carlo answered with short joyful barks, glistening eyes and wagging tail.

"Well, my brother has returned," said the chief, coming forward, "and clothed in new raiment. All has been done as my brother promised, and so we know he has come from the great god of the sun. But my brother comes not alone, with him is a white spirit, who is as beautiful as the shining night."

"Your brother has things to tell of the great god of the sun, but this is not a befitting place. Let the great chief gather the chieftains, and, in council assembled, your brother will explain the coming of the white spirit, who is as beautiful as the shining night."

Jack was the recipient of much admiration, and Nellie of much wonder, as they followed the chief up through the forest to the village, preceded by the village band with its nerve racking music.

"Oh, Jack," whispered Nellie, "I feel awful nervous. I'm afraid of these horrid looking people."

"Don't be afraid, Nellie," said Jack. "It's all right, and, when I get through talking to them, they'll do anything for you."

Carlo made up with Nellie at once, and she encouraged his advances, and, by the time they reached the village, they were very good friends.

The chief had hastily called a meeting of the chieftains, and all were assembled in the open space in the center of the village when Jack arrived. The savages had brought up the things out of the canoe, and placed them at the entrance to Jack's hut.

Jack picked up the mirror and wrapped it in one of the newspapers that Nellie had given him. Taking it with him, he led Nellie into the center of the assembled chiefs, and said:

"Oh, mighty chief, and chieftains of a mighty people. Your brother yesterday stood before you in rags. He was ashamed because he was a disgrace to the great god of the sun, who sent him to you. He called your attention to his condition, and

asked permission to return to the god of the sun from whom he came, that he might receive from him proper raiment and thus be clothed in a befitting manner. Your brother was permitted to go out over the dark waters, to meet the god of the sun, as he came up out of the sea. Your brother went away, was clothed anew, and has returned. Has your brother spoken well?"

"Our brother has spoken well," said the chief, and all the chieftains bowed assent.

"When your brother met the great god of the sun as he came up out of the sea, and he had listened to your brother's wants, and had clothed your brother anew, he asks many questions of your brother about the people here.

"And after asking about your needs, and what was most necessary to your happiness and prosperity, he asked what kind of a people you were, whether you were of a cruel disposition, or, instead, whether you were kind in spirit, and of tender heart. For, he said, they are my people, and I would do them good, but they should be kind and gentle in spirit if I should help them. For I would send to them, one of my gentle ones, my beautiful white spirit. One that never knew harsh treatment, and she must be treated kindly."

"Your brother answered that you were a kind people, and dealt gently and not harshly, and that if the great god of the sun should send his gentle white spirit to you, to do you good, you would be kind to her. Did your brother speak words of wisdom?"

"Our brother spoke both wisely and well," answered the great chief.

Then Jack, taking Nellie by the hand, led her forward. She came timidly, blushing, but looking very pretty in her sweet, girlish grace.

"Then, my brothers, behold the beautiful white spirit, the great god of the sun has sent you. She is as beautiful as the shining

night, as my brother has well said. Dressed in the bright blue of the sky, she stands before you, pleading for kindness and gentleness. Has your brother spoken well?"

The great chief, drawing himself up, and standing erect, proudly answered:

"The great chief of this people, and the chieftains of the tribes, have harkened unto our brother's words, and he has spoken well. The white spirit, clothed in the blue of the sky, who is as beautiful as the shining night, is welcome among us. She will receive kind treatment by gentle hands. Is our brother satisfied?"

"Your brother is satisfied. But your brother listened again while the great god of the sun spoke, and these were the words he spoke: I will know if she be treated kindly for I can see from afar off. I have many eyes by which I can see all things. And to show this people that I can see all that may be done in their land, I here give into your hand one of these many eyes, that you may show to them how I can look down upon them at any, and all times. I will now show you how your god can look at you."

And unwrapping the mirror, Jack approached the chief and held the glass in front of his face.

"Oh, mighty chief, behold your god looking at you."

Down he went on his knees, and promised all that the great god required of him.

Jack took the glass from one to the other and showed each one how the great god of the sun could see them with his powerful eye.

And each went down on his knees in turn, until they were all grovelling in the dirt. Jack could hardly keep from bursting out laughing, but he managed to control himself.

Finally, they all gathered around Jack and Nellie, exclaiming,

"Wonderful, wonderful, great is our god, great is our brother, the lord of the sun, great is our sister, the beautiful white spirit,

clothed in the blue of the sky and beautiful as the shining night." And they promised faithfully to do everything the great god required of them.

Nellie was given into the charge of two women, who provided for all her wants and saw that she was made comfortable. The hut that had been provided for her adjoined the one occupied by Jack. And Jack had insisted on a thorough cleansing of the interior. All the old bedding was taken out, and the place thoroughly renovated. Then fresh leaves and sedge grass were brought in in abundance, sufficient for a soft comfortable bed, over which was spread plenty of clean, fresh rugs. Then Jack brought in all her belongings, which she arranged to suit her girlish fancy. The women then brought them an abundant supply of food, consisting of fish and oysters made into a sort of stew, and, also some turtle steaks for the dog. This they ate on a little grass plot between the two huts, sitting on mats.

"Nellie," said Jack, "these people seem to know a little about cooking. This stuff now isn't half bad, considering it is prepared by people—well—say people who have never attended a cooking school, for instance."

"Now, you needn't make fun of my cooking school science, Jack."

"Not at all, Nellie, I was only astonished at how some people could cook without that science," said Jack, slyly.

"Well, they're treating us very nicely so far."

"Yes, I only hope there'll be no worse to come," said Jack.

"You seem to understand their language very well. What was all that you were telling them a while ago?" asked she.

"Oh, I was lauding you to the skies, and making them believe all manner of things. How you had been sent to them by the great sun god, and how carefully you had been nurtured in that great realm of light, and how important it was to treat you with all kindness, for their great god would allow nothing else."

Nellie looked at Jack, and her face flushed a little.

"And what were you doing with the looking-glass?"

"Oh, that," laughed Jack. "Did you see them groveling in the dirt? That was the best joke of all. I made them believe that that was the eye of their great god, and, by showing them their reflection in it, made them to understand how their great god, with his wonderful eye, could see them at all times, and could thus tell just how they behaved toward you."

Nellie, after a thoughtful silence, said, "Jack, do you know that you have a wonderful aptitude for adapting yourself to circumstances?"

"Thanks, I always try to make the best of whatever circumstances I happen to be placed in, especially when it's a case of have to. But, seriously, Nellie, I think you are perfectly safe for the present and have nothing to fear from them," said Jack. "They are ready to fall down and worship you," he continued, "whom they call the white spirit, clothed in the blue of the sky, and beautiful as the shining night."

Nellie again flushed prettily, as she glanced a moment at Jack before dropping her eyes.

"Well," she said, "I suppose it's nice to be thought well of, even by savages, but I care very little for their opinion, if only no harm comes to us."

"I don't think any harm can come to us unless something new turns up. If these people should ever find out what a fraud I am, I really do not know what would happen. You see, I have never yet seen them in a state of enmity, and know not how they would act against a real enemy, or one whom they might conceive to be an enemy. They, from the first, thought that I was some great lord of the sun, and so it is but natural that they should treat such a one with great consideration; but let them once find out what a mistake they have made, and, as I say, I really don't know what would happen."

"Well, I hope we may be able to keep them in ignorance," said she.

"Yes, that is our only chance, until we can manage to escape. Of course, if the worst comes, I can kill a few of them with my revolver, but that must be a last resource, for it would only make our condition worse, if I should attempt anything of that kind."

"It's a wonder that they have not taken your revolver away from you," said she.

"I don't believe they know I've got it," said he. "I really do not know whether they would know what it is if they should see it, unless I should explain it to them. You see, they never attempted to search me; that would be ill treatment for such an important personage as I am supposed to be. And I have always regarded my revolver as a thing to be used only as a last resource. And if they should attempt my life I would, at least, have the satisfaction of sending as many of them as possible to their happy hunting grounds first. But, Nellie," continued Jack, "I don't anticipate any trouble, and I think we can keep up this delusion until we can find an opportunity to escape."

"Is there any danger of their understanding us when we talk?" asked she.

"Not the least," said Jack, "they can't understand a word, and think the language we use is that spoken in the land of the sun."

They had been sitting there between the huts talking long after the women had cleared away the remains of their supper. Now Jack rose and said it was time for her to retire. "Poor little girl," he said, as he took her hand to bid her good-night, "you have been through a good deal to-day, and have stood up under it all very bravely. Continue to be brave, little sister, and we'll try and find a way out of it all."

"Yes, it seems a long while since morning," she said, sadly, "but I know you are doing all you can for me, Jack," she continued, kindly.

"Well, good-night, Nellie. Remember, as I told you, your welfare shall always be my first consideration. By the way, take Carlo with you; not that I think there is the least danger, but probably you will feel safer with such a staunch friend as he would prove."

"Good-night, Jack. Yes, I should feel safer with Carlo, thank you."

The days passed by in weary monotony. Jack and Nellie grew very tired of their life among the savages. They had roamed over the island hand in hand, like two children, and taken in all that there was to see, and then grew weary of it all, notwithstanding that they were still considered guests of honor. They were even permitted the use of the boats, and often spent the early evenings in paddling about the island, sometimes making the complete circuit.

After they had been with this people about two weeks, Jack began to wonder if they would not be permitted to leave if they felt inclined, and one day he broached the subject to the old chief, who very positively shook his head in the negative.

Nellie made many friends among these savages, more especially among the women and children. Of course she could not hold any conversation with them, but they could frequently make each other understand by gestures. She taught them how to cook many new dishes, which she could easily do by simply taking the ingredients and showing them how they should be prepared.

The children she taught many new games, and often took part in them herself, and so won their hearts. She helped the mothers with their ailing ones during sickness, and the aged loved her for her kindly ways and gentle manners.

But all this was soon to change. Jack, for some time, had noticed a coolness springing up among the chief and chieftains toward him, and, quick to notice any change which so much depended upon, sought for a cause. It was brought out one

day in conversation with the chief himself. It seemed that soon after Nellie's arrival, during their worship one day, they had asked their god to give them some sign concerning Jack and Nellie, and they had been waiting all this time for a sign, which, of course, Jack knew they would never receive. This immediately opened his eyes to the danger they were in. He determined to know the worst, and broached the subject boldly.

"How long do you expect to wait for this sign?" he asked the chief.

"We will wait long enough to be certain that the god of the sun will give no sign."

"Then what?" asked Jack.

"Then my brother will have deceived us," said the old chief.

"And if you make up your minds that your brother has deceived you?" asked Jack.

"Then my brother must be punished."

"But how?" asked Jack.

"In any manner that a council may determine."

"And the White Spirit?" asked Jack.

"She will have shared in the same deception, and must bear the same punishment," said the chief.

"Is there any particular sign that you asked for or expect?" asked Jack.

"No, only some sure sign that cannot be misunderstood. We go again in two days to our temple and expect this sign to be given us, if the great god intends to give us a sign," said the chief. "And why shouldn't he give us a sign?" he continued. "If my brother is all he says he is, and comes from the great god, the great god ought to make it known to us."

"And what do you think the council would decide as to the punishment?" asked Jack.

"To be plain with my brother, the council has already decided in secret session,"

"And that decision?" asked Jack.

"Is death," said the chief.

"And the White Spirit?" asked Jack.

"She must die too," said the chief.

"My heavens," said Jack, "do you mean you are going to take our lives if the sun doesn't perform some strange miracle; and aren't you afraid of the consequences?" continued he sternly. "Aren't you afraid of your god's vengeance? Don't you know he'd smite every mother's son of you and sweep your island out of the sea for doing such a dastardly deed?" still continued he, trying to bluff.

But the old chief shook his head. "There is no danger," said he, "if my brother did not come from him."

"Has not your brother given you ample proof that he did come from him?" asked Jack.

"My brother has done all he could to make us believe, but we want evidence from the sun god himself."

"Well," said Jack, as he turned away, "you'll get evidence enough, in a way that you won't like, if you don't drop this subject. What, do you think the great god of the sun is going to stop the great work he has on hand, of giving light to the world, to listen to the idle prattle of an ignorant people like you? What are you, or your people, that you dare think of such a thing?"

But the old chief shook his head as he turned away.

This, of course, opened Jack's eyes. He had thought that he and Nellie were perfectly secure, and here were these savages waiting for some kind of a sign from their imaginary god, which, of course, they would never receive, and as soon as they became satisfied that they would receive no such sign, he and Nellie were to be put to death as imposters. "I wonder how long they will wait for this sign. This old chief spoke about expecting it the next time they went through their humbug of

worship, which is day after to-morrow, and probably that will be the end of our probation. Confound their idiotic ignorance, anyway. They haven't got the sense of a flea," soliloquized Jack, as he went through the village, angrily kicking over whatever happened to come in his way.

CHAPTER IX.

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

NELLIE was sitting upon the topmost peak of one of the ranges of hills the next day, and Jack was lying on the ground at her feet. Nellie's sad eyes were looking out over the ocean. Jack had been telling her of his conversation with the old chief.

"Here we've been standing on the top of a volcano, which was liable to an eruption at any moment, thinking all the time that we were perfectly safe," said Jack.

"But what had we better do?" asked Nellie.

"I'm trying to think," said Jack.

"Is there any chance to get away?" asked she.

"I've been thinking of that too," said Jack.

"They're waiting for a sign," continued he. "I wonder if it would be sign enough if I should manage to get away in the night and tear their idol down and smash his head?"

"That would surely be a very positive kind of a sign," said Nellie, "but Jack, supposing something should happen to you and you should not return, what would become of me?"

"Poor little girl, I'll never leave you, Nellie. Come what may, we'll take our chances together," said Jack. "I would like to smash their idol though," he continued. "That would just be the kind of a sign that would do them good, the ignorant idiots."

"But Jack, don't you think that it is a good thing for us that they are so ignorant?"

"Yes, I know, we've taken advantage of their ignorance so far, but just now I wish they could have a little common sense

drummed into their thick skulls. Just think of our lives depending upon some sign being given them by the sun." Jack lay a few moments looking out over the ocean.

"Well," said he, finally, "there is only one thing to do, and that is to get away from here as soon as possible. They go to the temple island to-morrow; that will be our best chance, I guess; while the chief and all the chieftains are away. We'll try for it then, anyway, and take a circuit far enough to the south to miss them on the sea, reach the hut on the island, pack our things into the large boat, and get away from this region entirely."

"I should be so thankful, Jack, if we could only succeed and get away somewhere where we will be to ourselves. I've always felt nervous and afraid among these people," said she.

"Well, we'll make a try for it, little girl."

"Will we take our things from here?" asked she.

"That depends," said Jack, "if we have the opportunity to get them to the boat; if not, we'll go without them and only take what we have on. There is one thing certain, Nellie, there is nothing going to keep us from getting away if I can help it. I am perfectly willing to leave these savages harmlessly and peaceably, but they seem to be inclined to keep us here for the purpose of taking our lives. Now they will have to look to themselves if they attempt to stop us, for it is enough to make any man desperate, and I shall certainly kill some of them if they stand in my way or try to prevent us from getting off," continued Jack.

"I'd hate to see any blood shed, Jack, but I suppose you'd be entirely justified in this case," said Nellie.

"I won't shed any blood unless it is necessary, but if it is I shall not hesitate. If we're taken afterwards, it can't be any worse for us, if they intend to kill us anyway."

There was a long silence. Nellie sat leaning her head upon her hands, her sad eyes looking out over the water. Jack was

impatiently biting off little blades of grass and then spitting them out.

"Well," said she finally, "I wish we were well out of our troubles."

"Poor little girl," said Jack, "I'm awful sorry to have you mixed up in this kind of a thing. If I was alone, Nellie, it wouldn't be half so hard."

"Do you think that, when all the chiefs have gone to their worship, any of the others will try to interfere with our getting away?" asked Nellie.

"They'd better not try," said Jack.

"Suppose they take all the boats with them?" asked she.

Jack thought for a moment.

"They might do that," he said, "although they don't need them all; but after what the chief told me, they might take that precaution, thinking we might try to escape."

"But what if they should, Jack?"

"Then we can't get away, at least not until the chiefs return."

"Oh I hope we can get away safely without any trouble at all," said she.

That afternoon another secret council was held, but Jack could learn of nothing that had been decided upon. He went about deep in thought. He could see that Nellie was much worried, as she had good cause to be, and in his heart he was very sorry for her.

"Poor little girl," he said to himself, "just to think of a delicate girl like her to be placed in a position of this kind. And I am to blame for it all, too. I might have left her on the other island in the hut. She would have been perfectly safe there, or if they should have found her she would not have been any worse off than she is now. I ought to have insisted on it. They want a sign. I'd like to give them a sign that would scare the life out of them. I would like, among other things, to smash that idol into powder. I wonder if that would

have any effect on their superstitious minds. Confound their idiotic ignorance. I wish I knew how to put a little common sense into their heads. They haven't even got horse sense. They haven't got half the sense Carlo has. No, I wouldn't insult the dog by comparing him with them. They'll have to look out now; they've got a desperate man to deal with." So Jack soliloquized, as he strutted angrily about, smoking one cigar after another, and scowling at every one he met.

There was very little more said between him and Nellie. They were both unusually quiet and thoughtful. But Jack often caught Nellie's eye looking at him wistfully, and of course knew she was naturally anxious and worried, and could look alone to him for safety and protection.

"Poor little girl," he said again, "no harm shall come to her as long as there is any strength left in my arm. Yes, or even life left in my body. If I was gasping out my life in the last agonies of death, and saw her in danger, I really believe I would rise up in supernatural strength to strike a last blow in her defense," he continued.

So the afternoon wore away and night fell. As Jack bade Nellie good-night he told her to prepare everything in readiness to be easily carried off, for they would make the attempt to escape early the next morning.

"Good-night, little sister," he said again; "keep up your spirits and hope for the best. I'll bring you out of this if possible."

There was not much sleep for Nellie that night. She lay awake till very late thinking over all the past and wondering what the morrow would bring. But along after midnight she lost herself in sleep and did not awaken until the sun had risen and was shining through the crevices of her hut. She looked pale this morning as she put aside the hut door, but Jack thought her more beautiful, if anything, as she emerged from the hut dressed all in white.

"Well, Nellie," he said, "did you sleep well last night?"

"Not very well, Jack," said she. "I was a good deal worried, I'm afraid."

"Well, I hope to-night you may have a good rest away out on the deep, blue sea somewhere, far away from these idiotic savages," said he.

"Are they gone, Jack?"

"Yes, they do their worshipping at sunrise, and so have been gone some hours."

"Did they leave any boats?" asked she.

"Yes, there are three down there on the beach. We will take the largest one as being the most serviceable," said Jack.

"Do you think the others will let us off?" said she.

"They had better not try to stop us," said he.

They had finished the breakfast that the women had brought them and were standing in front of Nellie's hut.

"I hope we'll get off all right without any trouble," said Nellie.

"We'll get off all right, trouble or no trouble," said Jack determinedly.

"When had we better start?" asked Nellie.

"As soon as possible," said Jack. "We want to get as long a start as possible, then we have to make a long circuit to the other island so as to avoid those returning. Confound them, I wish their temple with its idiotic idol was in the opposite direction; it would save us a long pull and much time. But get your things ready and have everything handy as soon as I give the word. I want to look around a little first to see if this is a good time to leave."

He lit a cigar and started toward the center of the village. He met no one except a few of the old women, and began to wonder what had become of all the men. He went on through the village, and then found them all gathered on a stretch of green engaged in some field sports. The young men were trying their skill at throwing the spear and the whole village

had turned out to witness the sport. They had set a target upon a tree a few feet from the ground, and were trying their skill at different distances from it, and when an unusual good throw was made there was much cheering and applauding, and when some of the younger ones would miss the tree altogether there was much mocking and laughter. Jack watched this sport casually for some time. He knew now was the time to escape, but did not want to hurry his motions, or create suspicion in any way. So he mixed in among them and looked on for a while, then sauntered leisurely back, until he got out of sight, when he quickened his footsteps and soon reached Nellie's hut. She was standing quietly in the door-way as Jack approached.

"Now is our time, Nellie," said he; and going in picked up the bundles she had made ready, and stopping at his own hut, took up his own few packages, and calling Carlo they proceeded down to the beach where the three boats were drawn part way out of the water. He handed Nellie into the largest one and seated her in the stern; was about to follow with Carlo when two stalwart savages emerged from the bushes where they had been in hiding. They came quickly forward.

"My brother must not go upon the water to-day," said the foremost.

"And why not?" asked Jack.

"Against the orders of the chief," said the savage.

"And why should the chief want to prevent me from going upon the water?" asked Jack.

Nellie turned pale and looked at Jack in despair. Jack glanced at her a moment, then turned again to the savages.

"What has the chief got to do with my actions anyway?" asked Jack.

"I dunno; that's the orders," said the savage.

"But I tell you, my friend, that I am a going upon the water to-day, chief or no chief; orders or no orders, and the very

best thing for your health at this present moment is to stand aside and not try to interfere with me." And he made to step into the boat.

"No," said the savage, "my brother can't go," and seizing Jack by the arm he tried to force him back.

Jack drew up his powerful, athletic frame, and taking a step back he said, "What, you great idiotic numskull, dare you try to interfere with my actions," and swinging his powerful right arm he took the savage under the jaw and knocked him clean off the rock upon which they were standing into the sea. As he came up spluttering the second savage made a dash at Jack with his spear and would undoubtedly have run him through, but Carlo had suddenly awakened to the fact that there was a fight on hand and was anxious to get mixed up in it. As the savage made a lunge at Jack with his spear Carlo seized him by the leg, which caused him to lose his balance and stumble in front of Jack. Before he could recover himself Jack had again swung that right arm and sent him into the sea after his companion. He called Carlo and stepped into the boat and seized the oars.

"Now if you fellows bother me again I'll not let you off so easily," said he, as he rowed out into the deep water.

But the savages were game, and no sooner had they reached shore than they immediately jumped into one of the other boats and proceeded to follow.

"Keep back!" said Jack, "if you know what's best for you. It'll not be healthy for you out here."

But they continued to follow, and were gaining on Jack, for they had a lighter boat and two pair of oars. Jack pulled lustily and the canoe fairly flew through the water, but the second one even went faster, and Jack saw that they would soon overtake him, so he pulled his revolver.

"Oh, do you have to kill them, Jack?" asked Nellie,

"It may come to that, Nellie, but not yet. I think I can probably sink their boat."

And firing two shots at the boat just below water-mark, knocked a piece of the bark out over a foot in length. The boat immediately filled and sank, leaving them struggling in the water.

"Now I hope you are satisfied," said Jack. "I said I was going upon the water and so I am, and all your heathen crew can't prevent me."

The savages were making for shore, swimming with long, strong strokes.

"I guess they'll give it up now," said Jack. But he was mistaken. No sooner did they reach shore than they made for the remaining boat and started again in pursuit.

"Well, I admire your persistence," said Jack. "This time I'll have to kill you if you catch up with me."

Jack now had a start of about three hundred feet, which he endeavored to keep, and succeeded for a while, only to find at last that the savages were steadily gaining upon and must eventually overtake him. When this fact became a certainty he stopped rowing and waited for them to approach. When they had arrived within a few feet of him he fired again, trying to cripple this boat as he had the other. He fired too low, and the ball struck the water and passed under the boat. The next shot made a hole in the boat, but it was above water-mark and so did not sink it. The savages were now alongside, and the one nearest to Jack raised his spear and was about to run him through when Jack fired his last shot right at his head. He tumbled backward into the water and sank. The other one now raised his spear, but before he could use it Jack had brought one of the oars down on his head with such force that he knocked him partly over in the boat. The boats were drifting apart again when Carlo made a spring and landed right on the half conscious man with such force that they

both went into the sea. This seemed to revive the savage, and it was a death struggle between him and the dog. The dog had the man by the throat and was bearing him down, while the savage was trying to choke the life out of the dog.

"Hang to him, Carlo," shouted Jack. "Put his head under and keep it there. That's right, drown the life out of him, old fellow."

Carlo was doing his best, but the savage was game and fought hard for his life. They were both becoming weak, and the battle must soon end. Jack had brought the boat around so that he might come to Carlo's assistance, but just as he got within reaching distance they both sank beneath the waves. They waited in utter silence what seemed a long time to Jack. In fact he had about come to the conclusion that the dog and man were both drowned, when Carlo's head again appeared above the water, gasping for breath.

"Hello, old fellow, did you do him up; did you drown him Carlo?" said Jack, as he caught Carlo by the collar and eased him up while he got his breath. He then helped him over the bow of the boat and made a place for him to lie down, for Carlo had had a hard tussle for it, and was very nearly exhausted.

"Well, we have not got away without bloodshed after all, Jack," said Nellie.

"No," said Jack, as he picked up the oars and began rowing with long, regular strokes. "But it was their own fault; I did not kill them until it was necessary for our own safety. In fact, if I hadn't shot that savage he'd have killed me."

"Yes, I know," said Nellie, "of course you couldn't have helped it."

"And are we really free now, Jack, do you think?" she continued.

"Well, it begins to look like it, Nellie, but we must be careful not to meet the returning chiefs," said Jack.

"Oh, I feel like I could sing for joy, Jack."

"Better not yet awhile, until we see whether we are indeed off for good," said he.

They made a long detour to the south, going fully twice the distance necessary. So it was nearly noon when they approached the temple island, from the south. Jack ran the canoe upon the beach and stepped out and was about to help Nellie out, when he was immediately surrounded by the very savages he had taken such great pains to avoid. They had seen Jack approaching from a long distance, and had been in hiding, waiting for him for some time. Jack was taken completely by surprise, and before he knew it two of them had pinioned his arms behind him, and were trying to tie them with thongs. With a mighty effort he shook them off, and for the third time that day swung his strong right arm, caught one of the savages behind the ear and sent him rolling down the bank, where he lay with his head partly submerged in the water. Carlo again came to the rescue and made straight for the throat of another one of them and bore him down to the earth, and undoubtedly would have killed him, but was struck over the head with a club that one of them had picked up. Jack saw the act, but not in time to save the dog. But the man who had struck the blow was soon lying down the bank with his companion. Jack now seized the club the man had dropped and commenced swinging it right and left, laying out two more of them. There were five of them down now, and Jack put his hand back to draw his revolver, but when he snapped it in the old chief's face he remembered, too late, that he had neglected to reload it. The revolver was knocked out of Jack's hand by one of the others, and Carlo sprang at this man, but missed his grip. Jack stooped to regain his club, which he had dropped, when he was jumped on from behind, borne down and finally bound securely. Carlo would have again come to the rescue, but Jack called him off.

"No use old fellow," he said sadly, "the jig is up; there's too many of them, old boy; we'll have to give in, and watch for a better chance."

Nellie had been sitting in the canoe all this time with blanched face and wide staring eyes. Everything had been done so quickly that she had hardly had time to realize it all, before Jack was returned to the boat with his hands tied behind him.

"Well, little girl," said Jack, as he entered the boat, "we didn't succeed this time it seems after all, and we're probably in a much worse fix than we were before, if such a thing is possible. If by some miraculous power I could only transfer you to your home in New York I would gladly take all that was to come and not complain, but to think that you have to go back to this hateful people makes it doubly hard," he continued.

"Don't, Jack," said Nellie, "I know you did the best you could, and that it isn't your fault that we didn't succeed."

"I wonder what the confounded idiots were doing here anyway? Surely they weren't waiting for us. Yet the way they surprised us looks like it," said Jack.

They were on their way back to their own island by this time. All were able to help themselves, but there were some pretty sore heads among them. The one that Carlo had attacked was probably the most hurt. The skin around his throat was considerably lacerated, and he was probably pretty sore all over, inside and out. Jack and Nellie were both very glum upon the return voyage. Nellie sat looking out over the water with the saddest expression Jack thought that he had ever seen.

"Poor little girl," he thought, "I don't care so much for myself, I could stand it and take what comes, but I'm sorry for her, and I can't think of a single word to cheer her with, for I suppose it is all up with us now. I don't see that anything

can save us. Our only hope is still to escape, but I suppose our chances now will be mighty slim. They will watch us like hawks now, I suppose. I won't even have the satisfaction of killing a few of them first as I thought, for they have my revolver. I saw the big chief pick it up. I wonder if he knows what it is anyhow. What a ninny I was for not loading it up after emptying it. Jack, I always thought you were an awful fool, now I know it." And so Jack's thoughts ran on in sadness and deep despair, for he could see nothing ahead for them but death.

When they reached their own island, Jack and Nellie were taken up through the village and, together with the dog, placed in the strong prison hut. Jack protested and asked that Nellie might be given in charge of some of the women, but they wouldn't listen to him.

Supper was brought to them, and they were told that they were to die next day at noon. So it was with very poor appetite they sat down to the last supper they ever expected to enjoy.

CHAPTER X.

BAMBOOZLING THE SAVAGES.

THEY sat a long time in silence, while the sun went down, and the darkness gradually crept in upon them.

"The confounded idiots," said Jack, at last, "they haven't even got the decency to give you a separate apartment, although I begged them to do so, but have forced me in here upon your privacy."

"I don't mind, Jack, it doesn't matter. I don't think anything matters much now," said Nellie, sadly. "In fact I would rather have you with me on this, the last night that we have to live," she continued. "I believe I would die or go crazy if I had to go through the night alone," she continued again, after a short silence.

"I wonder," she said again, after a long silence, "if we shall ever see another sunset," looking up through the small windows near the ceiling at the fast fading light. "Do you really think they will kill us to-morrow, Jack?"

"Poor little sister," said Jack, "I only wish I could see some way out of it for you at least."

"Well, I'm not afraid to die," she said. "I only hope they will give us an easy death; I couldn't bear to be tortured."

"My heavens, Nellie, I can't even stand the thought of it, for you," said he.

"Don't you know how they usually do kill?" asked she.

"No, Nellie, I really don't; it may be they spear one to death."

"I suppose that would not be a very hard death, if they should strike in a vital part?" said she.

"My dear little sister, I wish I only had two lives to give and could save yours."

"Jack, I know I'm awfully selfish," said she; "I'm only thinking of myself all the time; of course it's just as hard for you."

After a long silence Jack arose from the place he had occupied near the door, and said, "Nellie, let me fix up some kind of a bed for you, and then lie down and try to get a little sleep. You must still have some friends among the women. They have provided you with plenty of rugs and mats. Here, I'll make you up a bed in this corner," and Jack made her as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

"And where will you sleep, Jack?" asked she.

"Oh, I'm not sleepy. If I feel so after a bit I'll lie down near the door here," said Jack.

"But you've given me all the rugs," said she.

"Oh, there is plenty of stuff here I can gather together for a bed when I get sleepy."

"Well, I'll lie down, but I'm not sleepy either," said she.

Nellie lay down on the bed, and Jack went over and sat down near the door. Carlo came to him and put his cold nose into Jack's face, whining piteously.

"What is it, old fellow?" said Jack, patting him on the head. "Do you realize, old boy, the fix we're in?"

Carlo only understood that Jack was sad about something, and tried to offer him a dog's sympathy.

"Poor fellow," said Jack, "go lie down, Carlo. That's it, old boy."

Carlo stretched himself out in front of Jack, with his head between his paws, but with his eyes watching intently Jack's every motion. Thus they sat until the twilight faded and the shadows grew heavier, and finally thick darkness spread over all.

Nellie lay very still, and Jack wondered if she were asleep. He hoped so and that she might not awake until morning.

"Poor child," thought he, for what was she, after all, but a child; a very sweet and interesting one, but still a child. But she was not asleep, for she soon called to him.

"Jack," she said softly, "did you ever think what comes after death?"

"I've tried to think of it sometimes, Nellie," said he.

"You don't think that this can be the end; the real end?" she said.

"I'm afraid, I've never come to any positive conclusion about it, Nellie."

There was another long silence.

"It don't seem, Jack, that we could have been brought into the world, and live up to this time, and then die like—this, and that was the end."

"It don't seem so, Nellie."

"Our lives must count for more than that, Jack."

"Yes, it seems so, or else they would not be worth the living," said Jack.

"While lying here I've been thinking of all the naughty things I ever did."

"I don't think you could ever have been very naughty, Nellie."

"They say when a person is drowning, or falling to death from some great height, that during the short interval that elapses before death, that everything they ever did in all their lives passes like a panorama before the eyes of their memory, and that they remember the most minute things that ever happened to them. So it has been with me while lying here. I seemed to have lived my life all over again, going away back into my childhood, before mama died, and I remembered ever so many things that I hadn't thought of for years."

There was another long silence.

Then Nellie said again, "Jack, if this is not the end, and something comes after, then mama is alive and happy—somewhere?"

"Yes, Nellie," said Jack.

Then silence again.

Then said Nellie, "Jack, if mama is alive, do you think that she can look down from—somewhere, and know about—this?"

"I expect so, Nellie."

"And do you think she will be waiting for me—somewhere?"

"Yes," said Jack, but his voice was this time husky.

Then another long silence, broken only by the beating of the waves upon the shore, or the clear notes of some night bird, or the dismal hooting of some owl. Finally, by her deep, regular breathing, Jack knew that Nellie had at last fallen asleep.

"Thank God," said Jack, "that she may have this short respite—she needs all the rest she can get, to sustain her through the terrible ordeal through which she is to pass at noon to-morrow—to think of those tender, young limbs, to be first scorched, then blackened, then burned to a crisp, by these devils who pass by the name of men—for that's the way we're to die, though I hadn't the heart to tell poor, little Nellie so—well I wish it was all over, and all her sufferings in the past, poor thing."

And so passed the night, the most unhappy night among all the unhappy nights of Jack's experience. He could think of no means of escape. He cudgeled his brain in vain to find a way out of it. Getting out of the hut, even, would be impossible, for he could hear the regular tramp of the sentinels outside; but even then, how could they ever get away from the island, with hundreds of these savage devils thirsting for their blood? In the morning, when led out to die, he might, it is true, knock down or perhaps even kill a few of these imps, but

to what purpose? That would not help Nellie in the least, in her extremity. There seemed no help whatever, unless some miracle should happen, and miracles were out of date.

"I cannot see any way," said he, "in which we can escape this awful death. Poor child, I hope unconsciousness may soon come to her, and her sufferings soon be over," continued he, sighing deeply.

So the night passed and the gray dawn began to appear. As the gray changed to white, and the light gradually crept into the small windows, Nellie opened her eyes, first in surprise at seeing Jack sitting there; then, as she began to realize the awful truth, and remembered that they were both to die that day at noon, the old sadness reappeared. She was silent a while, then she said, "Jack, have you been sitting up all night?"

"I didn't feel sleepy, Nellie," said he.

"But you ought to have tried to get some rest," she said.

"It doesn't matter, Nellie, you know, as you said last night, nothing matters now," said Jack.

"Then you don't see any help for us, Jack?" she said.

"I've been trying to think of a way out of it all night, Nellie."

"And you didn't succeed?"

Jack shook his head.

"Well, you're not to blame, Jack; you've done all you could."

Again Jack shook his head. "I had no business to bring you into this scrape," he said.

"But you couldn't have helped it, Jack," said she.

"I could have left you on the other island in the hut," said Jack, "and you would have been safe there."

"But I told you I couldn't stay there, Jack," said Nellie.

Again Jack shook his head. "I ought to have insisted on it," said he.

About nine o'clock the door was opened, and the women brought in some breakfast.

"I don't believe I can eat any, Jack."

"You must try, Nellie; you will need all your strength. Poor little girl, try and eat, even if you don't feel like it."

They sat down, and Jack tried to eat something to encourage her, but every mouthful nearly choked him. Finally, after a few mouthfuls, they both gave it up and the things were removed.

"I don't suppose we'll ever see the sun rise again, Jack?"

"Poor little girl; oh, the pity of it, Nellie. I can't bear to think of such a fate for you."

There was a long silence, then Nellie said, "See what day of the month it is, Jack; let us know upon what day we are to die."

Jack mechanically took the almanac out of his pocket and looked for the last day that he had marked.

"It is the first day of the month, Nellie. This is the first of October," said Jack.

They were both silent. Jack was turning the leaves of the almanac indifferently, with his mind fixed on other things; but finally something caught his eye and held it.

"Oh, Nellie," said he, with more animation than he had displayed of late, "can we prove this thing?"

"What thing, Jack?" said she, looking up quickly.

"Why, that this is the first of October. I believe, if we are right, that I can frighten these savage imps out of their lives."

"But how, Jack?" asked she.

"There is an eclipse, Nellie; an eclipse of the sun on the first of October," said Jack.

"But I don't see how that can help us any, Jack."

"Oh, it's an old trick, Nellie. It has been tried before upon savages in other parts of the world successfully; and you see it can be easily played upon these people, because they are worshippers of the sun. Oh, I'll frighten the daylight out of them, literally speaking, too," said Jack, joyfully.

"But how, Jack?" said Nellie, brightening considerably, being encouraged by Jack's manner, though not understanding his method.

"Oh, you just wait and see how I'll bamboozle them, Nellie. I don't think there'll be any trouble about our getting away when I'm through with them," said he. "But, the first thing we want to do," he continued, "is to prove this date. We must be sure that this is the first of October, and that I haven't made any mistake in my marking the dates."

"But how are we going to prove it, Jack?"

"Perhaps we can prove it together, Nellie. I wish I had only known how much would depend upon my keeping the dates correctly; I would have been careful enough then. But, let us see if we cannot verify it, Nellie," said Jack, taking one of the newspapers from his pocket.

"Now, this paper is dated *August twenty-seventh*, and is *Wednesday's paper*," said Jack. "Now, how soon after that did you sail?"

"Why, we sailed the following Saturday," said Nellie.

"Sure of it, Nellie?" asked Jack.

"Yes, that would be the *thirtieth*, wouldn't it? We sailed on the *thirtieth*, I'm positive," said Nellie.

"Yes," said Jack, "the Saturday following would be *August the thirtieth*, the day you sailed. Now, how many days after that were you shipwrecked?"

Nellie considered a little while. "Why, it was just a week after," said she; "I remember Aunt's calling my attention to it as we were about to retire. 'Nellie,' she said, 'we have just been a week to-night on the water, and it seems like a month.'"

"And you were wrecked that night?" asked he.

"Yes, the collision occurred about midnight, and we left the wreck the next morning."

"Well," said Jack, "there are thirty-one days in August; so that a week from August thirtieth would be *September sixth*."

Then you were *eight days* in the boat; that was the number marked down when I looked."

"Yes, poor Harry marked the last that morning he died."

"Well, eight days from *September sixth* would make it *September fourteen*. That was the day that I brought you to this island," said Jack; "and I know that it was just two weeks after that that I had a talk with the chief. That would bring it up to the twenty-eighth. Two days after we tried to escape, which would make it the thirtieth, which was yesterday. Hurrah!" said Jack, "this is the first of October sure enough. Now I'll show these idiots something to-day that'll make them wish they had never been born. Let me see," he continued, "just what it says about the eclipse anyway. Hurrah," he said again, presently, "things are coming our way now, Nellie. It says in the northern part of North America the eclipse will scarcely be noticeable; in the central portion it will be partial, and in the tropics it will be total. Just think, Nellie, we don't have to give a little one-horse show, but a big, full-fledged, five-tented, three-ringed circus, with a brass band." Jack was now jubilant, and Nellie was catching some of his spirit, although she had not the least idea what Jack was going to do. "At high noon, Nellie. In luck again," shouted Jack. "The very time they had fixed to burn us at the stake, they'll wish they had never seen a stake before it's over."

"Oh, Jack, were they going to do that?" asked Nellie, turning pale.

"That's just what they had intended, Nellie, but I couldn't bear to tell you before, little girl. But," continued Jack, "you'll not mind now, Nellie, will you? Even if they tie you to a stake, and pile the brush around you; remember, and keep saying to yourself: 'Well, they'll never light this pile, anyway.' If your heart begins to fail, say that over to yourself, and don't show them that you are afraid. It will help us wonderfully if we can make them believe that we're not afraid of anything that they

can do." Jack took both of Nellie's hands in his, "Poor little sister, do you think you can go through with it all?" said he.

Nellie raised her eyes bravely to his, "I'll not fail you, Jack," she said.

"That's the right spirit, Nellie, and remember, and please don't forget for a moment, that I promise faithfully to bring you through it all safely."

"I'll trust you, Jack, in all things, and at all times," said she.

"Thanks, little sister. Now I must do some thinking, to plan the best method of bringing this about," said he. "One thing I'll want to do, I'll want to watch the sun pretty closely, so as to know exactly when the eclipse begins," continued he; "and this will be just the thing for that purpose," taking out the case that contained the eye-glasses. He removed the glasses from the case, and after burning a sufficient quantity of matches, succeeded in smoking the lenses thoroughly, and then replaced them carefully in the case.

Soon after eleven o'clock the door was opened and a number of savages appeared armed with spears. They led Jack and Nellie out to the center of the great square of the village, where the whole population was gathered to witness the grand spectacle of two captives being burned at the stake. There were two long stakes, made of heavy green timber, planted firmly in the ground about twelve feet apart. Near by were great stacks of dry wood gathered from the drift upon the shore.

"Courage now, Nellie," said Jack; "remember that no harm shall come to you."

Jack was now tied to one of these stakes, and Nellie to the other.

Nellie was very pale, but composed, and watched Jack narrowly, and seemed to partake of some of his courage.

The savages now piled the dry wood around them. Jack looked down upon them, smiling in a kind of pity.

They had wrapped the green thongs about their bodies, leaving their arms free. Carlo was tied to a tree at a short distance off.

Jack now looked at the sun. It was nearly overhead. The great chief and the chieftains were standing in a semi-circle a short distance off. The great mass of the people were gathered immediately in the rear, wherever they could get an opportunity to hear and see everything that took place. Now, amidst a dead silence, Jack spoke up.

"Well, my brothers," said he, "you think you have gathered here to witness a grand ceremony. You have even called your women and children forth to enjoy the grand sight; but, I'm sorry for you, my brothers, for you will be disappointed. There will be no one burned here at the stake to-day. I said, in the beginning, that *you think* you have gathered to witness such a ceremony, and you *only think* so, for no such ceremony will take place. Do you think the great god of the sun will allow such a great sacrilege?" said he sternly. "When the great god gets overhead, and with his wonderful eye can look down upon this scene, and understands the dastardly thing you are about to do, what do you suppose will happen? When he sees the Lord of the Sun and the beautiful White Spirit bound in this way, and knows that you intend to burn their bodies, it were better for you that you had never been born.

"Oh, mighty chief, you think yourself a great man. Do you dare defy your god? Do you know that he is soon to crush you and your people; that he will wipe your island off the face of the globe, and the waters will roll over you and you will be no more? Oh, chief of a poor, ignorant set of people, I ask you again: dare you defy your god?"

Jack now took his eye-glasses and put them on and looked at the sun. They watched him in much curiosity, wondering what he was going to do. He had been talking against time,

waiting for the first appearance of the eclipse, just when the outer disk of the sun began to lose its shape.

"Oh, mighty chief," he continued, "you asked your god to give you a sign. He is about to do it. He will give you such a sign that will bring you to your knees, pleading for mercy."

"My brother talks big words," said the chief; "let him perform."

"You want your brother to perform?" said Jack. "So be it; but first let your brother tell you what will happen to you. As soon as the great god can look down upon this sacrilege, he will withdraw his face from you; he will entirely disappear from the heavens, and there will be no sun where there ought to be. Why? Simply because he has withdrawn himself from his usual path in the heavens to wreak his vengeance upon you. He will swoop down upon you with such fury and power that you'll never have time to know what happened, and will only awake to find your island gone, and yourself food for the fishes."

Many of the men trembled and the women began to weep, but the old chief was game and could not be bluffed.

"I say again," he said, "my brother only talks big words; let him perform."

"Oh, your brother will perform soon enough," said Jack, again glancing at the sun, rather anxiously, for it seemed time for the eclipse, if there was to be one. This time, however, he saw what he had been waiting for, and with one word to Nellie, to encourage her, telling her everything was coming right, he raised his arms to the sun in apparent supplication, and thus began:

"Oh, mighty god of the sun, wilt thou look down upon this scene; behold thy beautiful White Spirit, her tender limbs about to be given to the flames; she whom thou didst send in all kindness to be a comfort and a joy to them; she, the light of thy realm, the joy of thy heart, to be thus sacrificed, and also

the Lord of the Sun whom thou didst send to this people for their guidance and instruction? Wilt thou, oh great god of the sun, look down, behold, and then strike vengeance? Withdraw thy face from this people; then smite them and banish them from the face of the earth, and may the waters roll over this place and know it no more!"

The first shades of the eclipse began to be manifest, and then, as soon as it began to become unmistakeably perceptible, they began to look around for clouds, but there were no clouds. Then they looked at one another and trembled, and all the time it was growing darker and darker, until their superstitious minds could bear no more, and they stood trembling in fear.

"Down on your knees and plead for mercy," shouted Jack. "Every mother's son of you; down on your marrow bones, you ignorant idiots; down with you, you great ignoramus of a chief. You *will* defy your god will you; now take your punishment."

But the chief and all were down groveling in the very dirt, and begging pitiously for mercy, and the howling and wailing was something terrible to listen to, and in a sense very comical, and Jack could hardly keep from bursting out laughing, but he managed to control himself.

He left them to their repentance as long as he dared; but when he saw that the eclipse was about over, and the sun was beginning to appear, he told them the god of the sun had heard their supplications for mercy and would forgive them this time. So they arose one after another as it began to grow light again.

"Forgive thy brothers," said the chief, as he approached Jack. "Our brother was right and we were wrong. We will do whatever our brother says."

"Swear it before your god," said Jack.

"We swear, we swear, before the god of our fathers," answered all the chieftains.

"Cut these thongs," said Jack.

The old chief himself cut them immediately.

"The great god of the sun will not trust his emissaries any longer with such a people. We leave here in the morning to meet him as he comes out of the sea. Has my brother any objection to that?" said Jack, sternly.

"It shall be just as my brother says," said the chief, meekly.

He went forward with Jack to cut Nellie's thongs, but as her form was released, the limp body fell forward, and Jack caught her in his arms, for Nellie had fainted.

They all came crowding around with expressions of sorrow and offers of help, but Jack bade them stand back; he thought he could see in this incident a method of still further increasing their fear, or rather an opportunity to clinch the point he had already made. He took it for granted that they had never seen anyone faint before, and so could still further impose upon their credulity.

"Bring some rugs here," he ordered.

He laid Nellie down upon the rugs, and after making her position comfortable, he arose, and in a sad, sorrowful manner of speech began:

"The poor White Spirit is dead. She, who was the favorite child of the great god of the sun, is dead—dead. She, whom the great god sent to this people to do them good—she is dead. She who came among them in all kindness—who administered to their sick children—who aided and instructed the women, and was a great comfort to all the aged—she is dead—and who has done this?" said Jack, looking sternly around. Then assuming a threatening attitude, he turned to the great chief, "Who has killed the beautiful White Spirit that came to you clothed in the blue of the sky? Will my brother, the chief, be able to account for this to the great god of the sun? Here lies his favorite child, the light of his eyes, the joy of all his kingdom, and she is dead. Do you suppose you can escape this time the punishment averted before? When your brother goes out over the dark waters, to meet the great god as he comes up

out of the sea, and places in his hands the cold body of his beautiful White Spirit, with the bright life all gone out of it, what do you suppose will happen? Or when the great god again rides in the heavens and comes above once more, and with his wonderful eye looks down upon the lifeless form of the beautiful White Spirit, what do you suppose his vengeance will be?"

By this time they were all down on their knees again, groveling in the dirt, howling and wailing for mercy, and most of the women sobbing outright.

"We are sorry, we are sorry," said the chief, "we did not mean it so."

"Well, I'll try and save you once more. Your brother will do what he can, but this will be the last time. If you should offend again, never again will I intercede for you."

Again putting on the smoked glasses, which he had removed, he again addressed the sun in supplication.

"Oh, great god of the sun, wilt thou hear us once more in supplication for this people? It seems they do nothing but wrong, but, great god, wilt thou be merciful? Thou hast passed over this people and art engaged in other things; but wilt thou turn thy wonderful eye back again for a moment, and behold the lifeless form of the beautiful White Spirit, for whom thou hast such great love? Yes, oh great god of the sun, she is dead. These people have been the means of taking her life, but they say they are sorry and did not intend it. Now, great god, wilt thou look once more upon them in compassion; never again will we plead to thee for them. If they should sin again, they must take the consequences of their fault. But, just this once more, wilt thou hear us, and restore unto us the life of the beautiful White Spirit? Wilt thou look into her eyes, that she may see? Wilt thou speak into her ears, that she may hear? Wilt thou touch her form, that she may arise?"

Jack had again been talking against time, and had watched

Nellie very closely for some signs of returning consciousness, and had come to be slightly alarmed at her long faint, but when he saw the first quiver of her eyelids he knew the faint was over and so brought his petition to a close in time to take her by the hand and help her to her feet.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed the savages, "great is our god, and great is our brother," and they came crowding around where Jack stood supporting Nellie with his arm, for she appeared very weak and very much dazed.

Jack motioned them all back and said, "The White Spirit has taken a long journey, and has just returned, and is very tired;" and Jack led Nellie back to the tent which the women had prepared for her and made her lie down and rest, while he ordered a bountiful supper.

Carlo, all this time, had been tied to a tree and forgotten. Jack went now and released him. He also asked the chief for his revolver, which he gave over to Jack without a word.

"Is it all over, Jack, and are we going away?" asked Nellie, as they sat down to their supper.

"Yes, Nellie, it's all right now, and we'll get away from these people all right, but you need food and rest first," said Jack.

"Oh, Jack, can't we go now? I'm still afraid of these people, and then they might change their minds," said she.

"Never have the least fear of that, Nellie; they have been too badly frightened. They'll not forget it in a hurry."

"What was all that you were saying to them? Of course I couldn't understand anything; only when the eclipse came I saw that they were badly frightened."

"That's all there was to it, Nellie; they were frightened at the eclipse, but I made them believe that I was the cause of it," said Jack.

Jack and Nellie had excellent appetites for the supper the women had brought them, consisting of about everything the island afforded. They had not eaten much for the last twenty-

four hours, and now both ate heartily, and enjoyed their supper exceedingly.

"Now, Nellie," said Jack, when they had finished, "you must lie down and get a little rest. We will start long before sunrise, and get away from this place, which I hope we may never see again," said Jack.

Carlo was jumping about with short, joyful barks, as if he understood that a great crisis in their lives had been safely passed.

Jack went to his own tent and threw himself across his bed to get some much needed rest. He slept a sound, dreamless sleep, but was awakened by Carlo's low growl, who showed considerable uneasiness at certain sounds throughout the village, and, upon investigation, Jack understood that a great number of them were abroad, and gathering at the beach to see him and Nellie take their departure.

Rising hastily, he soon gathered his traps together, and going to Nellie's tent, found her waiting and nervous, being anxious to get off.

"Have you everything ready, Nellie?"

"Yes, Jack, I'm so anxious to get off before something happens to detain us," said she.

"Quiet your fears, little sister, there will be nothing to prevent our getting away this time."

"Oh, I hope not, Jack."

"Never fear, Nellie, you're only nervous. You've lost so much sleep, and you've gone through so much the past few days that you're all unstrung. But come," continued Jack, "we'll get away now just as soon as we can, so that your mind may be at rest," and picking up Nellie's bundles they made their way to the boat that the savages had selected for them.

They found quite a gathering at the beach. The chiefs were all there, and a great many of the others. They all came pressing around Jack and Nellie, showing them great reverence.

Jack maintained his dignity among them and gave them to understand that he was not at all pleased with the part they had played toward Nellie and him. Besides, in his heart, he was anxious to get away. He was sick of the whole thing, and tired of playing the farce he had been compelled to do. But especially on Nellie's account was he anxious to see the last of this people. So, with as little ceremony as possible, he handed Nellie into the boat, and calling Carlo, he stepped in himself, and bidding them a brief adieu, pushed off, and was soon lost to them in the darkness.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PIRATE'S DEN.

NELLIE sat very quiet for some time, then she began to breath more freely.

"Oh, Jack," she said. "Are we really off?"

"Yes, we're off this time, little girl, for good. We'll not be troubled by that rabble again," said Jack.

"I feel like I didn't ever want to see another savage again as long as I lived," said she.

"No, I expect you've had all the experience with them that you'll ever want in this life, Nellie," said Jack. "But little sister," he continued. "You passed through the ordeal splendidly. You're a brave little girl, Nellie."

"But I failed you at the last, Jack, and I promised you I wouldn't."

"Not at all, Nellie. That was only the reaction when it was all over, and the danger had passed. Besides it was the best thing that could have happened."

"Why so, Jack?" asked she.

"Well, I used the incident to our advantage and made them believe that you were dead, and that they had killed you, and dire vengeance would be meted out to them when their god knew what had happened," said Jack.

"But I came to, afterward."

"Yes, after I had asked their god to restore you, and that his vengeance would not fall upon them. I was a little afraid you might come to too soon and so spoil it all, and afterward again

I was a little alarmed at your long faint, but everything came out all right," said he.

Both fell silent and Jack rowed leisurely over the water. The gray of morning began to show, and soon the rising sun made his appearance.

"Oh, Jack," said Nellie. "That I believe is the most glorious sight I ever beheld. I never expected to see it again."

"It certainly is a glorious sight," said he, "taking into consideration all that it means to us. That night," he continued, "was the saddest night of my life."

"How thankful we ought to be," said she, joyfully.

"I hope we are, Nellie."

"Oh, Jack, I just begin to realize that I am free. I never knew what the word meant before. I feel as though a great weight that had been holding me down was suddenly lifted, and I believe that if I could only borrow a pair of wings somewhere that I could fly."

"Well, I hope you won't fly away and leave me in the lurch," said Jack, dolefully.

Nellie laughed joyfully.

"What would you do, Jack?"

"I'm afraid I would try to come lumbering after, and would probably fall into the sea and get drowned," said Jack.

Again that merry peal rang out which did Jack good to hear.

"Never mind, Jack, I won't leave you yet awhile, but this is our island just ahead," said she.

Jack turned and saw that they had nearly reached the western shore of the island, and turning the canoe he rowed along the southern shore and beached it at the nearest point to the hut. He helped Nellie out. Carlo had already sprung out and appeared very glad to get home again.

"Hello, old fellow," said Jack. "Glad to get back again? Didn't you like your visit to the savages? Well I didn't like it much myself."

"Well, Nellie, we'll take these things out of the boat, and then see if we can get some breakfast. Do you think you could manage to eat a little more than you did yesterday morning?"

"Oh, I could eat a cow," said she, laughing joyously.

"Well we haven't any cows, that is, whole cows," said he. "I believe we have some that's been cut up, and put into cans. Perhaps a dozen or two of these might suit your ladyship," said he.

"Oh, I couldn't stop short of a whole case," said she. "Oh, Jack," she continued. "I know I'm talking awful nonsense, but I'm just so happy. I must find some way of escape for the exuberance of my spirits."

"I'm awfully glad to see you in such spirits, Nellie," said Jack, looking at her kindly.

"And don't you mind my nonsense a bit?"

"Not a bit, I like nonsense sometimes," said Jack. "In fact, I'm often taken that way myself. Even Carlo used to look at me reproachfully sometimes, when he thought I spread it on too thick."

Again that sweet, joyful laugh of Nellie's pealed forth.

"Don't you like too much nonsense, Carlo?" she said. And taking his two forepaws in her hand she went dancing down the beach with him.

After breakfast, at which they enjoyed a cup of good coffee, of which they had been deprived so long, Jack brought around the ship's boat, and rigged a sail for it, using the same one he had made for the raft.

"That will save lots of hard work," said he, looking upon the result of his labor with satisfaction.

"How far do you suppose we will have to go, Jack?" said she.

"Don't know, Nellie, but we want to get a good many miles from here. We want to get clean out of the range of these pesky savages anyhow; so that by no possibility we will ever come in contact with them again," said Jack.

"There is no danger of them coming here and finding us before we can get away, is there Jack?" asked she, looking around apprehensively.

"No fear of that," said Jack. "For we will get away some-time to-day."

"Suppose they should come for worship?"

"It is not their time for worship. No we're well rid of them, Nellie, this time for good," said Jack.

Jack now began to load the boat with the stores. It was large and roomy, and by piling up the boxes and consolidating packages he found ample room for everything, leaving space enough besides for comfort. He loaded up everything except the plank that had formed the raft. He even cut away the tarpaulin from the frame supporting it, and folding the pieces neatly, made them into good comfortable seats. He also filled two casks with fresh water from the spring, and lashed them firmly to the mast. Along in the afternoon everything was completed, and they were ready for the start.

"Well, Nellie, I believe we're already now to start upon our unknown voyage."

"All right, Jack, I'm ready for any new adventure that isn't mixed up with savages," said Nellie.

"I hope, too, that we may see no more of such ignorant idiots," said Jack, savagely.

Placing Nellie in the bow, with Carlo at her feet, who undoubtedly preferred to remain on the island, he took up the oars and rowed around to the eastern end of the island, where the breeze caught the sail, and they started on their unknown voyage.

The wind came from the northwest, and by keeping before it they traveled almost southeast. The breeze was stiff and they made good progress, and soon left the island far behind. And only a dark line on the horizon marked the place, and

finally this disappeared, and they were again on the ocean with nothing in view, but sea and sky.

After a while Nellie began to show the weariness she felt. She had slept very little during the past two nights, and had passed through an ordeal that would have shaken the nerves of many a stronger person. As her head began to droop more and more, Jack saw how it was, and lashing the rudder to keep it steady, he unrolled the mattress, and laid it across the gunwales in the bow of the boat, and pressed it down in the center, thus leaving it partly curled, and very comfortable. Then placing the oars upright along the sides, he fastened over the ends a piece of tarpaulin to keep off the sun's rays. Then giving Nellie a bundle for a pillow, he told her to crawl in and lie down, and get some of the rest she so much needed.

"Sleep just as long as you can keep your eyes closed," he told her, "for you need it, little girl, after all you've been through.

"And then," he continued, "you'll wake up as fresh as a daisy."

"Oh, Jack," she said, "you're awful good to me, and I'm so sleepy I can scarcely keep my eyes open."

Jack went back and took the rudder again, and soon by Nellie's regular breathing, had the satisfaction of knowing that she was fast asleep.

The shadow of the sail lengthened out over the water. The sun went down in a western sea; twilight faded into darkness. The stars appeared one by one, and Jack still sat guiding the boat as she bounded gayly over the waters, and Nellie slept on.

"Dear little girl," soliloquized Jack, "the rest is doing her lots of good." Then he remembered that this was the first time in his heart, that he had considered her as especially dear to him.

"Yes," he continued. "She certainly is becoming very dear to me, I wonder why? Is it just because she is so dependent on me, or must look to me alone for protection?"

Then he tried to think how he would feel if it had been anyone

but Nellie who had been placed in this position with him. He called to mind all his young lady acquaintances and tried to place them, one by one, in Nellie's position. But after thinking the matter over, he concluded that there was no one under the same circumstances, that he would have the same feelings for. Then he tried to remember what his feelings had been before Nellie made her appearance.

"How could I ever have been so satisfied alone with Carlo?" he said. "Would I be as contented again, if by some means Nellie should be removed from my life? No, surely not, it would make all the difference in the world to me. But why, I wonder? Why am I becoming so fond of her? It must be just because she is so gentle, and sweet and brave, and everything that's nice. How many girls that I have known would go through with what she has, with the same fortitude and withal, be so gentle and kind and unselfish? Yet, what a child she is. A mere child in many things, a very dear, sweet little child, but still a child." And then other thoughts came. "But what is to be the outcome of it all?" he said. "If you should succeed in gaining the affections of this sweet child, what then Jack; what would happen then? You mustn't for a moment forget that you're under a ban. You know in the eyes of the world you're only an escaped convict. You're a jail-bird, old boy, that's what you are, and you mustn't for a moment forget it. It's no use saying you're innocent. That don't go down with the people, you know; so you've no right to look upon the pure, sweet little girl, of ever being anything to you. No, give it up Jack, it won't do. Never in the world." And then he sighed deeply. "No," he said, "I must never let her know anything about it. It isn't very likely that she would ever care for me anyway; so there can come no harm to her from it. I'm glad of that. And if there is to be any pain in it, it will only be for Jack, and I guess he can bear it, especially, if it's a case of *have to*. Heigh ho, Jack, there's more trouble before you, old

boy, which may prove the worst you've gone through yet. But you'll have to take it like all the other things that come. But then there'll be some sweet moments with it all, old fellow, even though more bitter ones are to follow just on account of the sweetness. But such is life, old boy, and you'll have to take the bitter with the sweet. Well, I hope she may never know, dear little Nellie."

So Jack sat, soliloquizing, while guiding the boat, all through the long night, until the gray of the morning again appeared. And still Nellie slept on. When Nellie finally awakened, and sat up and looked around, the sun was just rising.

"Why Jack," she said, "I must have slept several hours, the sun has almost set." Jack laughed, mirthfully. "Did you enjoy your rest, Nellie?"

"Yes, I feel as fresh as I ever did. The sleep has all gone out of my eyes. I don't believe I'll be able to sleep a wink to-night."

"I guess you'll be able to sleep when night comes," said Jack. And Jack again laughed. "Jack, you're teasing me some way, but I don't just see how?" said she.

"Does the sun usually set in the east?" laughed Jack.

Then Nellie looked around, somewhat bewildered, and seemed to understand.

"Jack, you don't mean to say that that is the sun just *rising*, and that I have slept all night?"

Jack nodded his head several times, looking upon her bewilderment with much satisfaction.

"Is it possible, Jack? And have you been sitting there all through the night, while I slept?"

Again Jack nodded.

"And why didn't you wake me, Jack? You must be tired out. I ought to have relieved you; I can steer a boat when the waves don't run too high. Harry taught me, you know," said Nellie.

"Oh, but you were getting your beauty sleep, little girl, and

you were nearly pegged out, and I knew how much good it was doing you, and was only glad that it was so," said he.

She looked at Jack, and flushed slightly.

"You're altogether too nice to me, Jack," she said. "You must let me help you sometimes."

"Well, I'll let you set out the breakfast things. I expect you must be hungry after your long fast. I wish we had some way of making some coffee. I think a cup of good coffee this morning would about touch the right spot," said he.

"But I expect you'll have to forego that this morning, Jack, unless you can drink cold coffee. There is still some in the pot from yesterday," said she.

"Yes, that's just the thing. We'll take it down anyhow, Nellie, even if it don't taste very good, it'll have the same effect afterwards."

So they had breakfast of canned meats, peaches, biscuits and cold coffee.

"Now," said Nellie, after the things were cleared away. "You must lie down and get some rest and let me steer the boat."

And Jack was willing, not only because he was very tired, but also because he saw that it would really please Nellie.

He lay down and was soon in a deep, dreamless sleep. Nor did he awaken till along in the afternoon, when they had another meal, or rather a continuation of breakfast.

"Isn't it strange we don't come across something, Jack? We haven't sighted a sail or a bit of land since we started," said Nellie.

"Well, the ocean's a pretty big stretch of water, Nellie, and we may have passed several ships, and land too, just beyond our reach of vision," said he.

"Yes, I suppose so," said she. "Would you like to be picked up by a ship, Jack?" "I would rather it would be an outward bound from New York, Nellie."

Nellie looked at him intently.

"But then," he continued. "On your account I would be willing to board one even bound for that city."

"Yes," she said, finally, "on account of your trouble."

Jack nodded, but did not say any more.

That night Nellie woke several hours before daylight, and insisted on Jack lying down again. This he did this time entirely to please her, and slept until after the sun was up. Again they had breakfast, but had to drink water this time. Carlo spent most of the time sleeping in the bottom of the boat where Jack had made a bed for him. It was very evident he was not partial to ocean voyages. Towards noon they sighted a ship away off toward the horizon, and going their way, but the distance was too great for such a small object, as they must have appeared upon the water, to attract attention.

"I don't suppose papa ever expects to see me again," said Nellie, after a long silence.

"No, I suppose he has given you up by this time," said Jack; "so sometime you may be able to give him a very pleasant surprise."

"I wonder if I *will* ever see home again?" she said, sadly.

"I hope so, Nellie, and indeed I think so too. For you see, we have plenty to keep us alive a long while, and it isn't in reason to suppose that we can go on wandering around on the ocean forever without coming across some ship, bound for somewhere; so that I think the prospects of reaching home-sometime, are very good," said Jack.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Nellie, after a short silence.

Along in the afternoon they sighted land, off to the right of the direction in which they were sailing. Jack changed their course to bring them to a closer view of it. This proved to be quite a large island, a considerable portion of which consisted of hills, which attained to a considerable altitude. Off towards the

south could be seen a large forest of trees, some of immense growth. Jack concluded to land and make an investigation.

"I hope there are no savages," said Nellie.

"If there are, we'll not stay any longer than we can help," said Jack. "The main point after finding if there are any inhabitants, is to find if there is some good water," he continued.

They beached the boat, and started to investigate. They ascended one of the highest of the hills, and found they had a good view of the whole island. It was much larger than any they had yet seen, being several miles in diameter in all directions. The forest, they had observed, covered nearly the entire central portion, and extended towards the south, quite to the sea. They could see that the hill upon which they stood formed a part of a range of hills that extended nearly across the entire western end. They could see no signs of any inhabitants whatever.

"Well, Nellie, if we can find water here, we had better make up our minds to stay," said Jack. "At least for the present," he continued. "If we find for any reason that it is not desirable, we can pull up stakes and leave."

"It doesn't seem to be inhabited," said she.

"No, there are no signs of anything human," said he, "and thus far it is just to our taste." They found a good stream of water down towards the forest of trees, which was clear and cold, and by shaping out a basin to catch it, there would be a sufficient quantity for all purposes.

"I think we'll get the boat around to this side of the island and unload here under these trees," said Jack. "It will also be handy to the spring, besides we must build our house somewhere among these trees." After unloading the boat Jack found it was after four o'clock.

"We won't have time to build a house to-day, Nellie; so we'll have to make shift the best we can till morning," said he.

"The first thing I guess will be something to eat. I'll make a

fire here and fill the coffee pot with some fresh water. We'll have a good cup of coffee this time anyway," continued he.

"I wonder what you'll do, Jack, when your coffee is all gone. You seem to be especially fond of it," said Nellie.

"Don't know, Nellie," said Jack, shrugging his shoulders. "One calamity at a time please. But we've got enough to last a good while yet," he continued.

After supper Jack lit a cigar and took a stroll through the forest to select a good place to build a house.

"Wonder what I'll make the frame of," said he. "I haven't any raft to break up this time. I expect I'll have to cut down some of the younger trees to make it of. Well, I'll have plenty to do to-morrow, I guess."

When he returned the sun was hanging low in the west.

"Well, Nellie, we'll have to rig up something for you to sleep on to-night," said he. "I think I can fix it," he continued. And taking a piece of tarpaulin he knotted on to each end a stout piece of rope. He stretched this between two trees at a proper distance apart, thus making a very comfortable hammock. He put in plenty of bed clothes to make it soft, and finally tested its strength by his own weight. Then taking another piece of tarpaulin he suspended it above this, and in such a manner that the sides hung down below the hammock, but not touching it by about a foot, thus making a covering and at the same time admitting the air.

"There, little girl," said he, "with what bed clothes you need for covering I guess you'll sleep like a top."

"Oh, that's nice, Jack. But where are you going to sleep?"

"Oh, any old place is good enough," he said. "I'll find a place to sleep all right, little girl, don't you worry."

"There is plenty of material left; why don't you make yourself another just like it?"

"Oh, it isn't worth while," said he.

"But it was worth while to make it for me."

"Oh, but that's different, you see."

"I'm afraid I'm an awful bother to you, Jack," said Nellie.

"Now, Nellie, little sister, don't you get that notion into your head, not for a little bit," said he. "What I do for my little sister, I love to do, and I only wish there was more to do. But when it comes to Jack I don't take the same interest to do things. Don't you see?"

"I see that you're awfully nice to me, Jack."

There was something in her voice that made Jack look at her, and he saw her eyes were full of unshed tears.

Carlo, at this time, set up a barking that proclaimed he had undoubtedly made a discovery of some kind. Nellie and Jack both stood up and looked in the direction of the diversion. Carlo was chasing some kind of an animal or large bird through the forest, which was very fleet of foot. The bird was taking the direction of a large circle, evidently having a nest it did not want to desert. Every now and then, when Carlo would get too near, it would make a vicious kick at him. Carlo was evidently, enjoying the sport immensely, but the bird seemed somewhat distressed.

"What is it, Jack?" asked Nellie. "Is it an ostrich?"

"No, I don't think it is," said Jack. "It is what is called a Cassowary. It does not grow as large, quite, as an ostrich, although belonging to the same family. Then you see it has a hood-like covering over the head, which the ostrich does not have. It is very powerful, and, they say, can knock a man down by a single kick. It has a long, straight claw on its inner toe, which is quite a formidable weapon. It is fond of fruits and berries, but also will eat worms and insects. Its nest is a mere depression among the fallen leaves. The eggs are green, in color, and about five in number."

"Will it attack one?" asked Nellie.

"No, not unless they are disturbed, or their nests threatened

to be robbed. They are naturally shy and timid, but very fleet of foot."

"What a large bird it is!" said she.

"It is next in size to the ostrich, the largest bird in the world, sometimes growing eight feet high. While this bird is probably five or six feet," said Jack.

"Are there any more of them, do you think?"

"Very probable, they inhabit thickets, and are often found in these tropical islands," said Jack. "Come here, Carlo," he continued. "Come here, sir. That long-legged thing will kill you, if he gets a fair kick at you, old fellow."

Carlo obeyed, but he was loth to give up his sport, and watched the odd looking bird, until he disappeared in the thicket. They remained sitting on the beach until it began to grow dark. Then Jack helped Nellie into her swinging bed, placed the covering over her, tucked her in, and bade her good night. Then, throwing the mattress over some boxes, he lay down himself, and was soon asleep.

The next morning after breakfast, Jack lit a cigar, and, picking up the axe, started through the forest to cut down some young trees for the frame of his house. He had found two or three to suit his purpose, and, after cutting them down and trimming them, went forward in search of others. He kept on until he rather suddenly emerged from the forest, and found himself on the sandy beach of the western shore of the islands. High above him towered the rock hills that seemed from this side almost impossible of ascent. But proceeding along the beach he discovered a cleft in the rocks; entering this cleft was a path that looked as if it might have been at one time well trodden. Following this path, which was very crooked, having many short and abrupt turns, he finally came out upon the center of the island, and not a great distance from the spring, near which he had determined to build his house.

"Why Jack, old boy, here is a short cut to the sea on this

side. It might come handy sometime, who knows? I wonder what the dickens that is," he continued.

He had discovered an opening in the hillside, which was partly covered by a large flat stone. This stone had evidently been used at one time to entirely cover the entrance to this hole. But the rains had washed away part of the earth upon which it rested, so that it had partly toppled over, disclosing the opening it was put there to conceal. Jack went forward and looked in. He saw a long tunnel-like aperture which seemed to open out into a larger aperture further in, which seemed to be well lighted. He enlarged the opening a little and crept in. He went through this tunnel and found himself in a large sized room, probably fifteen feet wide, by about forty feet long. This room was lighted by two large windows, arranged on a pivot so they could be swung partly open. These windows had apparently been taken from some ship's skylight. The rocks and earth on the outside had been removed to give sufficient light. There was a large fireplace in between the windows and a rough chimney made of stone and smeared over with clay. Over the fireplace was a shelf, upon which were some old musty books. A pick and spade stood in one corner. A rude made cupboard stood in another corner, in which was an assortment of cheap table ware, and a box containing a miscellaneous lot of fishing tackle. A bottle stood on the shelf with a partly consumed candle stuck into the neck.

"Well, Jack, what have you struck now?" said he. "This is somebody's den, but I guess they haven't been at home for a long time."

He picked up the books and looked them over. They were very old and gave evidence of their age. Most of them were tales of the sea. There was one old history of England. He turned to the fly leaf and found they once belonged to John Blackmore, Captain of the Black Cross.

"Hello," said Jack. "What's this? That's the name signed to the secret cipher, old boy. This must have been his den. A pirate's den. Well, I suppose old Capt. John is dead, and I can take possession of his castle, if I feel inclined. I wonder if I can find anything more about the *cross and crown*, now that I am on the island where the old captain lived. Maybe, sometime, I can figure that out," said Jack.

When Jack returned to Nellie he found her worried at his long absence.

"Why, Jack, I did not know what had become of you," said she.

"I have been house hunting," said he. "Did you ever go house hunting, Nellie, and don't you remember how it takes up the time?"

"Well, did you find a house to suit you, Jack?"

"Yep, I found one to my liking, although the number of rooms are rather limited, but it is the only one that happens to be vacant just now; so I suppose we'll have to put up with it, especially as the landlord will make any alterations that we may want, and the rent is very reasonable."

"Jack, what on earth do you mean?"

"Come and see," said Jack. And picking up the spade he started off to show Nellie their new residence.

"What are you going to do with that?" she asked.

"Well, you see, the front door hangs on only one hinge, and so needs a little repairing," said he.

"Jack, I believe you *are* talking nonsense now."

"Never talked better sense in my life," said he.

On arriving at the opening, Jack shoveled the dirt away and removed the stone that partly clogged the entrance, so that Nellie could enter. He then took her in and showed her the room he had found.

"But, Jack, who made this place?" asked she.

"Mr. John Blackmore, Captain of the Black Cross."

"And who is he?" asked she.

"I think he was a pirate, or a smuggler, something of that kind," said Jack.

"Oh, Jack, supposing he should come back."

"Not very likely, because he's dead," said he.

Nellie looked around, and touched things with a look of dread upon her face.

"Jack, how do you know so much about him?"

Then Jack told her how he had found the parchment, with the cipher written upon it, and how he had succeeded in reading it, and how it had been signed by John Blackmore, and then, upon finding this place, he had found the same name written upon the fly leaf of the books.

"And do you think that the cipher means that there is a hidden treasure somewhere?" asked she.

"Undoubtedly," said Jack. "At least it means that there *was* a hidden treasure hidden somewhere, but whether it has ever been dug up is another thing," said he.

"And you have never been able to locate this cross and crown?" asked she.

"Never saw anything that looked like anything of the kind," said Jack.

"Do you suppose it can be upon this island, Jack?" asked Nellie.

"Can't say, Nellie. I had really given the thing up, and concluded it was a mystery beyond my comprehension, and so have not thought anything about it lately," said Jack.

"And are we to live here, Jack?"

"Why, yes, Nellie. It's probably better than anything I can build. I think I can make it very comfortable for us here," said Jack, looking around.

Jack opened the windows out and gave the place a good airing. Then he cleaned the place out thoroughly. He brought over all his stores from the beach. It was quite a good job, but he got

everything moved by noon. They then sat down to the dinner Nellie had prepared.

He spent the afternoon in fixing up the place to his taste. He made a room for Nellie by stretching tarpaulin across, taking in one of the windows. He made a door for her so she could fasten it by tying short pieces of rope together on the inside, thus giving her all the privacy she needed.

He took the young trees he had cut down, and cut them into proper lengths, drove them into the ground for bedposts. He nailed to these two pieces lengthwise for rails. On the top of these he nailed some short cross pieces, making a good strong support for the mattress. Then, with plenty of bed clothes, Nellie was nicely fixed.

He drove plenty of nails around for her to hang her things on. The mirror he hung in a good light near the window.

"It must have been an inspiration when I put that looking glass on the raft," said he. "For what account is a girl without it," he continued, teasingly.

"Do you think that's all I'm good for, Jack?"

"Excuse me, Nellie, I got the thing turned around, I should have said, what's the use of a mirror without the pretty face of a girl to look into it?"

"And what are you going to do when you want a mirror to see your own pretty face?" she said, saucily.

"Oh, me, I have to get along with the reflection from your bright eyes," said he.

"Jack, you're in a new role, when you try to flatter," said she, but her eyes were very bright indeed just now, as she gave him one swift fleeting look and then dropped them again over her flushed cheeks.

Jack looked at her kindly out of his great honest gray eyes, then taking up the bucket, went to the spring for water.

"Now, I guess I'll knock together some kind of a bed for

myself," said Jack, after he returned. "I'll make it over in this corner, and partition it off with some more tarpaulin. Then you see, Nellie, we'll have three rooms to our castle, two bedrooms and a dining-room and kitchen combined. Aren't we getting up in the world, don't you think?"

"Yes, we'll soon be millionaires, but we mustn't let it spoil us, Jack, and cause us to look down upon our neighbors," said she, laughing.

"There is one of your neighbors now, protesting against any such slight," said Jack, joining in her laugh, and pointing to the window.

Nellie looked and saw a good sized monkey, staring in and chattering, and making grimaces, and twisting his head, while his little eyes roamed all about the room, as if trying to make out what kind of new neighbors he had got.

Nellie laughed again, and went towards the window holding out her hand, but he scampered away, looking back and chattering until he disappeared in the thicket.

"I wonder if there are many of them here?" asked she.

"Yes, there are a great many of them in the forest, of different varieties, together with large numbers of very beautiful birds, but I haven't seen any reptiles yet," said he.

"Oh, I hope we won't be bothered with anything of that kind," said she.

Jack now set to work putting up his own bed. He drove the posts in the ground, then nailed the rails on, as he had done for Nellie, then he cut a piece of tarpaulin the proper size, and nailed it firmly to these rails, thus forming a sort of a cot-bed. He partitioned off a small space around it with more tarpaulin; thus making the three rooms intended.

All the time Jack had been working, Nellie had not been idle. She had taken a needle and thread from some unknown repository among her own things, and had been sewing squares

of tarpaulin together. And when Jack had finished his bed, she showed him a couple of pillows she had made, already for the stuffing.

"That's a good idea, little girl," said Jack, "and I think I saw plenty of stuffing in the shape of some long moss, as I came through the forest, I'll go and get some."

He soon returned with a quantity in the folds of a quilt he had taken for the purpose.

"Now, I'll stuff them so they'll be full enough, but not too hard," said he, "and then you can sew up the ends."

Jack now brought in all the stores and piled them in the front end as compactly as possible.

Then they were ready for supper.

"I guess, Nellie, we can soon have a change of diet. You must be getting tired of this canned stuff. There is quite a quantity of fishing tackle that I found here in one of the boxes, and we can have all the fish that we can eat, as soon as I get a little time. If the former owners of this deserted castle had only left us a gun and ammunition we might, also, have plenty of game," said Jack.

"Couldn't you shoot something with your revolver, Jack?"

Jack shook his head. "It's altogether too uncertain," said he. "I'd waste too many cartridges, and I want to keep all I've got. I might need them sometime for larger game, and need them awfully bad."

"To-morrow I must manufacture some kind of a table, if I can find anything among the drift-wood to make it of, and then we need a couple of chairs, and we can use the pillows for cushions," said he, laughing.

"Then, I might fix some kind of a door here," said he, looking at the opening to the tunnel. "Oh, we'll get fixed after while, Nellie."

"I think we'll be fixed very nicely," said she.

They went to bed very early as Jack was very tired, and, as he

bade her good-night, he laughed, as he handed her a bottle with a lighted candle stuck in the neck of it.

"You'd better take this, Nellie, for I forgot to have the electric light turned on," said he.

They had an early breakfast the next morning, and had just finished, and Jack was in the act of lighting a cigar preparatory to going out, when there broke forth upon the outside, a harsh dissonant sound. It apparently was quite near. It resembled very much the bray of a jackass. They both stood rooted to the spot, completely dumfounded. Jack grasped his revolver and hurried out through the tunnel, leaving Nellie almost paralyzed with fear. Finally, she heard Jack laughing, and calling to her. She came forth trembling, but somewhat reassured by Jack's laugh.

"What is it, Jack?" she said, looking around.

"Behold the enemy," said Jack, majestically, pointing up into a tree.

Nellie looked and saw a large handsome bird, of bright plumage, sitting on a limb, and looking down at them curiously. The bird stretched itself up, lifted its head, and again gave forth that awful sound.

"Oh, horrors," said Nellie. "What a horrible sound to come from such a beautiful bird."

"Don't you like its music, Nellie? Well, it isn't very harmonious," said Jack. "It is what is called a Dacélo," he continued. "Its full name is Dacélo-Gigas, which being interpreted means, laughing jackass. Its cry, also, resembles that of the so called laughing Hyena. It makes this cry only in the early morning. It's a kingfisher, and lives on fish principally," said Jack.

"But what a beautiful bird to give such a horrid sound," she insisted.

"Well, it's generally so the world over," said Jack. "The best songsters are not often those of the brightest plumage.

Perhaps the Creator wanted to even things up a little; so a plain bird, and otherwise unattractive, He made the sweet singer."

"I wonder if it stays here on the island?" said she.

"Very likely," said he. "It's made for that forest, you see. But anyhow, if you hear the sound again, you needn't be frightened."

"I don't know, I believe that sound would startle me at any time," said she. "How many strange things there are in this world, Jack," she continued.

Nellie went back to clear up the breakfast things, and Jack to find some wood to make the things they were in need of. He returned in about an hour with a pile of lumber on his shoulders, which he threw down outside on the beach. He concluded, with the material he had, it would be better to make a stationary table. After cutting legs the right length he took them in and drove them firmly in the ground, close to the partition of Nellie's room, so that it might be as much out of the way as possible. Around these legs he constructed a frame, and nailed on the top. The chairs he made were very simple, yet strong and durable. He took a board about fifteen inches wide and cut this about three feet long for the back. To the edges of this back, and at proper distance from the ground, he nailed flat-wise, two shorter pieces beveled at the opposite corners, in the form of a saw-buck; then completed it by nailing a short piece across for a seat. He then made a door for the opening to the tunnel, cutting up an old shoe for the leather hinges.

"I don't know what you'll do when you have company, Nellie. We've only got two chairs to sit on," said Jack.

"When young housekeepers haven't got chairs enough," laughed Nellie, "they give the company the chairs, and they sit on the bed."

"And this front door hasn't got any night latch. How will we manage when I want to go to the lodge some night?"

"That will be a reason for you always to keep early hours, and keep away from the lodge," she said.

Jack liked to talk such nonsense to Nellie; she always seemed to enjoy it.

Carlo spent most of the time in wandering around and investigating things on his own account.

CHAPTER XII.

JACK TAKES NELLIE TO "MEETING."

THE next morning Jack and Nellie were watching a ship, dimly outlined against the sky, away off on the horizon. It was too far off to signal, and so they could only watch it, as it gradually disappeared. As they turned away Jack called Nellie's attention to another strange bird, sitting on one of the trees, at the edge of the forest, and near the den. "That is what is called an Aracári," said he. "See the long white bill, with the blood red stripe along the middle. This bird is related to the Cuckoos. There is another variety, and very remarkable, called the curl crested Aracári, having the feathers on the top of its head beautifully curled."

"Jack, how do you know so much about all these birds?" asked Nellie.

"Only by reading. These things are all new to me too. I never saw many of them before, only in illustrations, but when I see them, I recall their names, together with some other information in regard to them," said he.

"I saw a strange fish yesterday, while looking for lumber to make our table," he continued. "Its body was as large as a tub, and it had a number of protuberances growing out from about the head, and I remembered it was a cuttle fish, and I think it is related to the devil-fish. But this variety is especially peculiar in the fact that it carries a sort of ink bag, filled with a brown substance, which it ejects when pursued, so as to conceal itself from view by discoloring the water around it. This substance was once largely employed in making India ink, which

is now made of lampblack. 'This fish grows to enormous size, often weighing many hundred pounds.'

"How curious," said Nellie. "And did you see it empty its sack, and discolor the water?"

"No, it lay quite still for a few moments, and then gradually sank out of sight. 'To-morrow,'" continued he, "we will take a walk through the forest, and see some of the strange things we're living among."

So after breakfast, the next morning, calling Carlo, they started off for their stroll through the forest. But before reaching the larger trees, they were startled by the tolling of a bell, clear and distinct, and apparently quite near. They looked towards the sea, expecting to see a ship, but there was nothing unusual to be seen there. They they looked at one another in wonder. The sound had ceased so they continued their way cautiously towards the woods. Again the sound was produced. This time undoubtedly coming from the woods, but they could see a considerable distance through the trees, and could distinguish nothing that would produce the sound.

Jack took his revolver in his hand, and they again went cautiously forward. Again the sound was heard tolling forth notes clear and distinct. They again looked around. They could not exactly locate the sound. It seemed to fill the air in all directions.

"What can it be, Jack?" asked Nellie.

"I declare, I'm stumped," said Jack. "I can't even tell the direction from which it comes."

"It surely was the tolling of a bell," said Nellie.

"I never heard a bell toll plainer in my life," said he. "But who can be ringing it?"

Again they advanced, cautiously looking in all directions.

Again the bell tolled. This time evidently the sound proceeded from above. And Jack looked up into the trees; after

searching intently among the branches, he commenced to laugh.

"Oh, Nellie, I'm afraid we'll never get used to the strange sounds we hear here," said he.

"What is it, Jack?"

"There sits the toller," said Jack. "You see that bird up there on that second branch, with the horn-like appendage protruding from the top of his head, and standing straight up? That is what is called a Bell-bird, and you know how well he deserves the name, for you have heard the metallic sound of his voice. It is said that he can be heard distinctly for the distance of three miles. He has a broad and depressed bill, which is soft and flexible at the base. That horn-like appendage standing up about three inches, only rises thus when the bird is excited, and, when in this position, is filled with air. There is an Australian Bell-bird which produces a peculiar tinkling sound, but which cannot be heard at any great distance. It is an entirely different species from this."

"Isn't it wonderful, Jack?" said Nellie.

"Yes, we live in a world made up of wonders," said he.

They had been walking on through the woods all the time Jack had been talking, when he stopped rather suddenly and began to examine a small tree, with two or three pairs of oval leaflets, containing a certain kind of fruit in brown pods, from four to eight inches long, having a fleshy or meaty pulp.

"Here is something interesting, Nellie," said he. "This tree is called Carob or Algaroba. This fruit is supposed to be the same as that translated *husks* in the parable of the Prodigal Son, that he fed to the hogs, you remember. And it is also supposed by some that the *locusts* eaten by John the Baptist were these same pods. They are exported to Great Britain and the United States, under the name of locust beans." He broke off some of the fruit and they ate some, and found it very agreeable to the taste.

"Oh, Jack, how can you remember all these things?" asked she.

"Well, they simply come to me. I have read a great deal about things in all parts of the world, and many of them I would forget entirely, if there was nothing to recall them to memory," said he. "But you see, when I come across something I have read about, it all comes back to me kind of naturally," he continued.

"How many interesting things there are, even on a deserted island," said she.

"Probably many more interesting things than places inhabited by civilized beings," said Jack. "For we find things in their natural state just as the Creator made them."

They were wandering along leisurely while conversing thus, and Carlo, running here and there and poking his nose into every hole, was apparently enjoying himself immensely.

"There is another strange bird," said Jack, presently. "On account of the hood-like covering over its head, it is called the Umbrella bird, for this hood is supposed to shade the head like an umbrella."

Carlo now set up a great barking and whining that showed he had come across something that especially interested him.

As they approached they found the object to be something in the trees.

"Another monkey, I expect," said Jack. And as they came nearer they saw, hanging back down, an animal of the monkey breed, with his head twisted around, making comical grimaces at Carlo, who resented such indignity.

"That is one of the monkey breed called the sloth," said Jack, pointing out the object to Nellie. "They are noted for sluggishness. The skull is oblong and compressed. They are not well adapted to progression upon the ground, the feet being turned inward, but are admirably fitted for life in the trees. Unlike all others of their kind, they cling to the branches with their

back downward, and thus they progress, feed and even sleep. They rarely voluntarily descend to the ground, but proceed from one tree to another by the interlocking branches.

"Come away, Carlo," he continued. "You can't reach that fellow."

Thus they wandered on through the forest. The trees consisted mostly of the palm family, and of many different varieties. These varied greatly in size. Some were mere shrubs rising only a few feet above the ground, while the largest grew to a height of over one hundred feet. There seemed to be a great quantity of one species, the Calamus, a climbing shrub or vine. These were prickly and grew long and slender; some of them two or three hundred feet. There were also many cocoanut trees.

"Just think, Nellie," said Jack, "the many uses to which these palm trees can be put. There is probably no other plant that excels this in its importance to mankind. There is food, clothing, shelter, furniture, utensils, tools, weapons, ornaments and medicine supplied by one or more species of this tree. This Calamus is what they make ratan of, and also cane for seats of chairs."

"And what immense leaves," said she. "I suppose those are what they make palm leaf fans of."

"Yes, only they select the smaller ones; some of those would make rather large fans, don't you think?" said he.

"I should say so. I can imagine you trying to use a fan several feet in diameter," laughed Nellie.

"Oh, Jack," she continued, "what kind of a bird is that, sitting there on that lower limb with the awfully long tail?"

Jack, after scrutinizing it a moment said, "that is most likely, what is called the Trogon, and is probably the most gorgeous of its kind. It is the Red-bellied Trogon, a bright metallic green above and red below. This is one of a family of birds common to the tropics, and is distinguished from all others, by

having the second, as well as the first toe, turned backwards. The bill is short, stout and broad at the base, with the edge more or less toothed. The wings are moderate and rounded. The legs are rather weak, and the tail elongated, as you say. 'There, I have repeated it to you, just about as I remember reading it,' continued he. "I think there was some more, but I have forgotten some of the points."

There were many more beautiful birds of all colors, and some of them very gorgeous, many of which Jack had never heard, and could not even give the names. They finally came out on the seashore at the western end of the island, and continued around towards the north.

"Jack, don't you think, among all these strange and beautiful things, it is curious we have seen no reptiles?" asked Nellie. "Nor a crawling thing of any kind?"

"It is rather strange," mused Jack. "Perhaps this is not the season for them, and they may be all in their holes hibernating."

"Well, I hope they may stay there," said she, looking out over the sea. "Jack," she continued, "there's a fish flying through the air."

"Yes," said Jack. "There are several kinds of flying fish. That one is called the Flying Gurnard or Dactylopterus. It is remarkable for its mailed head, and for the development of some of its fins. See what a brilliant colored little fellow, and how easily he flies above the water, just touching the summit of the highest waves occasionally.

"Then there is another curious bird further out to sea. See it there, a little further to the right, and not much larger than a pigeon," continued Jack.

"That's another long-tailed bird," said he, "it is called the Tropic bird, probably because it is seldom seen anywhere else. See what snow-white plumage it has, with fine black markings above. Underneath, it is rose color. This one has a red bill, some have yellow. The two central tail feathers are longer than

the others, and, from the faint suggestion of a marlin spike, this bird has been dubbed the Boatswain bird, by sailors."

As they continued along the north shore, Jack stumbled over a piece of timber, partly buried in the sand. Upon looking at it more closely he found it to be the flagstaff of some ship, which had probably been washed ashore and partly buried.

"By the way, Nellie, that is something we want," said he. "If I can only get that to the top of one of those hills, I'll put out a signal of distress. It may be seen by some passing ship which may come to our relief."

"That must be pretty heavy, Jack?"

"Well, I'll bring down the axe and cut off a piece long enough for the purpose. I guess you can find a shawl or something among those women's things to put on the end of it."

"You want some bright color, don't you?"

"The brighter, the better. It would be seen at a greater distance," said he.

"I'll see what I can find," said she.

They had now reached the den, and Nellie began preparations for dinner.

"Aren't you tired after your tramp, Nellie?"

"Not tired, but awful hungry, Jack."

"I'll try for some fish after dinner, so that we can have something to eat except this canned stuff," said Jack.

The lines he selected were good stout ones, many hundred feet in length, and coiled on large reels, which could be fastened to the sides of the boat. He caught a quantity of clams along the shore for bait; then, taking the boat, rowed out to deep water. He put out two lines, after fastening the reels securely to the gunwale of the boat. He ran out about a hundred and fifty feet of line, but the water was so deep that the lines hung straight down in the water. He soon caught a number of mullet, an excellent fish for food. He also caught

several fish of the mackerel family, called Cero, a large fish; also good eating. While taking one of these off the hook, he saw the line that was still in the water slowly reeling out. This proved to be a soft-shell turtle weighing about ten pounds. Jack had enough fish to last for some time, and, as the sun was hanging low in the west, he concluded to quit for the day. After he had prepared for Nellie to fry all the fish they could possibly eat, he made a fish box, in which he put the fish they could not use, and pushed it into the sea after anchoring it to the shore with a strong piece of rope.

The next morning Jack set up a signal of distress on one of the highest hills, making a flag out of a bright red shawl that Nellie had found for him.

They had been about three months in their new habitation, during which time they had lived comfortably, if not luxuriously, varying their diet of canned goods with plenty of fish, turtles, oysters and turtle eggs, which Jack found in abundant quantity in the sand between the crevices in the rocks, on the western end of the island.

Jack had made a good trap for catching the smaller turtles. He selected the widest board he could find among the drift, then taking some large-size fish-hooks, with eyes to them, he nailed these all along the sides and ends of the board, a few inches apart, with the hooks turned upward. He nailed this board to a heavy log and weighted it so that the board side would remain uppermost; then tied a rope to it and pushed it into the sea. The turtles would climb over these hooks to get onto the board to sun themselves, but when they tried to slide back into the water they would get caught every time.

Jack brought in one day some kidney-shaped nuts and laid them on the table.

"What are those, Jack?" asked Nellie.

"Those are Cashew nuts," said Jack. "They grow on a tree

about fifteen feet high, which bears evergreen leaves, and sweet-scented flowers. They contain a kind of sweet oil, resembling olive oil."

"Are they good to eat?" asked she.

"Yes, after roasting, which expels the caustic oil from the shells. Come, we'll try some," said Jack, and raking the coals together on the hearth, he put the skillet on, and soon had the nuts roasted to a turn.

"How do you like them?" asked Jack, after Nellie had tasted them.

"They have a kind of acid flavor," said she.

"Yes, but rather pleasant," said Jack. "But you will always have to be careful in roasting them," he continued; "they are related in some way to the sumac and poison-ivy, and, although perfectly harmless when roasted, the fumes from them, when cooking, are apt to inflame your face, and more especially your eyes."

"I don't believe we had better bother with them then, Jack."

"No, I only brought these in, more as a curiosity than anything else," said he.

One morning, soon after this, Jack had taken out the almanac to mark the day of the month.

"What day of the month is this, Jack?" asked Nellie

"This is Sunday, the eleventh of January," said Jack.

"Sure you've never missed any days, Jack?"

"No, I'm very particular about it now, as it proved a matter of such vast importance to us once. I've been very careful since to be correct, not that I think it will ever be of so much importance again, but I regard it now as a matter of principle."

"I understand; but, Jack, this is last year's almanac," said she.

"Yes, I know; I always have to count one day ahead for the day of the week; so this is Sunday, January the eleventh, and if you're a right good little girl, and wash your hands and face

real clean, and put on your best bib and tucker, I'll take you to meeting with me," said Jack.

"All right, Jack, but where is the meeting-house?"

"I'll take you there all right," said Jack.

"What nonsense is this now, Jack?" asked she.

"It's no nonsense this time, little girl; I'll take you to a regular, morning service."

"And will you be the preacher, and I the congregation?" she asked, laughing.

"Not a bit of it; that isn't in my line; the preacher will be there though, all right."

"Jack, you're laughing at me," said she.

"No, Nellie, I'm laughing at your puzzled expression; but I mean just what I say; if you'll go with me, I'll take you to a very instructive and entertaining, morning service," said Jack.

"Well, I'll go, of course; but I know it's some mischief you're up to, and you'll only laugh at me afterwards," said she.

"No, Nellie, I'll promise not to laugh at you for coming, for there'll be nothing to laugh at, for it's a genuine service, preacher and all."

"All right, Jack, I'll go. When does your mysterious service begin?" asked she.

Jack looked at his watch. "Well, there is plenty of time, but we had better start early, so as not to disturb the congregation."

Nellie looked at Jack, nonplussed. She did not know what to make of it. Of course, there could be no morning church service away off there on that deserted island. But Jack was so earnest in declaring it a regular service, and did not act at all as if he were playing some nonsense off on her; and, of course, she would go. Her curiosity was excited, and she was anxious to know what he meant; so they started leisurely for the woods,

"Is your meeting-house in the woods, Jack?"

"Don't ask any questions, little girl," said he, "or I'm afraid I'll be so impolite as not to answer them. But there is one thing I can assure you, Nellie; that is, that you'll be very much impressed."

"Where's Carlo?" said she, finally.

"I shut him up before starting. You know it is not proper to take dogs to meeting, they might disturb the service."

"Oh, Jack, look at that beautiful bird. Did you ever see anything to compare with it. Oh, Jack, could anything be more beautiful?" said Nellie.

Jack looked at it intently, "Well, Nellie, I'm glad you've seen one of those birds. It's probably the most handsome bird the Creator ever made. It is called the bird of the gods, and belongs to the birds of paradise. You see the body is small, but the tail feathers are so long, that, from point of beak to tip of tail, the length must be at least four feet. Nature seems to have painted this bird in her most gorgeous colors," said Jack.

"See what a glittering green are the head, neck and breast," said she, "and the feathers that cover these parts seem as soft as velvet," she continued.

"Yes," said Jack, "and the back is a changeable violet, and the wings are of the same color, and, in the different lights, seem to change into blue violet or deep black; always, however, imitating velvet."

"And look at the long, beautiful tail," said Nellie.

"Yes, it is composed of just twelve feathers, violet above and black beneath; and see, Nellie, they shine with the brilliancy of polished metal. Then, the feathers above the wings are of the color of polished steel, changing into blue and terminating in a large spot of brilliant green. Then below the wings spring long curved feathers, directed upwards. These are black on the inside and brilliant green on the outside; the bill and feet are black."

The bird here arose in the air, and disappeared in the neighboring thicket. Nellie watched it as far as she could see it, and then heaved a deep sigh.

"I never expect to see anything so beautiful again, Jack, as long as I live," said she.

"No," said Jack, "there are a great many beautiful birds, but probably that is the most handsome."

"I'm awful glad I came with you, Jack. You can make fun of me now if you want to, I won't mind," said she, smiling up into his face.

"But I didn't bring you here to make fun of you, Nellie. I'm going to show you something just as interesting, only in a different way, as that you have just seen," said he.

"Whatever can it be, Jack?"

"Well, we have arrived at the meeting-house. We are still a little early, but it is better so. Now we'll just take a seat on this log, and keep right still, and soon you'll see something that will both interest you and also greatly surprise you," said Jack.

They sat down upon the log, Nellie's curiosity excited to the highest pitch, but she kept very quiet, only turning to look at him once in a while.

Pretty soon Jack whispered, "Here comes the preacher."

Nellie looked and saw a monkey, about as large as a fox, and covered with long, glossy, black hair. He had sparkling, black eyes, a circular beard around his throat, small, round ears, and a very long tail.

Nellie looked at Jack, and was about to charge him with a very tame joke, when he silently pressed her hand to be silent. They were sitting behind a screen of foliage, and could see out very plainly without being seen. Soon others of the same breed began to appear, until there had gathered perhaps fifty or sixty. Nellie was now watching open-eyed and wondering. The leader now ascended one of the tallest trees, and the others immediately ascended the surrounding trees, but

took positions lower down. Then they looked around and waited until there was perfect silence. When satisfied, the leader opened with a continuous howl. The preacher then waved his hand, and the congregation took up the refrain, and chanted a response. When this had been continued to the end of the ritual, the leader waved his hand for silence, and proceeded to pronounce the benediction, when they all dispersed.

Jack looked at Nellie and laughed. Her eyes were wide with wonder, and her whole countenance expressed the utmost astonishment.

"Jack," she said, as they arose, "I don't understand it."

"You mean," said Jack, "that they didn't carry on the service in a language familiar to you."

"No, I mean I don't understand. What do they mean by it, Jack?"

"That's more than I can tell you, Nellie."

"But do they really have service, Jack?"

"Well, it looks that way, don't it?"

"But how can they understand?" said she.

"That's what I don't know," said Jack.

"If they were a lot of tame monkeys, one might think that they had seen a church service somewhere, and were trying to imitate it, but a lot of wild monkeys, away off here on a deserted island. Jack, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I believe I would have even doubted your word," said Nellie.

"That is why I wanted you to see it for yourself," said he.

"You have seen them go through this ceremony before?" asked she.

"Yes, that performance of theirs is an unvarying feature of each day's existence."

"You don't claim then that they can tell the days of the week, and reserve their service only for Sunday?" said she.

"Hardly," said Jack. "No, they go through the same exer-

cises every day. No one knows what they mean, or how they ever came to take up this form of service. All that any one knows is that they do apparently go through a performance that resembles some form of church service," said Jack, "and that's the reason they are called the Preachers," he continued.

"Is that the name of them, Jack?"

"Yes, they are called the Preachers, and are the only monkeys known to have a service of this kind. I don't know whether the same one is the leader every day, or whether they take turns about," said Jack.

"Well, I *am* surprised, Jack."

Jack laughed, "Do you feel like you had been to church?" asked he.

"Well, hardly that, Jack, but do you think that a tame monkey could have, at some time in the past, escaped from captivity and taught these wild ones that service?" asked Nellie.

"It might have been," said Jack, thoughtfully; "monkeys are sometimes brought aboard ships by their owners, and it may be that such a one escaped in some way in times past, and taught the wild ones some of his tricks, and this service may have been one of them, and the descendants may have been taught to keep it up. But if that is so," he continued, "it must have been a long while ago, for this island is not the only place where this breed of monkeys is found. It is found in Brazil, Guiana, and probably some other countries. So there must have been time enough for them to become pretty well scattered. Any way you fix it, it is a puzzle," he still continued.

After dinner they climbed one of the high hills, and spent the afternoon there, in looking out over the ocean, and watching the kingfishers catch their prey. Occasionally a flying-fish would make its appearance, and once a whole school of flying gurnards arose from the water, and, after flying through the air a considerable distance, again disappeared beneath the waves.

"I've seen a great many strange things since I've been on these islands," said Nellie.

"Yes, there are many strange and curious, as well as many beautiful, things here, but if we could only go down into the depths out there and be permitted to walk around on the bottom of the sea, we would see more curious and beautiful things than the mind can conceive of," said Jack. "It is said that the most elaborate gardens, consisting of the most beautiful flowers, cannot compare with what is found there; then there are fish which are just as beautifully colored as the most handsome birds of paradise. Then there are all kinds of curious animals, and some very hideous ones, too, that would probably give you the nightmare to think of," he continued.

"I would love to see those all very much, if I would not have to go down into the water. If you were only a magician and could conjure them all up to the surface for me to see, now," said she.

"I'm afraid they wouldn't come at my bidding, Nellie," he said. "In fact, there are a great many of the inhabitants of the deep sea that never come to the surface at all, and are only seen by divers, whose vocation takes them down to where they are," he continued.

"I should love to go down in a diver's suit, Jack, if I was not afraid. I wonder," continued she, "if a woman ever did so?"

"I don't know," said he, "I never heard of a woman doing so; but I shouldn't wonder if they have; women are doing all sorts of things now-a-days," he continued.

When the shadows began to lengthen they returned to the "den."

CHAPTER XIII.

ATTACKED BY PIRATES.

A FEW days after Jack came in and laid upon the table some large round objects, covered with a rough rind, deeply ridged with lines running irregularly, and weighing about four pounds.

"Why, Jack, what have you got now?" asked Nellie.

"Just wait a little, Nellie, and you'll have some fresh bread for dinner; won't that be a treat?" said Jack.

"Indeed it would, Jack, but how can you make bread out of these?" asked she.

"It's already made; all it wants is baking," said Jack, "and as we have no oven connected with our range I'll have to construct one outside, I guess," he continued, and taking the spade, he made the proper excavation in the hillside. He then constructed an oven out of large, smooth stones, with a fire-place underneath, and chimney at the back. He made up a good fire, and when the oven was good and hot he cut up the curious objects into quarters and placed them inside, and when they had baked he brought them in to Nellie, who had been preparing the rest of the meal. They found the pulp white and mealy, and very nutritious, and very much resembled white bread.

"Isn't it good?" asked Jack.

"Why, it's just lovely, Jack. What is it?"

"It's bread-fruit," said Jack. "You undoubtedly have often heard of it. It grows on trees forty or fifty feet high. There are quite a number on the island. I have been watching the ripening of the fruit for some time. I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise. It is better when it is picked just right. The

pulp is juicy and yellow when it is fully ripe, but it is in a better condition before it arrives at the stage of maturity. Then, when it is cooked, it is white and mealy, as you see."

"But we can't have bread all the time then, Jack. It will soon be too ripe," said she.

"I guess most of the time, Nellie. I intend to pick it before it gets too ripe, and thus it will probably keep a good while. Then the trees bear two and three crops a year, so I think we can have bread most of the time," said Jack.

"Well, it's a great acquisition to the table," said she. "Perhaps, Jack, if you look you can find a butter tree, too," she continued, laughing. "Or a gravy tree," added she; "where the gravy grows in little shell-shaped bowls. I wouldn't be very much surprised, Jack, really. Indeed, I think I'm getting beyond being surprised at anything."

"Well, there are always a great many surprising things to any one who happens to be, for the time, in a strange country," said Jack, as he started for the spring.

And so the days passed into weeks, and the weeks into months, until, one day, while marking the almanac, Jack asked Nellie if she had any idea what the day of the month was.

"No," said she, "I'm afraid I couldn't even tell the month of the year."

"It's the fifteenth of May," said Jack. "It's nearly a year," he continued, "since I left civilization."

"And about eight months since I left home with my aunt to go with her to Australia. Dear Papa, I don't expect he ever thinks to see me again," she said, sadly.

"Well, as I said before, you may have a very pleasant surprise for him some time," said Jack.

"Jack, do you really believe that we will ever get away from here?"

"Sometime, undoubtedly; there must be a ship pass near enough to sight our signal," said Jack.

"I've got so used to this kind of a life that it would seem strange to go back to correct table manners, and especially to the etiquette of the drawing-room," said she.

"It would soon come natural to you though," said Jack.

They had been roaming over the hills, and were returning through the woods; Carlo, as usual, enjoying himself in his own way.

"Oh, Jack, there is another beautiful bird," said Nellie, "though not a very large one."

"Yes," said Jack, "that is called the Star Throat, or Angel Hummer. The bill is very long, to enable it to reach the bottom of the flowers, for it is one of the honeysuckers, but it also eats insects."

"But, just see," said Nellie, "what a beautiful color it is."

"Yes," said Jack, "the plumage is very beautiful. The head, you see, is a metallic green, which changes to blue and gold. The back is of a golden sheen, and the wings and tail of a variable purple black, and seal brown. The center of the throat is a brilliant crimson, edged with feathers tipped with blue, and on each flank is a tuft of white feathers."

"And how beautifully they all harmonize," said Nellie.

"Yes, Nature is an adept at harmonizing colors," said he; "she never makes mistakes, when she wants to please the eye."

"Oh, there are so many beautiful things in this world, Jack, that I could never tire of it," said she.

"Yes, it is certainly full of beautiful objects," said Jack, "and some very curious ones too."

"Yes; now look at that parrot, Jack, with the curved bill; I never saw one like that before."

"That is what is called the Hyacinth Parrot," said Jack. "He's an unsociable kind of a fellow and never associates with others in flocks, like most of the species. Perhaps, though, it is only because they are so scarce, for they are rarely seen. Its peculiarity is found in its curved bill, as you have noticed,

which, instead of curving and pointing downward, as in all the other members of the parrot family, the curve is continued until the point of the beak is directly under the throat, describing nearly a half circle.

"Then," continued Jack, "there is another parrot sitting up on that limb above, looking so wondrously wise. That is called the owl parrot, and is a kind of combination of the owl and parrot. The head, especially about the eyes, is peculiarly owl like, and its habits largely nocturnal. The wings are small, so that its flight is restricted to short distances. In captivity it shows a kindly disposition, and all the playfulness of a young kitten."

They sauntered along through the forest, enjoying the refreshing coolness after the heat of the day. Carlo had entirely disappeared, as he had been in the habit of doing occasionally; and now, as they emerged from the forest, they were completely dumfounded to see a ship standing off nearly a mile from the island, and apparently at anchor.

"Oh, Jack," said Nellie, "do you think we will be able to get away?"

Jack had not taken his eyes off of the ship since he first sighted it. He did not immediately answer Nellie, but continued to regard the ship intently.

"Do you think we will be able to get away, Jack?" she repeated.

"I don't know, Nellie," said Jack. "Somehow I don't just like the looks of that brig. It's painted black, for one thing, but that may not amount to anything. But somehow I don't like its general appearance. They have probably sent a boat ashore, and we want to be careful, and find out if we can what kind of people they are before making ourselves known. We will slip around behind the rocks," he continued, "and perhaps get a view through the windows."

The twilight was very short in this region, and it was grow-

ing dark very fast. They waited until it was entirely so, and then slipped around to the nearest window and peeped in. This proved to be Nellie's window, and all was dark inside. So they proceeded to the next one. This window was swung partly open, and they heard the sound of men's voices before reaching it. Upon getting a view of the room, they saw that it contained four rough looking characters. A short, thick-set man with short, stubble whiskers, and a tall, slim man with a heavy mustache were sitting, each on an end of the table. The two others occupied the chairs. All had on heavy, red shirts, and looked like a disreputable lot. They had a bottle on the table and two lighted ship's lanterns. They were at present engaged in testing the contents of the bottle, passing the liquor around in tin cups.

"Well," said the tall man, "we've had enough of this stuff; we came here for business."

"Well, haven't we been attending to business?" asked one of those in the chair.

"But we haven't accomplished anything yet," said the tall man.

"Well, I don't know what else we can do; we've looked everywhere for what we came for, and it isn't here."

"I believe Pete here has been giving us a fairy tale," said the tall man, "and I tell you what, Pete," he continued, "if you go back to the captain without that secret cipher you promised him, he'll skin you alive, man. He's come hundreds of miles out of his course on your promise of securing this treasure, through the means of this cipher, and now it's not here."

"Well, how can I help that?" said Pete. "You see," he continued, "I was nothing but a kid when it all happened. I ran away from home and joined the pirates."

"That's a likely story," said the tall man. "Pirates don't take kids."

"Did I say I asked them to?" said Pete, angrily. "I went as a stowaway," he continued, "and never showed up till way out at sea. They were going to make me walk the plank at first, but the captain happened to need a cabin boy, so he gave me the birth, with nothing for pay but knocks and cuffs. Well," he still continued, "I remember it all well enough if I was only a kid. I had been with them for several months, when it all happened. This cave was a secret hiding place for things that were captured, and the captain lay up here sometimes, too, while he was changing his ship; repainting and changing sails, so that it would not be recognized."

"Well, get on with your story, don't be so long-winded about it."

Nellie grasped Jack's arm and whispered, "Are they the pirates, Jack? Isn't there danger of them seeing us here?"

"No," he whispered softly, "it's too dark, and we're in the shadow of those big rocks above."

"Oh, I'm afraid of them, Jack."

"We'll get away before there is any danger," said Jack. "If we should have to run for it, go down through the passage through the rocks, and get into the boat, but don't be afraid, Nellie; I won't let danger come to you."

Pete had continued his story, and was saying, as Jack turned to the window again:

"Well, one day the captain was a good many hours writing out something on a piece of parchment. I didn't know, of course, at the time, what he was doing, but found out afterward he was writing this secret cipher. He had several papers with figures and some writing on them, and he was making strange looking marks upon the parchment."

"How do you know there was any treasure at all?" asked the tall man.

"Oh, as to that, I guess there was no secret about it," said Pete. "Everybody aboard the ship knew the captain had a

strong, wooden box, filled with stones that he had been years in collecting. So one day, when the captain took this box, and got into a boat, with only one man with him, and was gone nearly all day, and came back without the box, nor the man neither, everybody knew just about what had happened."

"He did not bury it upon this island then?"

"No, and that was what the cipher was for, to show where it was buried."

"How do you know the captain never dug it up again?"

"I know it because I was with him until his death, and know that he never recovered it."

"How did he die?" asked the tall man.

"He went ashore on an island one day, and was killed by some savages in hiding there."

"When the captain came back alone that day, did no one ask him what had become of the seaman who had went away with him?" asked the tall man.

"Yes, one man, but he didn't repeat the question."

"What did the captain answer?"

"He turned and looked the man over from head to foot, and said, 'If you want to find that man, I'll send you where you can find him, quicker than you'll ever return.' But the man wasn't at all anxious to find him."

"Well, how are you going to fix it with the captain? You know you can't produce this cipher, and so can't tell where to find this treasure, and you've brought him all this distance out of his way. It'll be a pretty tough job to even things up with him, I'm thinking."

"I intend to even things up in a different way."

"How's that?"

"Well, whoever are the present occupants of this den, one of them is evidently a woman, and by the looks of the shoes she wears, and the dresses she's used to, she is probably young and handsome, and I propose to take her back with me to the

captain for a new wife. I'm going to have a look at her anyway. I know about what will suit the captain, and if she's anything of a beauty I'll take her along to appease him."

"That's just the thing," said the others. "A new wife would make things straight with him, when nothing else would."

"Well, I wonder how long we'll have to wait before these present occupants arrive," said the tall man.

"Oh, Jack," whispered Nellie, turning her terror-stricken face to him.

Jack understood that she turned to him for the help she needed, and the best that was in him rose to the occasion.

"Poor, little girl," he whispered, tenderly. "They shall never take you, dear. Don't be afraid, Nellie, but listen. Make your way, as quickly and quietly as you can, through the passage in the rocks, to the boat upon the beach, and I'll follow, and we'll get away in the darkness."

But, as ill-luck would have it, Carlo, who had been missing for hours, now returned, and, unnoticed by Jack in the darkness, made his way to the window, and when he saw the unwelcome visitors, emitted a low growl.

Immediately all four were on their feet. Two of them grasped the lanterns, and all rushed out through the tunnel.

Meantime, Jack had hurried Nellie on towards the passage in the rocks, and had just reached the entrance, when the foremost of the pirates appeared with a lantern, held high above his head.

"There they go," he shouted, "taking the path through the rocks. Shoot the man, but capture the girl. No harm to her, remember."

Jack had hurried Nellie on into this path, full of short turnings and crooked ways, and was following close behind her, with his revolver clutched in his right hand.

"Keep right on, Nellie, as quick as you can, but don't stumble in the darkness. Keep your nerve, little girl," he thus encouraged her.

Jack had one disadvantage in this mad race, as well as one great advantage. The pirates could make better progress because they had the light from the lanterns to guide them. At the same time Jack could see them whenever the short turnings permitted, on account of this light, while he remained in darkness. He succeeded in keeping Carlo before him, thus far, although much against the dog's will. But Jack did not want him killed needlessly, which he knew would be his fate, if left to attack these desperate men. They had not gone very far before Jack was satisfied that the pirates were gaining on them, and was satisfied that he and Nellie would never be able to reach the boat before being overtaken. Then he decided that if he had to fight these four men, which he would certainly have to do, this defile would be the best place to do so, because they could only approach him one at a time. So, sending Nellie on, he stopped at a sudden turn in the passage, and concealed himself behind an immense rock, and waited for the first man to show himself at the other end. And no sooner did he make his appearance, shouting for the others to hurry up and not let the prey escape, when Jack took deliberate aim and fired. The man threw up his hands, smashing the lantern, and fell forward on his face.

Jack now ran forward to overtake Nellie and reassure her, knowing she would be terribly frightened at hearing the shot. He found her almost paralyzed with fear.

"Oh, Jack, you aren't shot, are you?" said she.

"No, Nellie, but one of the pirates is. Courage, little girl. They shall never get you. Go on now, as fast as you can."

The killing of one of their number was only a slight check to the others, for Jack soon heard them again, close behind. After fully considering the matter, he determined the best thing to do was to make a stand, and kill them, one at a time, as they approached. He proceeded, however, until he could find the most suitable place to make the stand. He soon came to a

place suitable for his purpose, where the path turned at almost right angles, with a large rock jutting out at the corner. He placed Nellie in behind this, and took his place in front of her, and waited for the pirates to appear.

They soon made their appearance, and had made the previous turning before Jack was aware of it, for they had become more cautious, and the lantern was now carried by the one in the rear, so that all three were coming down upon Jack before he was hardly aware of it. He raised his pistol and fired at the foremost shadowy form that was approaching so rapidly, and was glad to see this shadow stop, topple over against the rocks at the side, and then fall backwards. Jack did not stop, but fired another shot at the next one in the rear, but missed him, and the two remaining pirates retreated behind the corner of the next turning.

"This is a regular death-trap," said one of the men.

"Well, you wan't to leave your lantern behind. You don't wan't to hunt a man in the dark with a light," said the other.

Jack, knowing they had received a check, immediately took advantage of it to reload his revolver with the cartridges he always carried loose in his pocket.

"Now go ahead in the dark," said one of the men, "or they'll get away. They have probably got a boat down there on the beach, and they may be almost there by this time."

Jack could not see them now, but he heard them stumble into the passage, and fired another shot. He must have missed again, for he heard them swearing, as they stumbled back again.

"This won't do," said one. "That fellow will kill us before we can reach him."

There was a long silence now, but Jack knew they were still there, for he could see the rays of the lantern reflecting along the passage, and supposed they were holding a consultation in whispers.

This silence had continued for several minutes, when Jack, peering around the corner of the rock, saw the light from the lantern growing gradually dimmer, and finally disappear up the passage.

"I guess that must mean that one of them is going around to the other entrance and take me in the rear," said he.

In the meantime, Carlo, who had been worrying and fretting under Jack's hand on his collar, now got loose and slipped up the passage, and Jack was first made aware of it by an oath from the man left in the passage, as the dog sprang at his throat. He immediately went to the dog's assistance. Carlo's weight, as he clutched the man's throat, had borne him to the ground. But Carlo still kept his grip, and, as Jack approached, was having the fight all his own way, for the man was about helpless under the powerful grip of the huge mastiff.

Jack could see the two shadows of the man and beast as they struggled for the mastery, and, by the motion the man was making with his arm, he concluded the man had succeeded in drawing a knife, and was about to plunge it into the dog. But as the arm descended, Jack gave the wrist a powerful kick, which sent the knife rattling up the passage.

"There, Carlo, old fellow, you shall have fair play. You haven't got any knife," said Jack.

Carlo continued his grip on the man's throat until he ceased to struggle. When he was satisfied that the man was dead, Jack called Carlo off, and returned to Nellie.

"There are three dead and one left, and, I think, he has gone around to enter the passage from the other end. I will go a little way and wait for him."

Jack proceeded down the passage, until he reached the last turning, and so commanded a view of the other entrance to the passage, and waited there, well protected by the rocks, for the man to make his appearance. He could see, from his position, any shadow that would come across the opening.

He knew it would take some little time for the man to cover the distance in making the detour, and when he would make his appearance, would, probably, approach with caution.

Jack waited in silence, with Nellie immediately behind him, whom he instructed to keep Carlo back. Carlo's blood was up, and he wanted more of the battle, and it took all of Nellie's coaxing and petting, as well as what strength she had, to keep him in check.

Jack began to think that probably he had been mistaken, and that the man, who disappeared, had gone to summon help from the ship, when he saw a dark shadow creeping into the passage, on all fours.

Jack immediately fired, and the shadow, with an oath, disappeared, after returning Jack's fire, which scattered the flint from the rocks around Jack's head. It now became a waiting game. All was silent, the pirate, probably waiting for his partner, up in the passage, to make some move, not knowing that he was already dead. After considering, Jack determined to end the matter. He knew it would be impossible for the man to see him in the darkness, while Jack would be able to see the man as soon as he should appear at the opening. After cautioning Nellie to keep herself and Carlo out of range, behind the rock, he got down on all fours, and began to crawl carefully towards the opening. As careful as he tried to be, however, he happened to dislodge a stone, which attracted the pirate's attention, who suddenly appeared in the opening, and, at the same time, a shot came echoing up the passage, but, of course, over Jack's head. Before the man could disappear again, Jack had returned the fire, this time with better success, for the man threw up his hands and fell across the entrance.

Jack cautiously approached, not knowing whether the man was dead or only wounded.

"Don't shoot any more," said the man, as Jack appeared. "I'm done for, and can only live a few moments."

"Give me your revolver, then," said Jack.

He handed it over.

"Have you got any more weapons?" asked Jack.

"Only this knife," said the man, handing it over. "But I'm not going to do you any damage," he continued.

"I don't know," said Jack. "Can't trust you fellows very far."

"Well, you've got all the weapons I've got now, and I only ask to die in peace."

"Anything I can do for you?" asked Jack.

"If you could give me some water, I'm burning up inside."

Nellie now came up with Carlo, who growled angrily when he saw the man lying there on the beach.

Jack silenced the dog, and looked around.

There was no water nearer than the spring near the den, and he didn't like to leave Nellie alone with him, although apparently badly-wounded; neither did he like to take her with him, for she would have to pass over the dead bodies of the pirates in the passage.

"Water! Can't you give me a drink?" said the man.

"Nellie, are you afraid to stay here with the dog, while I get this man some water?" asked Jack.

"I won't hurt the girl," said the man.

"He has no weapons, Nellie, and Carlo can take care of you," said Jack.

"I am not afraid, Jack. I will stay here with Carlo. Go and get him the water he craves," said Nellie.

"Thank you, Miss," said the man, "I'll do you no harm."

Jack took the lantern that the man had stuck in the crevices of the rocks and started up the passage for the water. He examined each pirate as he came to him and found them all dead. Going to the den for a bucket, he filled it at the spring and returned to the dying pirate as quickly as he could; not that he was afraid that anything would happen to Nellie, but he knew that she had just passed through another great ordeal,

and that she would be nervous, and worry a good deal during his absence. He found everything just as he had left it. He lifted the man's head and gave him what water he wanted, and then laid him back, and pulled enough of coarse grass to make him a comfortable pillow.

"How do you feel?" asked Jack.

"Oh, I'm going fast," said the man. "A man can always tell when he's shot to death; and I know I can't last long, but there is one thing I'd like to do before I go. Have you got some writing paper?"

"I've got something that will do," said Jack, taking out his memorandum book.

"I did a great wrong to a man once," said the man. "I mean before I took to this life, for I haven't been in this business very long, but was leading a respectable life two short years ago, and had a good responsible position, and was getting a good salary. But I couldn't let well enough alone, and commenced attending the races; then I began betting in a small way, but not being satisfied I went deeper, and one day lost two thousand dollars on a horse that I had a sure tip on. Now this money did not belong to me, but to the company by which I was employed. I had no way in which to make it up, and knew that ruin and disgrace was before me. I knew it would nearly kill my mother, for I had good parents, and had been well raised, and so I could not bear the thought of the disgrace before me. Please give me some more of that water."

Jack gave him what he wanted, then he continued.

"My name is Charles Halpin Sheldon. Among my friends I generally go by my middle name, which is shortened to Hal. This is what I want you to write down, and if you will promise, if it ever comes in your power, to right the man I wronged, I will die easier."

"All right," said Jack, "I promise."

"My name, as I said, is Hal Sheldon; I am twenty-four years

of age. I was at one time employed by the New York Central Railroad as baggagemaster, and on certain runs had entire charge of the baggage-car. At a certain date, which I have forgotten, but it must have been about two years ago from the present time, I, at the instigation of James D. Seers, a member of the banking firm of Broughman, Seers & Co., did place in the trunk of John A. Haselton, who happened to be aboard the train that day, a package said to contain the sum of ten thousand dollars, said package being handed to me by George Hampton, a clerk, also employed by the said banking firm, this package being abstracted by him from the safe of said bank, where it had been placed by said Haselton, in his capacity as cashier. The object of such treachery was to ruin and disgrace said Haselton forever. I state, further, that George Hampton and myself received from said Seers, the sum of five thousand dollars, to be divided between us for our complicity in this treachery; that John D. Haselton was tried and convicted of the theft, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment; that he escaped after one year and disappeared. I make this my dying statement to right an awful wrong and to right an innocent man.

"CHAS. HALPIN SHELDON."

He signed his name with evident difficulty, suffering much pain.

"Do you know why Seers wanted to do this thing?" asked Jack.

"Give me some more water," said Hal. After drinking the water, he answered.

"It was for some fancied wrong that he thought Haselton's father had done him, somewhere in the west."

"Did he say what the nature of this wrong was?" asked Jack.

"Yes; it seems that he was once a clerk for Haselton in a store out west somewhere." Here Hal writhed in pain, and fell back in a faint.

"Are you suffering?" asked Jack.

"The pain of the thing seems to be coming on now," said Hal. After a little, he seemed to be resting more comfortably, and he continued.

"It seems that Haselton accused him of appropriating money that did not belong to him."

"And, was he innocent?" asked Jack.

"No, he was guilty beyond a doubt. I took the pains to investigate this thing, for I felt guilty in this business, and found that he even made a confession to Haselton, in the hope of saving himself from disgrace, promising to make it up. But Haselton said that he was afraid to trust him, and let him go. Seers was engaged to marry a nice girl in the town where they all lived, and somehow or other the whole thing leaked out, and she refused to marry him. Seers was very sore over it and swore revenge against Haselton, but Haselton died before Seers could carry it out. So Seers resolved to take it out of the son, and got him a position in the bank, for no other purpose than to ruin him."

"So that's the way of it, was it?" said Jack.

"Yes, that's the whole story," said Hal.

"Well, how came you to lose your position, and come to this? You paid back this money you took from the company you worked for, didn't you?" asked Jack.

"Oh, yes; I squared myself all right for that time, but I soon got into the same fix again. I had my lesson, but didn't profit by it; and in a short time, through attending the races and gambling in other ways, I got in so deep I saw there was no help for me, so one day I took all I could lay my hands on, and disappeared. And then things went from bad to worse, until I think I touched bottom, when I joined the pirates."

"And now you're dying," said Jack.

"Yes, I'm going fast now."

"Don't you think," said Jack, "that it is a kind of retribution, that you have been brought to your death, by the very man whom you tried to ruin?"

Jack was not looking at Nellie, but he felt instinctively that she started, and looked at him.

"What's that you said?" said Hal, again writhing in pain.

Jack waited until he was more at ease, and repeated the question.

"What do you mean?" asked Hal.

"My name is John A. Haselton," said Jack. The man turned his head and studied Jack's face closely.

"Do you mean it?" asked he.

"Certainly, I mean it; I am the man that you brought to ruin by your perfidy."

"And you're Jack Haselton?" he said. He was like a man dazed, and could not take it in.

Jack nodded, "I'm that very chap," he said.

"And after my causing your ruin, you are the cause of my death," said Hal. "Well, there does seem to be some justice in the world," he continued, "after all; and let me say, right here, Mr. Haselton, I'd rather die by your hand than in any other way. I kind of feel as though I'd been punished here, and maybe the punishment hereafter won't be so great."

"It was either your life or mine," said Jack.

"Oh, I'm not blaming you, Mr. Haselton; you had right on your side before, and now you're doubly right. But," he said, hesitatingly, "Mr. Haselton, as I'm about to die, and can never do harm to anyone again, I would feel a good deal easier if you could bring yourself to forgive me for the great wrong I did you; I'm really sorry I did it."

"All right," said Jack, after hesitating a moment; then holding out his hand, "I'll forgive you, if it'll make it any easier for you."

The man grasped the hand, and there were tears in his eyes, but it might have been from pain. "You have a kind heart," he said.

"But I don't believe I could forgive Seers, if he was in your place," said Jack.

"Oh, he's a snake in the grass," said Hal.

"I can forgive you your part, for I can see that you must have been sorely tempted," said Jack, "and I could possibly forgive George Hampton, for he did his part, dastardly though it was, to help a friend out of trouble; but Seers had no such excuse. He did his part from low down meanness, and had been harboring this thing in his heart for years. No, I don't believe that I can ever forgive him," continued Jack.

There was a long silence, while the man's face was all drawn up in contortions from pain; after he got quiet, Jack continued.

"Do you believe that George Hampton will acknowledge his part when I show him your confession, provided I ever get away from this place?"

"He'll have to do so; he couldn't get out of it."

"Well, I hope I may have the opportunity of settling this little matter with Seers," said Jack.

"Yes, he's the one you want to go after," said Hal.

"Don't you think," said Jack, after another long silence, "that if we could get you up to the den we could do something for you; perhaps you're not hurt as bad as you think?"

"No, I'm done for; I'm getting weaker all the time. Nothing can ever help me in this world; but let me give you a little advice," he continued. "You want to get away from here as soon as possible. They will probably send another boat off from the ship before long, to see what has become of us; and the captain must know nothing of this young lady," he still continued, looking intently at Jack.

"I'll take good care of that," said Jack.

The man here lay back, again writhing in agony. After the

spasm passed, he asked for more water. After drinking it, he lay back again, breathing gently, and so quietly passed into eternity.

"Poor fellow," said Jack, sadly; "he might have been a better man, but his own weakness was his ruin.

"Well, Nellie," he continued, rousing up, "we must get away from here as soon as possible. As this man said, they are likely, at any moment, to send another boat from the ship; and they must not find us here when it arrives."

"Well, Jack, I'm ready," said she.

"But we needn't be so rushed as all that," said Jack. "I'm going to take all our belongings, if possible, with us when we go."

"But aren't you afraid of the delay?" asked she.

"Well, you see, there is no danger if we watch. That ship must be a mile out, and by watching we can see the moment they put another boat in the water," said Jack.

"But how can we see in the dark, Jack?"

"They'll have a light in any boat they send ashore. They have no reason to suppose that they ought to be at all secret about it," said Jack.

"Don't you believe they could have heard the firing?" asked Nellie.

"No, I hardly think so; the firing was all done in the pass, and the sound must have been directed upward by the rocks, and might have been heard a great distance above, but I don't think it could have been heard from the ship. But the best proof of all is, that they have not already sent more boats, which they undoubtedly would have done immediately had they thought their men had been attacked."

While they had been talking they had gotten into the boat, and Jack was rowing along the north shore to the nearest point for him to load up their stores. He beached the boat, and leaving Nellie to watch for any lights that might appear

low upon the water, he proceeded to load up their things. He worked hard and fast, being determined to get away with as much as possible. He took no pains to hide the light from the lantern, but carried it back and forth, or wherever he happened to be in need of it, rightly supposing that if they should see it from the ship, they would naturally suppose that it was in the hands of their own comrades. In about two hours' time he had loaded everything into the boat. He took everything that he thought they would need. He was especially careful to take everything that belonged to Nellie, taking along even an old pair of shoes; not wanting even the pirates to know that there had been a woman on the island. He also cut down all the tarpaulin that had been used for partitions, and, folding it up, laid it into the bottom of the boat.

"Well, I guess we're about ready to start now, Nellie," said he. "Poor, little girl, you must be very tired. See, I've fixed you're bed for you again in the bow. Now, lie down, please, and try to get some rest. Our present danger is all over, I think. It does seem, however, we're destined to move about a good deal."

"Yes, I had really begun to love this island and to feel at home here," said she.

"Well, it's too bad, Nellie, but it can't be helped; but there is one important thing that, in my hurry, I came very near forgetting; that is water. We must have some fresh water." He rolled a cask to the spring and filled it, bunged it, and rolled it back in an incredibly short time.

"There, we're all ready now, I guess."

He helped her in, and made her lie down; covered her with some bed-clothes; called Carlo; took up the oars, and started on another unknown voyage.

A shot was now heard from the ship.

Nellie started up in alarm, "Oh, Jack, do you think they can be shooting at us?" she said.

"No, they are probably becoming impatient, and signalling for the return of their comrades."

Jack put out the light, and, when they reached the western end of the island, put up the sail. The wind filled it, and carried them speedily on their course. It was a lovely night; there was no moon, but the stars shone brightly, so that they were not in utter darkness. The wind came from the northeast, and, as they had no chart, or compass to steer by, they simply sailed before it, and so proceeded in a southwesterly direction.

"Jack," said Nellie, sitting up on the mattress, "you've made this bed for me, and made me lie down. Although I am awful tired and worn out, you must be just as much or more so, for you have done everything while I have done nothing, so you ought to lie down first and let me steer."

"Oh, I'm all right, Nellie. My muscles are used to fatigue, and my nerves, too; but you are much more delicately constituted," said Jack.

"You're always thinking of my comfort first, Jack."

"And, why shouldn't I? You see I never had any one to take care of before, and I want to make the most of it while I've got the chance," said he.

Nellie lay down again and was soon fast asleep.

And so they bowled along through the water, just like that other night, that Jack remembered so well. He loved to think of the little girl lying there sleeping so sweetly, as being under his protection, and felt very thankful for their escape from the pirates, and shuddered to think of the fate that would have fallen to that innocent little girl had she fallen into the hands of those desperate men.

Then his mind went to his own affairs. He went over all the dying pirate had told him, and was glad that he would be at last able to vindicate his character, if he should ever be able to return to the civilized world. He was glad Nellie had heard it all, and then, with a thrill of joy, remembered that all

barriers between them would now be removed, and he would have a right to gain her affections if he could. He then thought bitterly of Seers, and wondered how any one could carry revenge so long in his heart, simply for an imaginary wrong. He hoped he might be able in some day to even things up with him somehow, for his heart was very sore against Seers. So the hours of the night wore slowly away. He lit a match and looked at his watch. It was nearly four o'clock.

"Daylight can't be very far off now," he said. Then his mind went back to the pirates. He wondered what the next boat load that landed would think when they found their comrades all dead. Of course, they could tell that they had been shot; all except the one that Carlo mangled, but who would they suppose had done it. And thus his mind wandered from one theme to another, as he sat there guiding the boat through the silent night. Finally the stars disappeared one by one, and the gray began to appear in the east, and soon the sun made his appearance, coming up out of the sea and rested, apparently, upon the water like a great, red ball of fire; and still Nellie slept on.

As the sun rose higher and the mists disappeared, Jack discovered, off to the right, a dim cloud-like form that hung low upon the water, which he at once decided was another island. He changed his course and proceeded in that direction. As he approached nearer he saw that he was right in his conclusions, and ran the bow upon the beach and stood up and looked around.

"What is it, Jack?" asked Nellie, whom the shock of the boat upon the beach had awakened.

"We've struck land again, Nellie," said he, "and, no doubt, have arrived at what we may consider our future home."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

JACK helped Nellie out of the boat ; Carlo had jumped out the moment the boat struck. He was always glad at the sight of land. After beaching the boat, they proceeded to explore the new island. It was not so large as the island they had left, nor so well wooded. At the extreme eastern end was a great mass of granite boulders, piled many feet high, in some places, reaching as high as a hundred feet. They found a good spring near a small group of palm trees. There were no signs of inhabitants.

"Well, Nellie, I expect we had better stay here, at least for the present," said Jack. "We might go further and fare worse."

"All right, Jack. But we'll miss those grand woods we left behind, and all of those beautiful birds," said Nellie.

"Yes," said Jack. "It's too bad to have to drag you around this way from pillar to post, but such seems our fate. We no sooner get comfortably fixed in a place, than we have to pull up stakes and get out. And, the worst of it is, there is always a good reason for it. Now, if we only moved around from place to place for our own pleasure and didn't succeed in bettering our condition, we would have no one to blame but ourselves, but to be compelled to move when we are perfectly well satisfied with our condition, and then to find ourselves worsted, is either fate or bad luck," continued he.

Jack unloaded the stores on the beach, and proceeded to make a fire, while Nellie prepared the things for breakfast.

"Nellie, you really look homesick," said Jack. Nellie smiled. "Well, it does seem strange, perhaps, that we can become at-

tached to a home on a deserted island, and that home, too, nothing but a den, made out of a cave, but I really was attached to it," said she.

"Poor little girl, it's a shame," said he.

"Do you think that it would ever be safe for us to go back there, Jack?"

"Well, it might be safe enough. We might never be disturbed there again, at least by pirates. But whether we would ever *feel* safe there again, is another question. We might awake at all hours of the night, and imagine we heard a boat out on the water, being rowed toward the shore," said Jack.

"I'm afraid that's so," said Nellie. "I suppose I shouldn't feel safe."

"And then," said Jack, "I doubt very much whether we could ever find it. You know we have no chart, or compass, to guide us. And so, if we should start out to find that island, the probability is, we should land somewhere farther off than we are now."

"Yes, I suppose that it is lost to us forever," said she.

"Well, cheer up, little girl. You'll like it here after a little while; perhaps you'll even be glad of the change," said Jack.

"Oh, I can be satisfied anywhere, Jack," she said, cheerfully. "I won't appear dissatisfied, and be a drag to you, Jack, when you're doing the very best you can in everything," she continued.

"You've never been a drag to me, Nellie. Indeed, you've been to me a great source of joy and comfort," said he.

After breakfast, Jack looked for some place to build some kind of a shelter.

By cutting away some intervening trees, he found about what he wanted. After cutting these away and cleaning out the underbrush, it left two rows, of three trees each, about ten feet apart, the rows being about fifteen feet apart. He selected, from the trees he had cut out, some of the proper thickness,

and cut them to the right length for a frame-work to go all around these trees. These he nailed to the trees about ten feet from the ground, putting one, also, cross-wise between the two trees in the center. He then placed a ridge pole along the center lengthwise, about two feet above the frame. This he made fast with short pieces nailed to the frame already formed. Stretching a piece of tarpaulin over this ridge pole, and nailing it fast to the frame he had a good roof, with proper slope. He then nailed tarpaulin around the sides, and made a door and windows, like those in the house he first built. He stretched another piece of tarpaulin inside across the center, dividing it into two rooms. The rear room he again divided by stretching tarpaulin from the center piece to the rear wall, thus forming two bedrooms, and a sitting or dining-room in front. He made doors for the bedrooms, and windows in the rear. It was now almost noon, and they sat down to the dinner Nellie had prepared.

"Well, little girl," said Jack, "we've got a roof over us once more."

"You've fixed it awfully nice, Jack, and I begin to like my new home already."

"Oh, you'll like it after a bit," said he. "But we'll miss some things. This good bread that we've become used to, for instance."

"We've got enough for a little while," said she. "It's a good thing you picked the fruit when you did."

After dinner, Jack brought in and assorted the stores.

"They're about half gone, Nellie," said he.

"How'll we manage when they're all gone, Jack?"

"I don't know; we'll have to do the best we can, little girl, I wish I had come across some garden seed when I loaded up this raft. It would be a grand thing if we could cultivate a little piece of ground here, and have a nice garden. And then, if we only had a few chickens to start with, what a famous place

to raise them here. We could let them roam over the island, and pick up their own food. And they'd always be handy when we wanted them, for they couldn't get away from the island. And then think of having fresh eggs every morning for breakfast. Nellie, do you remember how fresh eggs taste? Hen's eggs I mean, not turtle eggs, although they do very well in a pinch."

"I could imagine they would taste pretty well, Jack," said she, smiling up into his face. "But I don't see any prospects of having any. I suppose," she continued, "We'll manage some-way. You always seem to have a *way out*, somehow, Jack; so I guess everything will come right."

As Jack picked up the axe, and proceeded to cut up some more of the limbs, he murmured to himself:

"God grant, dear little girl, that the time may never come, when in the hour of your necessity, Jack should be unable to find a *way out* for you."

Jack spent the rest of the time before dark in putting up the two beds. He cut the short posts and drove them into the ground, and nailed on the rails. Then he carried in the mattress for Nellie, and made everything as comfortable for her as possible. For himself he made the same sort of *cot-bed* that he made before. Then, as he was very tired, and had had no sleep the night before, they had an early supper and soon after retired for the night.

Jack made a new fish box the next morning, also another turtle trap, using up about all the extra fish hooks that he had.

He then went out to sea a short distance and caught a few fish, some of which they had for dinner. After dinner, he and Nellie explored their new island, but found nothing especially interesting. There were several breeds of monkeys, and a number of different kinds of birds, some of very bright plumage, but having seen so many very beautiful ones, on the island which

they had left, these seemed rather tame in comparison. They spent most of the time on the western shore, where there was a long sloping beach of sand and gravel. Here were large numbers of very beautiful shells, and curious shaped stones, of which Nellie gathered a large quantity, as many, or more than Jack could carry, and still there was always one more, more beautiful than any she had found.

Jack laughed. "Well, if you're so fond of these pretty things, Nellie, we'll bring some boxes down, and fill them," said he.

"Oh, Jack, I should love to take some of them home with me, if we ever get away from here, as a sort of souvenir of our sojourn here, you know," said she, laughing in return.

"Well, there's no reason why you shouldn't," said he, "there's plenty of them."

"And to think, Jack, that each one of these shells was the beautiful home of some little animal at one time," I wonder," she continued, "where all of these little things are now?"

"I wonder if any of them are homesick?" said he, looking at her slyly.

"Jack, I'm not homesick," said she, laughing gaily; "unless it's for my real home," she added more sadly.

The next morning Jack spent in getting ready a new signal of distress, Nellie furnishing another shawl.

"Nellie, what will we do for signals when you run out of shawls? If we have to move about so much, without having time to take in our signals, the time might come when we couldn't put out one," said Jack, smiling.

"Those shawls were from the belongings of those other women, and that's the last one I've got," said she. "So use it freely, but at the same time be economical. That's what the woman said, you know; or don't you know, when she gave a penny to the poor beggar," continued she, with her joyful laugh.

"I wonder who's playing in a new role now," said Jack. "The idea of little Nellie getting off a pun."

"Oh, it wasn't original," said she, still laughing. "I don't believe I *could* get off an original pun."

In the afternoon they climbed the great mass of boulders, at the eastern end of the island, going clean to the top; for here it was Jack wanted to set out the signal. He wedged it in between two large boulders at the highest point.

"There, that ought to be seen at a great distance," said he; "although the color is not so bright as the one we left behind."

"Do ships ever sight such signals, and pass them by?" she asked.

"Scarcely ever," said he. "There have been captains mean enough to ignore such signals, but, thank goodness, they are very few."

"The pirates must have known there was some one on that island, when they saw the flag," said she.

"I suppose so," said Jack.

"I hope no pirates will be attracted by this flag," said she.

"Those pirates didn't come ashore because they saw the flag. They came for another purpose altogether," said Jack. "A pirate," he continued, "would not be very likely to take any notice of such a signal, unless he was short of hands, or had some other selfish reason."

"Do they sometimes force people to join them, Jack?"

"Sometimes, when they can't persuade them; but not often," said Jack.

They stayed up there on the rocks for hours, sometimes conversing listlessly, and sometimes silently looking out over the ocean.

As the shadows began to lengthen, they began to climb down over the great boulders, taking one at a time.

"Oh, what a curious looking boulder!" said Nellie, looking down upon the one Jack had just helped her to jump. "It looks like a crown upon a king's head," she continued,

"I can't see any resemblance," said Jack,

"You have to get right on top of it before you can take in the whole shape of it," said she.

Jack came and stood alongside of her, and looked down, and it was just as Nellie had said. It was a perfect crown. There were the arched and pointed ornaments circling round it, as even and perfect, almost, as could have been done by an artist. It was, indeed, an immense crown, encircling the brow of an immense head. Jack looked around. This crowned rock was about half the distance from the top, and was partly buried in the earth. Immediately beyond was a sort of terrace, of a hundred feet or more, before the descent continued. This terrace was nearly level, and covered with a thick, heavy moss. He looked overhead and tried to take in the shape of the rocks above, but was evidently disappointed.

"What ever are you looking at, Jack? Are you trying to determine if this crown fell from the sky?" she asked, laughing.

"No, Nellie; I'm looking for *the shadow of the cross*," said Jack.

"Oh, the secret cipher, Jack," she said.

"Yes," said he. "This is the first thing I've seen that resembles a crown; and the cross must be around here somewhere, or, at least, the shadow of one."

"Oh, Jack," said she, "do you really think you have found the crown referred to in the cipher?"

"That's just what I believe, Nellie. Of course, I may be mistaken, but nature could not duplicate that crown, or would not be apt to do so, at least. So I think that must be *the crown*," said Jack.

"And can't you see anything that looks like a cross?" said she, looking around.

"Nary a thing," said Jack, "nor anything that would make a shadow of one," said he, still intently examining the stones above.

"There is one thing certain," continued he. If there is any cross here, or any shadow of a cross as the cipher calls for, it must be within a radius of fifty feet of the crown, for that is the distance to be measured from the crown through the cross. But we must go, Nellie, it will soon be too late to get over the rest of these stones safely," continued he. So they proceeded to climb down over the balance of the boulders, to the level below. They were both naturally a little excited over the discovery of what they supposed to be the crown referred to in the cipher.

After supper, Jack was stretched out at full length, on the beach, with the analysis of the cipher in his hand, when Nellie was surprised to hear him burst out laughing.

"What's funny, Jack?" she asked.

"I am laughing at the fool, Jack," said he, continuing to laugh.

"And what's the fool, Jack, been doing now, that he ought to be laughed at?" said she, smiling.

"He's been looking for a shadow, *at nearly dusk*, when the cipher calls for it at *high noon*. Of course, it wouldn't be the same," he continued. "The sun changes the shape of a shadow every few minutes. And if that shadow's there, and we expect to find it, we'll find it at high noon tide."

"Read the whole analysis of the cipher, Jack," said she.

On the thirtieth of May, at high noon tide, from the center of the crown, through the center of the shadow of the cross, measure fifty feet, north twenty-five feet, dig.

JOHN BLACKMORE,

Captain of the Black Cross.

"But, Jack," said Nellie. "It does not only say at high noon, but it also says on the thirtieth of May."

"Yes, I know, Nellie," said Jack. "The true position of the cross, as regards the cipher, cannot be ascertained until the

thirtieth of May, but the shape of the cross will be the same to-morrow at noon."

"I don't believe I understand you, Jack."

"I mean," said Jack, "that at noon to-morrow the shadow of the cross will be thrown somewhere upon the ground, but it will not be in its true position, as regards the cipher, until the thirtieth of May."

"But if the shadow's there, I don't see why it wouldn't be in its true position, Jack."

"Let me try and make it plainer to you," said Jack. "There is a certain formation of rocks somewhere above, where we found the crown, that, to-morrow at noon, will cast a shadow upon the earth, in the shape of a cross. Is that plain enough? little girl."

"Yes, that is plain enough, Jack."

"Well, now the sun is traveling north, as we call it, and every day is a little further north, so that, each day, in casting this shadow through the rocks, would necessarily cast it a little further south. Is that plain?" asked Jack.

"No, I should think that the further north the sun traveled, the further north the shadow would appear upon the earth," said she.

"Come inside, Nellie, where it is dark, and I will show you what I mean," said he.

They went into Nellie's bedroom, and shut the door and the window, so that it was perfectly dark. Jack then lit a candle, and took a small square of tarpaulin, and cut a small hole in the center, and placed this over an empty box without a cover, after knocking in one end so that Nellie could look inside.

"Now, you see," he said, "where the light strikes the ground. Now, I move this candle to the right, which way does the light upon the ground move?"

"To the right, also," she said.

Jack laughed, "that's because you're facing me. Now, if you turn your face in the same direction as mine. Now, when I move the light to the right, the reflection on the ground goes to the left doesn't it?"

"Yes, I see how it is," said she. "The light or reflection, shining through a crevice, must move in the opposite direction from its course."

"Yes, so every day the sun is a little further north, the shadow is a little further south."

"But, Jack, I don't see that a few inches, or even feet, would make so very much difference. When you dig for this treasure, you expect to dig a hole larger than the box is supposed to be anyhow," said she.

"Yes, but you haven't got the geometrical figure of the thing well in your head. If the treasure was to be found in the center of the shadow of the cross, it would make no difference. But this is not so. The center of the crown and the center of the shadow of the cross are but two points for the establishment of a certain line, that is to be carried out some distance beyond, and the greater this distance the greater the divergence, if one or the other of these points is not true. Or, in other words, if you change the position of either of these points, even a few inches, and carry a line out beyond, the divergence increases rapidly with every foot you go."

"Yes, I see what you mean, and the closer the shadow is to the crown, the greater the divergence would be," said she.

"Exactly," said Jack. "Now you understand. And so," he continued, "although we may go and look for the shadow tomorrow, we must wait until May the thirtieth, before taking any measurements."

"And what day is this?" said she.

"This is May the eighteenth," said Jack; "so that it will be nearly two weeks before we can really try to accomplish anything."

"Just think, Nellie," he continued, "what a sharp old fellow that pirate captain must have been. He buries his treasure and then makes a cipher, the conditions of which can only be carried out, with any certainty, on one day in the year."

"That was pretty shrewd, Jack."

"I should say so, but you had better get to bed, Nellie. I'll go too pretty soon, but I want to take a smoke first; so I'll stroll down the beach a piece," said Jack.

The next morning, just before noon, Jack and Nellie again climbed over the great boulders, to where they had discovered the crown, and took a position near, to await the appearance of the shadow of the cross, that they expected to see. The rocks above, at the height of perhaps fifty feet, projected out, and hung over the crowned stone. And Jack was trying again to find some shape among them, that might cast a shadow in the form of a cross, but could see nothing.

"You see, Nellie, it's this way," he said, finally.

"This shadow may not be produced by any single stone, or even two or three combined, but it may take quite a number of them, and they may be mixed up in a conglomerated mass, and some may be even quite a distance behind the others. Yet they may be so formed that when the sun strikes the mass from behind at a certain slanting of his rays, it will produce a solid shadow upon the earth that one might naturally suppose was produced by a single stone."

"I see," said Nellie, "but it must be pretty near the time, Jack."

Jack looked at his watch. "I've got five minutes to twelve," said he. "But then, of course, I have no way of knowing how near right I am, only by the sun, and, judging by that, I should say I was a little fast. It's rather a poor joke, Nellie, for a man to carry a watch for the purpose of knowing the time of day, and, then after all, have to fall back on the sun."

They waited a little while in silence. The sun was nearly overhead now. Nellie, especially, was laboring under considerable

excitement. If Jack felt it to the same extent, he did not show it, but appeared a little anxious.

"Oh, Jack," finally said Nellie. "I believe that must be part of it, look."

She pointed down upon the terrace, about ten or twelve feet from the crowned stone. There was a deep, solid shadow forming, with almost straight edges. At the time Nellie first noticed it, it looked like a square block, about ten inches each way. But this was gradually growing in length, until it met another shadow at right angles with it, and this one grew in width until it, also, reached about ten inches, when the first shadow again began to increase in length as it formed itself into the arm of the cross. And soon all the other shadows fell away from it, leaving exposed there on the terrace a most perfect cross, the body being about eight feet long with arms extending on each side about three feet.

"There's the whole cross, Jack," said Nellie. "And how perfect it is," she continued.

"Yes, it is very clearly defined; almost as perfect as an artist could draw it," said Jack.

"It is something wonderful, Jack."

"It is certainly a strange freak of nature." And then as they talked it began to lose its shape. One arm gradually disappeared, then the body narrowed down to nothing, then the other arm grew shorter and it also disappeared, and there was nothing but the sun's scorching rays beating down upon the terrace.

"But, isn't it all very strange?" said Nellie, on their way back to the tent.

"It is certainly very wonderful," said Jack. "Not so much that nature took upon herself to form a perfect crown, nor that she should form the shadow of a perfect cross, but the great wonder is, that she should produce them both at the same place."

"I suppose," said Jack, "that that cross had never been seen by mortal eyes before the captain discovered it," said Jack.

"Do you think so, Jack."

"Yes, just think a moment. In all the past ages how very few people must have even visited this island. There is nothing especially here to attract them, and, unless they happened to be shipwrecked, and stranded here, it isn't very likely that very many have ever landed. Then out of that small number, how many have ever taken the trouble to climb these boulders? Then, out of that exceedingly small number, how many of them would be likely to pass over that terrace exactly at noon? And I think most likely none at all," said Jack.

"How do you suppose the pirate captain discovered it, Jack?"

"Just by accident," said Jack.

"And probably we're the only ones who have ever seen it since," said she.

"Yes, I think so. There are probably only four people in the world who ever saw it," said he.

"Who could have been the fourth one, Jack?"

"The sailor who accompanied the captain when he went to bury the treasure," said he.

"What do you think happened to him, Jack?"

"The captain killed him," said Jack, "because he knew where the treasure was buried."

"Oh, that's horrible, Jack."

"Yes, but that's just what happened, Nellie."

They had reached the tent by this time. Jack made a fire, and Nellie began to prepare the noon meal.

"There is another thing, Nellie. We would not have discovered this cross if we had not been looking for it, and, so the captain's secret would probably have died with him."

"Yes, we looked for the shadow of the cross, because we had found the crown," said she. "But we would not have done so,

after finding the crown, if we had not found the cipher," said he.

"And, even not then, if you had not been able to decipher it," said she.

"Exactly, and all this together would have availed nothing, if we had not accidentally landed on this island. So you see what very small prospects there were of anybody ever finding this treasure, and it might with surety be regarded as safely hid for all time to come. But after all," continued Jack, "we may be altogether mistaken; the captain might have recovered it long before his death. You see, it's a long time since it was buried."

"Yes, Jack," said she. "But wouldn't he have been likely to have destroyed the cipher?"

"He certainly had no especial reason for keeping it, if he had recovered the treasure," said Jack. "But then again, Nellie, he had no especial reason for destroying it. He might have simply neglected to do so, for no reason whatever."

"Yes, that's so, and we may have had all our trouble for nothing," said she.

"Oh, I don't mind the trouble; it's getting your expectations raised to such a high pitch, if all is, at last, to end in disappointment."

"We can only wait and see, Jack."

"That's so, Nellie, and, in the meantime, we won't worry about it. We'll forget there ever was such a thing as a pirate ever lived, or a treasure that was ever buried," laughed Jack.

The days passed slowly away. Jack roamed the island, sometimes alone with Carlo, sometimes Nellie accompanied them. There was nothing especially to do, except the fishing that Jack did from time to time.

Nellie employed part of the time in gathering shells, but she soon tired of this, for there were so many beautiful ones that it grew monotonous, and she lost interest in them. Carlo, perhaps, knew the island better than either of them, and, probably

was the only one of the three to whom the time did not drag. But the hours passed into days, and the days into weeks, until the thirtieth arrived.

"Well, this is the morning, Nellie, that we are to make a try for the treasure," said Jack, as they were eating breakfast.

"Yes, Jack, it'll be something off our minds anyway, no matter how it turns out."

Towards noon they started for the great mass of boulders to seek for the treasure. Jack took a fifty foot tape measure, which he found in the carpenter's chest; also a hatchet, and a few pine stakes. Nellie carried a tin bucket filled with a cold lunch, for it was most too soon for dinner.

They climbed over the boulders to the terrace where they knew the shadow would soon appear, and awaited.

"Jack," said Nellie. "What would you call the center of a cross?"

"I suppose," said Jack, "it would be the center of the body where the arm crosses."

"I suppose so," said Nellie. "The shadow is forming, Jack," continued she, as the first outward end of the arm made its appearance.

Jack waited until the entire shadow lay bare in the sunshine. Then he drove a stake right in the center of where the arm crossed the body. "There," said he, "we've got that point established, now we can take our time about measurements."

"You haven't got any compass, have you, Jack? How are you going to tell whether you are right, when you come to measure towards the north?" asked Nellie.

"We'll have to come at that the nearest we can," said he. "We have the direction of the east true enough from the sun, and from that we can tell pretty nearly just where the north should be. You see, Nellie, that measurement doesn't have to be taken with the same nicety, as the center of the shadow. We

will try and dig a hole large enough to cover any mistakes in that direction; so, if we should be a little off, in that measurement, it really will not make much difference."

The shadow had entirely disappeared by this time. Jack now commenced his measurements. He instructed Nellie to hold the end of the tape exactly in the center of the crown.

"Oh, Jack," she said. "Here is a little mark cut into the stone, so that it must be exactly right."

Jack examined it closely, and, sure enough, there was a little mark of a cross, cut into the stone, right under Nellie's thumb.

"Yes, and so I think we're all right," said Jack.

He ran the line out fifty feet, and held it taut, and so it just touched the stake he had driven into the ground; here he drove another stake.

"That's another point established," said he.

"Now, Nellie," he continued. "If you'll come here, we'll try to take the other measurement."

He slipped the ring at the end of the tape, over the stake just driven, and placed Nellie at this point, with her feet close together, one on each side of this stake, and with her right shoulder square to the east. He now took the line and ran off twenty-five feet, and held it close to the ground, and tried to make as true a right angle with an imaginary line to the east as possible, under the circumstances.

"Nellie," he said, laughing. "It's really a pity that you're little nose isn't a mite longer, I might get this line nearer to being true."

"Well, I can't stretch it, Jack," she said, "or I would do so to oblige you. That is, I might do so under the excitement of these most interesting circumstances."

"Well, I guess we'll not ask it of you, Nellie."

Jack drove another stake at the end of this measurement. He then described a circle around this stake of about six feet in diameter,

"Are you going to dig a hole that big, Jack?"

"Yes, you see, as I said before, we want to make allowance for any little mistake in this last measurement. And besides, I don't know how deep I will have to go, and so I want plenty of room to work," said Jack.

"Do you think the treasure is buried very deep, Jack?" said Nellie.

"Probably not originally, but, you see, it's been a good while ago, and there may have been new dirt formed, or washed down over the soil since it was buried, so that I may have to dig deeper than the pirate put it," said Jack.

Jack took off his coat and vest, and rolled up his sleeves, and prepared for a long, arduous afternoon's work. Nellie sat in the shade of a projecting rock, and Jack dug a long while in silence, turning out the dirt, in great heaps, around the circle he had described.

He dug to his knees, then to his waist, and, as the sun's shadows lengthened out, he had dug so deep that his head just appeared above the excavation. Then he began to feel some disappointment.

"It looks like our cake's all dough, Nellie," said he, as he rested on his spade.

"Don't you think there is any treasure after all, Jack?" asked she.

"It certainly begins to look that way. If there was, it certainly couldn't be so deep in the earth, even allowing for time, extra soil and all," said Jack.

Nellie came and stood over him, looking down into the hole.

"It certainly seems so, Jack. It's too bad after all your trouble," said she.

"Oh, the trouble is nothing," said he, "we were probably expecting too much. Well, it's nearly sundown, we can't do any more to-day, at least. We'll go and get supper and have a think over it," continued he,

They had eaten the lunch that Nellie brought long before. Jack had thrown his spade out before attempting to climb out of the hole, and he now looked around for a resting place for his foot, to aid him in getting out. He saw what he wanted in what looked like a stone projecting from the side of the excavation, and about three feet from the ground, so he put his foot upon this, endeavored to climb out, but he had no sooner rested his whole weight upon this, than this support gave way, and let him back into the hole. He looked down a moment in disgust at this thing that had played him false, and saw that it was a bone. He picked it up and examined it, and found it was the shin bone of a human being.

"Give me the spade again, Nellie, please," said he.

He immediately began digging vigorously in the side of the excavation, where the bone had rested. Soon more bones appeared, then a human skull.

"Why, Jack, whatever are you doing?" said Nellie, looking at the bones.

"I think I'm getting 'warm,' Nellie, as the children say. Or, in other words, I'm digging out the bones of that sailor man, that went away that day in a boat, with the pirate captain, and never returned," continued he.

He still kept digging away, bringing down great clods of earth, and more bones, but finally he struck something else, and, after digging carefully around it, unearthed a strong wooden box, bound with iron bands. This box was about eighteen or twenty inches long, and about a foot wide, and the same in depth. There was a strong lock to the box, but the wood around the hinges to the lid had rotted so that it would not hold the screws; so Jack lifted it and pulled it back, and stood back in utter amazement. There was a most brilliant array of all kinds of precious stones. Indeed, it was a conglomerated mass of brilliancy. There were diamonds, topazes, emeralds, rubies and sapphires, all contributing their scintillations to form

a great bulk of dazzling brightness. Jack stood looking at it in a sort of stupid wonder. Nellie was simply awe-struck; both were dumb and completely overcome by the grand display of the many precious stones, flashing their dazzling, changeable colors back and forth in bewildering brilliancy.

"Well," said Nellie, at last. "You've found it, Jack."

"Yes," said Jack, "I've found it." But he couldn't realize yet just what he had found. He could not take it in. He simply stood and looked at it stupidly.

Nellie was really the first to recover.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "Isn't it wonderfully beautiful?"

"Amazingly so," said Jack, at last beginning to realize what it all meant. "Nellie," he continued, "there's millions and millions of dollars in that box. Hurrah," he shouted, throwing up his cap, in his boyish glee. "We're millionaires in earnest this time, little girl. No more make believe now."

"But, Jack, what are you going to do with it?"

This practical question brought Jack completely to himself.

"Well, the first thing to do, is to get it out of here, and carry it to the tent," said he.

Jack lifted it carefully, and set it down on the edge of the hole, at Nellie's feet.

"There, little girl," he said, "are enough diamonds to completely cover you up and bury you."

"Oh, aren't they beautiful?" she said, stooping down, and running a few of them through her hands, watching the colors flash and change into many brilliant hues, as they caught the beams of the declining sun.

"Oh, Jack, whatever can you do with so many of them?" she continued.

"Oh, we'll manage somehow to make use of them, little girl," said he.

"But come, Nellie," he continued. "We'll go back to the tent and get some supper. Millionaires ought to have the privilege

to pick and choose, but I suppose we'll have to put up with the regular diet. That's the disadvantage of being millionaires on a desert island," laughed Jack.

"Now, Nellie," he continued, "you remember your caution to me once; so if any of the neighbors should happen in this evening, be sure you treat them as usual, and don't look down on them."

"I won't, Jack," laughed she, "I'll give them the chairs to sit on, as usual, while we sit on the bed."

The box was heavy, but Jack could manage it easily, after getting it on his shoulder. And so laughing in their joy, and talking a good deal of nonsense, they made their way to the tent. Jack carried in his treasure and put it under his bed, at which Nellie laughed.

"Aren't you afraid of burglars, Jack? You know when a man intends to burgle, he is always supposed to hide under the bed."

"I hardly know what I'm afraid of. I believe I'm more afraid than anything else, that I shall wake up and find it all a dream," said he.

"There are two of us dreaming the same dream then," said she.

"But how am I to know that? You may simply be a part of my dream," said he.

"Well, Jack," she said, coming up to him. "Shall I pinch you real hard to let you know you are awake?"

He laughed. "I don't believe you could pinch me hard enough to awaken me if I were asleep."

"Better not let me try," she said, threateningly.

After they had had supper they were standing outside the tent still talking about the wonderful treasure.

"Jack, how do you account for coming so near missing the place where it was buried?"

"Well," said Jack, "the trouble was probably in the last measurement. We did not strike a line due north,"

"Perhaps it was the pirate's mistake, Jack?"

"No, I hardly think so; he probably used a compass, and got the true line. Now, you see," continued Jack, "the last stake I drove was about three feet too far to the left. If I had put it three feet more to the right it would have been exactly over the treasure. Now, there is just one way that I can account for it, Nellie. You see, your right shoulder was turned squarely towards the east, consequently you were directly facing the north, and I was trying to draw a true line from the end of your nose, as you thus stood. Now, I diverged about three feet too far to the left, because, I think, your nose must be a little crooked," added he mischievously.

She looked at him quickly, but Jack was looking down, demurely.

"You see," he continued, "it might be only a slight crook, just enough to start the measurement a little off the true line, but the farther you run the line, the greater the line would diverge in the wrong direction."

"Jack," said she, "I haven't got a crooked nose," pouting up her lips.

Jack laughed heartily.

She walked away a short distance and stood with her back to him.

He watched her with a mischievous smile upon his face.

Soon she turned her head, but still kept her back to him, and looked at him out of the corner of her eyes, and still pouting prettily.

Jack laughed louder than ever.

"Never mind, Nellie, we're rich now, little girl, and can afford to have it attended to. Why, we can even call a specialist in, to put it straight; just a little pull to the right would probably fix it, but he may have to put it in plaster-of-Paris. I wonder," he continued, thoughtfully, "if there are specialists for crooked noses,"

"I am not going to have any specialist pull my nose," she said, as she walked away with her hands behind her, and her head in the air.

Jack laughed still louder at this, but his great, honest eyes were regarding her very kindly. "How fascinating she is, when she pouts so prettily," thought he; and, lighting a cigar, he lay back looking up into the sky. Nellie came back, presently, and sat down by him, very quietly.

"You asked me once, Nellie," said he, "what I would do when my cigars were all gone. Well, that time's nearly come. I've only a part of a box left."

"Will it go hard to do without, Jack?"

"Well, yes; especially at first, but a person can get used to most things; at least when it's a case of *have to*."

As soon as Jack's cigar was gone he said he thought he would go to bed, for he was very tired.

CHAPTER XV.

RESCUED.

A FEW days after this Jack came in to where Nellie was preparing dinner.

"I've got some more bread for you, Nellie," said he, "and also something to make you some lemonade, or at least a good substitute for it."

"What do you call it, Jack?" asked she.

"This bread-fruit is plantain, and this other is citron, which, mixed with water, makes a delicious drink; and then, here are some wild oranges, which taste very good, for I've tried them," said Jack.

"Jack," said Nellie, laughing, "I wonder if you could ever be placed in a position where you couldn't find something to eat and drink."

"Well, eating and drinking are some of the chief enjoyments of life, and, whether we live to eat, or eat to live, it's all the same, for it's something necessary to existence," said he.

"And does this plantain taste like bread, Jack?"

"It is a very good substitute, Nellie, I assure you, but not as good as the real bread-fruit."

"Well, Jack, everything new in the way of eating makes a delightful change, for, no matter how good an appetite one may have, it is hard to eat the same things for breakfast, dinner and supper, day after day, and week after week," said Nellie.

"Yes, variety is the spice of life," said Jack.

That afternoon they were sitting out in front of the tent, in the shade of the trees.

"How are you going to remove the treasure from here, Jack, if we should happen to signal a ship?" asked she.

"I have been thinking of two or three ways, Nellie," said he. "One way I thought of: we might gather a lot of cocoanuts, and open one of the eyes in the end of each, and, after pouring out the milk, fill the hollow with the stones and close the opening again with some dark-colored clay."

"And what is the objection to that plan?" asked she.

"Well, for one thing, it would take so many nuts," said he. "I've made a little calculation about it. The box containing the stones is about eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide, and twelve inches deep; therefore, the inside of the box contains twenty-five hundred and ninety-two cubic inches. Now, I don't suppose the inside of an average cocoanut would contain more than eight cubic inches; therefore, to fill the nuts with the stones, it would require over three hundred nuts, and what excuse could we ever give for loading that many nuts into a ship?" continued he.

"That's true, Jack, but if we had some way of extracting the meat, too, it would not take near so many," said she.

"No, it would not take so many, but even if we could extract the meat (which, I must own, I know of no way of doing without breaking the shells), they would be too heavy, which would immediately lay them open to suspicion. Besides, did you ever see a pile of cocoanuts that wasn't forever being disturbed by most every tomfool that came along, picking some of them up and shaking them to see if they had milk in them.

Nellie laughed merrily, "I would not have thought of it, but I believe it is so," said she.

"I don't know why people do such things. It just seems to come natural," said Jack, "and people can no more keep their hands off of a pile of cocoanuts than they can from touching anything that's newly painted, when it has a sign on it to caution people against it. Did you ever see anything, anywhere, at

any time, that had the sign of 'paint' on, but every last fellow that came along, would touch the end of his finger to it? What does he do it for? It looks like he thought the owner hadn't told the truth, and he was determined to catch him in a lie," said Jack.

Again Nellie laughed merrily. "And don't you do these things, Jack?" she asked.

"Yes," said Jack, "that's the trouble; I'm just as big a fool as the rest."

And Nellie laughed long and heartily, at the same time watching the look of disgust on Jack's face; until, finally, Jack, catching the humor of the thing, laughed with her. After they had sobered down, Nellie asked:

"Well, what other way did you think of?"

"Well, I thought of taking a good-sized box; that is, one large enough for the purpose, and, putting the jewels in the bottom, and making a false bottom, and then filling it with pretty shells and curious stones, we could pose for relic or curiosity hunters," said he.

"And why not, Jack; that don't look so bad?"

"No," said he, "not on the face of it, but when you come to think it over, it wouldn't work. You see, it's this way," Jack continued, "If we are ever taken away from this island by any ship, there will probably be passengers aboard, and some of them, lady passengers, and these will take you to their hearts, and they'll want to hear your story, not once, but many times, and they'll pet you, and talk over you, and, in fact, can't get enough of you, and they'll want to see everything you've got, and everything will be intensely interesting to them, especially anything brought from these islands; and if you had a box of relics, they would never be satisfied until they had seen and handled everything in it, and then would want to know what else the box contained."

Again Nellie laughed merrily. "Well, that's a good deal like

a lot of women," she said. "Well, haven't you decided on anything then?" she continued.

"Yes, I think I will take just the simplest plan I can think of. The simplest ways of doing things are generally the best," said he.

"And what is that?" asked she.

"Well, I think I'll put them into the lid of my trunk, and fasten up the opening and fill the trunk with my clothing, and lock it up. You see a trunk is considered one's private property, and no one thinks of enquiring what you've got in it," said he.

"I believe that is best, Jack," said Nellie.

"Yes, that's the best thing that I can think of," said he.

And so Jack fixed it, and the jewels just about filled the aperture. Things became very monotonous for the next few weeks, and time hung heavy on their hands. One morning they had just finished breakfast, and were still sitting at the table, when their attention was attracted to the loud barking of Carlo, now and then interspersed with low, ominous growlings.

"I wonder what Carlo can have found now," said Jack, but paid no particular attention to the matter, until the low growls, and angry snarls, becoming nearer, he stood up and looked in the direction from whence they came.

"Call off your dog here," were the words which greeted his ears.

"Nellie! Nellie! Gee whilikins, we're rescued, little girl," he shouted. "Down, Carlo; come here, sir," he continued. Carlo obeyed, but still kept a wary eye upon the strangers, and still emitted low, gutterel sounds, as though not entirely satisfied with the intrusion.

"Hello; just at breakfast," repeated the voice, in a hearty manner, as a tall, muscular man in sailor dress made his appearance, followed by three or four other seamen.

"Yes," said Jack, jumping forward with outstretched hand; "will you join us?"

"No, thanks; we just had breakfast aboard ship."

"You fare pretty well for shipwrecked persons," continued the man, letting his eye roam over the table, and then resting it with honest admiration upon Nellie's blushing face.

Nellie looked very fresh and sweet this morning, and was dressed in a pale pink dress, that Jack had only seen her wear a few times.

"Oh, my little sister here and I have managed pretty well," said Jack.

"Your sister, is it?" said he, tipping his hat. "My name is Forbes," he continued, "Samuel Forbes, and I'm first mate of the steamer Victoria, of Australia, bound from New York to Australia. We saw your signal, and so put in to see what was the trouble."

"Well, you're exceedingly welcome, I assure you," said Jack. "There were times when we almost lost hope of rescue."

"Have you been long here?" added Forbes.

"About a year since we first struck these islands," said Jack.

"Well, I expect you must be pretty well sick of it by this time. May I look inside your tent, and satisfy my curiosity as to how you managed?" said Forbes.

"Certainly; although it's rather early in the morning, and the housemaids haven't done their clearing up," said Jack, laughing.

"Oh, I'll take all of that into consideration," smilingly in reply.

He looked around in the tent, and saw the pile of stores that were left. The chest of tools, the different utensils, both for working and cooking; then peeped into the bed-rooms, and saw how nicely everything was arranged, especially for Nellie.

"Why, you *are* pretty nicely fixed," said he, as he reappeared.

"But how came you to have so many stores left after all this time?"

"I had a good many to start with; I just loaded a raft down with them," said Jack.

"Well," said Forbes, "whenever you are ready to start we would be glad to take you and your sister aboard the ship."

"This is not really my sister; only by adoption," said Jack. "We felt like two lonely orphans, and so adopted one another," continued he, laughing.

"I see," said Forbes, again looking admiringly at Nellie, and tipping his hat.

"Nellie, this is Mr. Forbes,—Miss Robinson, Mr. Forbes," said Jack, with a flourish.

Nellie acknowledged the introduction, with a graceful, little bow, and a pretty blush. She felt unusually shy, and timid this morning.

"Well," said Jack, "we can be ready to leave almost immediately; but what'll we do with all these stores; there is quite a quantity of them left?"

"We'll take whatever we think we can make use of on board the ship, and leave the rest to—oblivion," said Forbes.

While the men were carrying such things as Forbes selected to the boat, Jack and Nellie got together their few belongings, and soon all were ready to start for the ship. There was one thing Jack was not likely to forget, and that was the trunk, which he saw carefully deposited in the bottom of the boat. Then taking Nellie and calling Carlo, who had by this time made friends with the strangers, they took their places in the boat, and were soon bounding over the waves toward the ship, leaving, forever, behind them, the land that had proved to them both a refuge and a blessing.

Nellie was received with open arms by the ladies of the cabin, and made a veritable pet of, and made to relate again and again

her wonderful experience, which, of course, transformed Jack into the hero of the hour. Jack was introduced to the captain by Mr. Forbes, and taken into the cabin, where he gave a minute and detailed account of all his adventures, commencing with Seers' perfidy, and his imprisonment, keeping back nothing except the finding of the jewels.

"Well, you've had a wonderful experience, Mr. Haselton," said he.

"Yes, more wonderful than altogether agreeable," laughed Jack.

"Well, I guess you're well out of your trouble now, but what do you intend to do with this Sears, when you meet him? Seems to me a man like that isn't fit to live among decent people," said the captain.

"No," said Jack, "and yet I shall not take his life, but will find some better way to settle with him. Someway," he continued, "that will not bring me into any more trouble either."

"Yes, I suppose that is best," said the captain. "No matter how mean a man is, according to law, he's entitled to his life, and you would only get yourself into more trouble by attempting to take it from him."

"Oh, I shall not attempt anything of that kind. I think I'll be able to reach him in a way that will hurt him more, and do him more harm, than to do him any bodily injury," said Jack.

"Well," said the captain, rising to go on deck, "I wish you all the success in the world; anything that I can do for you in the meantime, don't hesitate to let me know. Everything here is at your disposal, you know," continued he, as he made for the companion way.

Even Carlo was made much of, and soon became the pet of all the sailors, and would have been kept very busy, no doubt, could he have told all the experiences he had been through. They had been on board the ship for about a week, and Jack

had not seen much of Nellie, for the ladies had taken complete possession of her. But one evening she appeared on deck, looking very sweet and pretty, in some new gown that Jack had never seen before.

"How do I look, Jack, in my borrowed finery?" said she, standing before him for inspection, but blushing rosy red as she saw the admiration in Jack's eyes, as he took in the beauty of the little figure.

"Come and take a stroll, Nellie," said he, without answering her question. "We will have the deck pretty much to ourselves, I guess. The moon is just coming up, and it will be a delightful evening on deck." And taking the little hand, browned somewhat by the tropical sun, he placed it within his arm, and proceeded to pace the deck with her in silence. And the silence continued so long that Nellie wondered at it, and now and then cast little, shy glances at him.

"Nellie," said Jack, at last, "we'll soon reach Australia now, and all our adventures will be at an end."

Nellie looked up at him, a little frightened, and turned slightly pale.

"Yes, Jack," she said softly.

"And I have been wondering, the last few days, that when I leave you in the care of your aunt, providing she has survived the wreck, and return to New York, whether the parting is to be forever, and if I shall never see the little companion of my adventures again."

Nellie's hand trembled on Jack's arm a little, and she went very white, but he did not notice. They were both standing now in a quiet place, and he was looking out at sea.

"You see," he continued, "I have become so used to you, Nellie, and to your sweet companionship, that it would go very hard with me if I had to part with you."

Nellie looked at him a moment; her eyes were full of tears, but still he did not see, and she unconsciously drew nearer to

him. Jack was conscious of the little form drawing nearer, and felt the little, brown hand bearing a mite heavier on his arm, and he put his arm around her, and drew her still nearer.

"Must the parting be forever, dear?" whispered he.

Her long lashes covered the pretty, brown eyes, and she kept them on the deck.

"Nellie, little darling, I love you; you are dearer to me than life itself. I have loved you, little sweetheart, almost from the first, and if this parting is to be forever and we are to meet no more, life would not be worth the living. Say, Nellie, dear, haven't you got a little love for Jack in that dear little breast? Would the parting mean nothing to you, dear? Could you let Jack go away from you, and then forget; and would your life go on just as before?"

"No, no, Jack; please don't," she pleaded, and the little head went down on Jack's shoulder, and the little form was shaken with sobs.

"There, there, dear; don't take it so hard, darling; Jack'll never leave you, Nellie, unless you send him away. Dear, little sweetheart, so you do love Jack a little then," and he kissed her hair, her forehead, her eyes, which she could not raise, and then her lips, and he petted her and coaxed her, and, holding her close, told her all she was to him again and again. Finally the sobs grew less and less violent; the little form ceased its trembling, and she grew very still, and thus they stood in silence for a long time, in bliss only known to loving hearts.

At last she struggled a little, and looked up. "Jack," she said, softly.

"What is it, darling?" he asked.

"Is my—is my nose crooked?"

Jack burst into a hearty laugh, but he drew her closer while he did so.

"No, darling," said he; "you've the prettiest little nose that I ever saw,"

"And you won't let any specialist pull it?" she asked.

"I'd like to see him try. I'd punch his head for him."

And then they both laughed. Soon they commenced their promenade again, but with altogether different feelings. Where there was happiness before, there was now bliss. They talked of many things, going over all the past, viewed in the new light of love, as lovers will. They tried to lay plans for the future. Jack insisted upon an immediate marriage, at Australia; but it all was so sudden, Nellie wanted to wait.

"But, Nellie, dear," said Jack, "how much nicer it would be for you to return on the next steamer to New York as my dear, little wife. But then, we won't decide that now, dear; we'll let you think it over, and get used to the idea," he continued.

And, finally, Jack took her in his arms, and kissing her tenderly many times, led her to her stateroom and bade her good-night; and, then, lighting a cigar, paced the deck far into the night, building air castles of perfect bliss, and dreaming dreams of future happiness, as lovers only can.

CHAPTER XVI.

JACK AND NELLIE ARE MARRIED.

JACK and Nellie now spent most of the time together on deck. The weather continued fine from day to day, and Jack was always waiting for her, and, as soon as she appeared, he would take charge of her, with a certain fond proprietorship, and lead her to the coolest spot beneath the awning, where he would find a comfortable chair for her; and then, sometimes, they would talk of the past, present and future, and sometimes, sit in utter silence, which is often more eloquent than words.

Jack had persuaded her to his way of thinking, and she had agreed that the wedding should take place at her aunt's house in Australia, providing that her aunt had survived the wreck, and was at home. And so the days passed quickly, and the ship plowed nobly through the waves and brought them day by day nearer to their destination.

One day the captain told them that they would reach Sydney early the next morning. That evening Jack and Nellie were spending on deck the last night on board the ship. They had been promenading for an hour, and were now standing looking out over the water, as they had so often done before. There had been a long silence, broken only by the chug, chug of the ship's engines, and an order now and then from some officer.

"Nellie," said Jack, "that great body of water is capricious. Sometimes it carries upon its broad bosom peace, joy and happiness, to all mankind; then, in a moment, as it were, it will turn a frowning face, and bring ruin, death and hopeless despair."

"And what has it brought to you, Jack?" she asked, softly.

Jack looked thoughtful, and then replied, "It brought me first, ruin and despair, all but death, and then it turned to me its smiling face, and brought me peace, joy, wealth and the crowning happiness of my life," said he, putting his arm around Nellie and drawing her close to him.

"And are you sorry, Jack, for the ruin, despair, the all but death?" she asked, softly.

"To be crowned with my present joy and happiness; no, Nellie, dear, a thousand times no! Gladly would I go through it all again. Yes, many, many times over, if at the last I could have but one short hour of the joy and happiness of the present. Darling, little Nellie, you are my life, my joy, my all; without thee life would be void indeed; with thee, living is a paradise," said Jack, earnestly.

And Nellie, looking up, with a pretty blush and a sweet shyness, put her two hands on his great shoulders, and whispered softly, "Jack, just so do I love you, too."

And Jack took her in his arms and held her close. 'There was a long silence, for what was their need of words?

The next morning they arrived at Sydney, and Jack, after shaking hands with the captain, and thanking him for all his kindness, put Nellie into a carriage and, taking the valuable trunk with them, drove to her aunt's house. Carlo bounded along the road beside the carriage. Her aunt had survived the wreck, and was at home, but had long since given Nellie up for lost, and Jack left her and Nellie in each other's arms, sobbing and laughing, alternately, and drove to a hotel and was given a room. He was in need of ready cash; so, taking a few of the diamonds, he disposed of them to a jeweler. He then went to a barber-shop and had his hair cut and whiskers trimmed, for he had grown a full beard by this time. He went to a tailor next, and ordered several suits of clothes, for he realized that he had returned to civilization, and must dress accordingly. He

did not call upon Nellie for a day or two, but he had got her father's address while on board the ship, and sent a message to him of Nellie's safe arrival in Australia; also telling him that a letter would follow the message.

Then next day he made enquiries for the most responsible diamond merchant in the city, and was referred by every one to one broker of undoubted integrity, who made that his special business, and who had agents in all the best markets in the world. After satisfying himself thoroughly in regard to this man's reliability, Jack called upon him and made arrangements with him to sell the jewels, and make returns to Jack in New York. He also advanced Jack ten thousand dollars for present use.

Jack called on Nellie that evening, and she hardly knew him in his metamorphosed state. She blushed painfully, as though meeting an entire stranger, but Jack soon laughed her out of her shyness.

"I didn't know you were so handsome, Jack," she whispered, shyly, as he stood with his arm around her.

Jack laughed and kissed her tenderly. Then the aunt appeared, and approached Jack with both hands extended, which Jack took into his, and, as he looked into the kind, blue eyes, he saw that they were filled with tears.

"Nellie has told me everything, Mr. Haselton, and I most sincerely thank God that she fell into the hands of such an honorable gentleman."

"Oh, that," said Jack; "I did nothing but what any other man would have done under the same conditions."

"Oh, but I can appreciate your conduct," said she; "so you needn't try to deprecate it. Besides," she continued, laughing, "you might have a little more appreciation of yourself if you had seen the long letter Nellie wrote to her father, covering ten pages of foolscap paper. She tried to give him a correct account of everything, but I really believe the name of *Jack*

not only appeared upon every page, but almost upon every line of every page."

Jack laughed merrily, and glanced at Nellie.

"I don't care," she said, with a pretty pout. "How could I tell papa all about it without telling him about Jack, too?"

"Oh, she lauded her Jack up to the skies," her aunt said.

"I expect," said Jack, "if I were to write an account of everything, Nellie's name would appear still oftener, for I could never begin to tell how bravely she bore all her troubles, and how sweet and patient she was through it all," and he drew the shy, blushing little form to him, tenderly.

"Well," said the aunt, "I see that you two are desperately and irretrievably in love with each other, and anything an old maid of an aunt would say would have no effect," but she regarded them very kindly.

"But, about this marriage," she continued, "to take place here; that is all very sudden, and I hardly know what to say. Of course her father ought to be consulted, but I suppose he will think of the matter about as I do."

"And how is that?" asked Jack.

"Well," she said, "among all the other things I am thankful for, I am very glad indeed that you happened to fall so desperately in love with Nellie. Under the circumstances, it is the very best thing that could have happened."

"But how could I have helped it?" asked Jack.

"I know," said the aunt, "just how nice and sweet she is; yes, and pretty, too, but other girls are nice and sweet, and pretty, too, and if, for instance, you had already loved one of these others, and so, had no love to give to Nellie, it would have gone hard with the little girl. And so," she continued, "I am glad that it turned out so; but why this unnecessary haste, Jack? You see you must be 'Jack' to me too, if you are to be my nephew."

"I shall certainly be pleased to be considered in that relation,"

said Jack; "but you ask, why this haste? What's the good of waiting?" continued he.

"How like a man," laughed the aunt, "especially a man who has never been married, and has no conception of a woman's wardrobe. You must give her time to get a suitable trousseau."

"Oh, she can have everything in that line that she wants, after she is married," said Jack. "What's the good of making up a great pile of stuff, simply to carry to New York? She can buy everything when she gets there," he continued.

"Well," said the aunt, "I do not think, myself, that it is necessary to buy a great pile of stuff, as you call it, but it is necessary for her to have a few nice gowns, to make a change with. Has not your masculine eye penetration enough to have noticed, during your exile together, that she is nearly destitute of clothing?"

"I never knew how many clothes she had. I only noticed that somehow she always managed to look fresh and sweet," said Jack, looking at Nellie tenderly.

"Just like a man in love," laughed the aunt. "No, Jack, you will have to wait a few weeks, until I can have an opportunity of doing something in this matter for Nellie. Besides, we must hear from her father first, and get his consent. Although I have not much doubt in that regard, for he is a sensible man, and will see things in their true light. And now," she continued, as she arose, mischief beaming in her kind, blue eyes, "I will leave you two together, as you have been separated so long, and haven't seen much of each other during the past year; you must have a good deal to tell," and laughing merrily, she left the room.

Jack looked at Nellie and smiled. "I like your aunt, Nellie," he said.

"Oh, she's a perfect dear, Jack."

"Thank you, Nellie," said Jack, soberly.

"What for?" said she, wonderingly.

"For calling me, dear Jack," he said.

"Oh, but I didn't,—I mean—I meant—"

"Oh, yes; I mean—I meant," mimicked he, drawing her to him and kissing the pouting lips again and again. "Now, dare you say that I'm *not* dear to you?"

"No, Jack, I—"

"What's that?" said Jack, kissing her again.

"I mean—I meant," said she.

"What **do** you mean, anyhow, little darling; do you really know what you mean?" kissing her again.

"Oh, Jack, how can I tell you what I mean when you won't give me a chance?" looking up at him with a very rosy face.

But it is not necessary to intrude further upon this happy pair. That they enjoyed the time allotted to them we may be sure, and it was a late hour when Jack took his departure.

During the next few weeks Jack found the hours, during the day, hang heavily upon his hands. He was entirely tabooed the aunt's house during the daytime. "For how can we accomplish anything with a man hanging around?" she laughingly exclaimed. But she allowed him the evenings with Nellie. So Jack had to put through the long hours of the day the best he could.

He received a kind letter from Nellie's father, thanking him for the excellent care of the little girl for whom the father had mourned for so many, weary months as lost to him forever, and giving his hearty approval of the wedding. And, in another letter, to the aunt, he asked her to "hurry up things, and get the wedding over, for he was anxious again to see his little girl."

He also wrote a long letter to Nellie, full of the love and tenderness of a father's heart, and also of thankfulness for her wonderful preservation from all harm. In this letter he spoke very highly of Jack, and the part he had acted towards her, and approved of him in every way.

Nellie cried a little over this letter. She saw even greater

depths of love in her father's heart than she had ever known before. And so the time passed until the day of the wedding arrived. It was a very simple affair, Nellie being almost a stranger in the place; only a few intimate friends of her aunt were present.

Nellie looked very sweet indeed in her white bridal robes, as she stood up with Jack, and the "twain were made one flesh, until death do us part," and blushed shyly when congratulated by the few present as Mrs. Haselton.

Nellie's parting with her aunt was rather a tearful ceremony, for the tears seem to lie very near the surface, although the happy, bounding heart was full of joy. After releasing Nellie, the aunt turned to Jack, and he put his arm around her, and kissed her, first on one cheek, and then on the lips, and, when he released her, the kind, blue eyes were filled to overflowing.

"Be good to her, Jack," she said softly.

Jack only nodded the reply that his lips did not utter.

They were hurried down the steps, into the carriage, and off to the steamer, Carlo keeping up with easy bounds along-side.

The steamer sailed the same night for New York.

CHAPTER XVII.

JACK "EVENS UP" THINGS WITH SEERS.

It was the last night aboard the ship. They would enter New York harbor the next morning. Jack and Nellie were standing upon the deck. They had made the voyage without special incident, and now it was nearly over, and they would soon reach home. At least Nellie would; as for Jack, he had no home as yet, but intended to make a very handsome one as soon as possible for his sweet little wife, standing now so quietly by his side.

"Well, Nellie," said he. "This is our last night aboard ship, and soon all our wanderings will be over, and we will have reached our haven of rest, the haven looked to so often with longing eyes, and hungering hearts, when cast like two poor waifs upon the desert isle."

"Yes, Jack," said she. "I can't account for it, but, do you know that at times, I have a longing for the life on the isle again?"

"What, little girl? Getting homesick now for the rude cabin tent, and the turtles, and the fish and the hot baking sun?" asked Jack.

"Yes, Jack. Sometimes I believe that I am really a little homesick for it all."

"And how about the savages? Wouldn't you like to see the old chief again with his ugly mug, and pompous air?" laughed Jack.

"Oh, dear! No, Jack, I never want to see another savage again, as long as I live," said Nellie.

Jack laughed. "Well, supposing we buy a yacht, and take a trip back there some day?"

"Well, Jack," said she, thoughtfully. "That would hardly seem the same thing, you know. It wouldn't exactly be the same life, in the same way."

"I think I understand your feeling, Nellie. It was the sort of Bohemian life, that you were first forced to live, and then to take a kind of liking to, and now you naturally miss the freedom of it, in all its unconventionality."

"I suppose it is something like that, Jack," said she.

"Well, I'm very glad that I was there to keep you company in your Bohemian life," said he.

"Oh, Jack, it would never have been the same without you. I could never have gotten along without you. I should have just died," said she.

"It was a rough life, and in many respects a happy one too," said he.

Nellie's father was not on hand to meet them. The captain said that the steamer was ahead of her schedule time, so they took a carriage and drove to Nellie's home, with Carlo following.

The father was at his lonely breakfast, but no sooner did he hear Nellie's voice in the hall than he jumped up, upsetting his chair, and dropping his napkin half way to the door. He approached with arms extended, and Nellie's quivering little "dear papa," was almost entirely drowned in the deep thankful utterance of "Nellie, my darling little girl," and Nellie lay sobbing in her father's arms. Her father petted and soothed her, and patted her little head, then held out his hand to Jack. "I suppose this is Jack, of whom I've heard so much," said he. "I want to thank you again, my boy, for your kindness to my little girl here. She has told me all about it in her letters, and I shall never feel able to thank you sufficiently for all you did, and the way you did it."

"Oh, I deserve no thanks for what I did for Nellie," said Jack, "who could have helped doing for the dear, patient, little darling, who bore all her trials so bravely?"

Nellie now looked up with her April face full of smiles. Her father kissed her tenderly, and led the way into breakfast.

After breakfast, Jack had a long talk with Nellie's father. He told Mr. Robinson everything that had happened to him, and showed him the confession of Hal Sheldon.

"The first thing you want to do, Jack, I should think, is to see your lawyer, and get a pardon from the governor of your state. According to law, you are still an escaped convict, you know. The governor would not hesitate about it in the light of this new evidence."

"But it don't seem right," said Jack, "to have to apply for a pardon for a crime that I did not commit. What I want is a vindication of my character. I ought never to have been convicted."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Robinson. "But the jury found you guilty, and you will still stand guilty, until pardoned by the governor of your state. Then afterwards the whole matter can be explained in the papers, showing up the perfidy of Seers, and his accomplices, and thus will your character be vindicated."

"Well, perhaps, that is the only way," said Jack. "But I would like to have this done quietly. I don't want Seers to know that I have returned, until I even up things with him."

"This Seers I happen to know has left your state and is in business here in New York. He has opened a broker's office here," said Mr. Robinson.

"So much the better," said Jack, "I can work out my plans against him to better advantage in a large metropolis, than I could in a smaller place."

As they arose Mr. Robinson put his hand on Jack's shoulder. "Jack, my boy," said he. "I don't blame you for feeling this way about this man. But don't do anything that will bring you

into trouble. If you don't think of yourself, remember Nellie. It would go very hard with her if you got into more trouble."

"I'll not do anything that will make me amenable to the law," said Jack.

"Well, then, that's all right," said Mr. Robinson.

The next thing Jack did was to call upon Geo. Hampton, the other accomplice of Seers. He found him that evening at his boarding house.

"Good evening, Mr. Hampton," said Jack. "Do you recognize me?"

Hampton looked up from a paper he had been perusing when Jack entered, and scanned him a moment.

"No, I don't believe I do," said he.

"Look again," said Jack.

Hampton looked at him intently.

"There is something familiar about you, but I can't place you," said he.

"Imagine, if you can, what I would look like without the whiskers," said Jack.

Again he looked long and earnestly at Jack, and turned slightly pale.

"It can't be me—no—it's not—Haselton," stammered he.

"Yes, but it is Haselton, Jack Haselton, the man whom you helped to condemn to a prison cell," said Jack.

"Who says I had anything to do with it?" said Hampton.

"I say so," said Jack. "And I have the proof here in my pocket."

"What proof?" asked Hampton.

"Well, I've got the proof straight enough. I got the confession of your accomplice, the one who put that package in my trunk," said Jack.

"Hal Sheldon?" said Hampton, unguardedly.

"Yes, you acknowledge your dastardly connection with it now, don't you?"

"Well, what do you intend to do about it?" asked he.

"What do you think I ought to do about it?" asked Jack.

"I don't know," said Hampton, weakly.

"Will you verify the confession of Hal Sheldon, and sign your name to it," said Jack.

"To what purpose?" said he.

"I'm going after Seers," said Jack.

"He ought to be the one made to suffer," said Hamilton.
"He instigated the whole thing."

"I know," said Jack.

"But my part was a dirty piece of business too, Haselton, and I've always been sorry for it," said Hampton.

"Well, we'll let that pass. I'm going to make Seers suffer for it in some way before I'm through with him. Come, will you do what I ask?"

"Yes," said Hampton.

Jack took the confession that Sheldon had made and signed, and wrote underneath, these words:

"I verify the above confession to be true in every part, and hereby acknowledge my part in the conspiracy."

He gave it to Hampton to sign, who, after reading it over, signed his name to it.

"There," he said, "that may be the means of getting me into trouble, but I'm willing to swear to it. But, where is Hal?" he asked.

"Dead," said Jack.

"Dead?"

"Yes, I killed him," said Jack.

Hampton drew back and looked at Jack intently.

"Yes," continued Jack. "I killed him, but I didn't kill him for this. In fact, I didn't know anything of this conspiracy until he lay dying where he made this confession."

"Where did it all happen then?" asked Hampton.

"On a desert isle in mid-ocean," said Jack; "he belonged to a piratical crew, and had attacked me."

"Hal a pirate?" asked he, in surprise.

"That's what he was when he died," said Jack, "brought to it by horse racing and gambling."

"Poor Hal," said Hampton. "He didn't mean to go wrong. He and I were chums at one time, but he got to going it too fast for me, and I had to let up."

"Well, he's dead now," said Jack, as he took his leave.

The next morning Jack explained things to Nellie, and bade her good-bye for a few days, and went to see the lawyer who had defended him in his trial. When Jack explained things to him, and showed him the confession of Sheldon, verified by Hampton, he thought there would be no trouble in getting a pardon from the governor, and said he would immediately attend to it. Jack left him with that understanding.

Jack was very busy for the next few weeks. He had a good deal of business on Wall street, and was continually dropping in on different stock brokers, making definite enquiries about all kinds of stock, and making a good many quiet enquiries about Mr. Seers, and what he was dealing mostly in. He found Seers was buying largely gold mining stock. This mine was situated in Colorado, and was called the Continental. He found that Seers had a good deal of faith in this stock, and was putting everything into it that he could turn into money, and that he had also put upon the market a good deal of his own paper to raise more funds to put into this stock. Jack immediately sent a reliable man out to Colorado with secret instructions, and, in the meantime, commenced buying in this stock.

The first he bought he paid one forty-five for. His man from Colorado reported the mine A No. 1. The mine was in good working order, and getting out very rich ore, and the vein was getting richer every day. Jack immediately set

half a dozen brokers to work buying in this stock, getting hold of all they could of it without regard to the price. Under this demand the stock gradually and steadily rose, until Jack paid as high as one sixty for the last he bought. He now found that he had a controlling interest of the mine, which was what he had been working for, and that he and Seers together owned very nearly the whole mine. His man in Colorado telegraphed for instructions. Jack sent him secret instructions in cipher, and soon the mine unexpectedly to everyone stopped working. Soon a report spread somehow that the vein had given out, and the stock began to go down. It went down very rapidly as the reports from Colorado continued bad. It soon fell below one hundred, and when no dividend was paid when due, it went down in jumps, and, in a very short time, was only worth twenty-five cents on the dollar, and there it seemed to hang. Jack now began to buy up Seers' paper, with which the street was flooded.

Everybody was anxious to get rid of this, for Seers' prospects of ever paying it looked very slim. Jack bought all this up at an average cost of fifty cents on the dollar. He found he had one hundred and twenty thousand dollars' worth of this paper, which cost him about sixty thousand dollars. He now called on Seers, who failed to recognize him, and demanded payment for this paper. Seers had nothing to pay with, unless he would take the Continental gold stock. Jack took this in payment at twenty-five cents on a dollar, receiving thereby four hundred and eighty thousand dollars in this stock.

"That pays my debts," said Seers, "but it don't leave me a dollar to my name."

"Well, I am very glad to hear it, Mr. Seers, for that is just what I have been working for. I would like you to know, also, that there is nothing the matter with this Continental mine, and that this nearly half a million of stock that you have just turned over to me will soon be worth as much as it ever was, and that

all of it only cost me about sixty thousand dollars. A pretty good investment, don't you think? Nearly three quarters of a million for sixty thousand invested. To prove what I say, if you want to make enquiries, you will find the mine putting out as rich pay dirt as ever by day after to-morrow. It was stopped by instructions. It will be started again in the same way, and all the dividends will be promptly paid when they become due."

"Why have you done this?" he asked.

"Oh, just for a little affection I have for you. You were getting rich too fast, and I was afraid it wasn't good for your general health," said Jack.

"Who are you anyway?" asked Seers.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Seers? Strange you should forget me. You used to be a particular, a *very* particular friend of mine," said Jack. "In fact, you thought so much of me, that you were afraid I might leave you some day, and you couldn't bear the thought of parting with me so, and so had me put into a little room, a nice little room it was, and it had strong iron bars to keep me in; so that I could not go away and leave you."

"Jack Haselton?" said Seers.

"Yes, Jack Haselton. Come back here to get even with you. You infernal scoundrel, I am only half through with you. To-morrow your perfidy will come out in all the daily papers, with the confession of Hal Sheldon, whom I killed on a desert island in mid-ocean. This confession is verified by Geo. Hampton, your other accomplice, and you will be held up to the public in your true character. Keep your hand away from that drawer," continued Jack, pointing a revolver square at his head. "When I call upon a dastardly villian like you, I come prepared."

Seers saw that Jack had him at a disadvantage and so tried to beg off.

"I hope you won't do this thing, Haselton. I'm going to be married soon, and it will ruin me," said he.

"So much the better," said Jack. "If I can save some nice girl from such a low, mean villain, I shall be glad of the chance. No, there is no hope for you. If this don't completely ruin you, both financially and socially, I'll find some other means of doing it. I pardoned your accomplices, but I would never pardon you for your dastardly part in this dirty business. I bid you good-day, Mr. Seers; but, again, I warn you to keep your hand away from that drawer, or I'll put a ball right through your head."

Jack kept his face to Seers all the way to the door, and then quietly opened it and left the office.

All of the next day's daily papers contained a full account of the whole conspiracy, vindicating Jack completely, and showing up the perfidy of Seers.

The evening papers contained an account of the suicide of Seers. He was found dead in his office chair, with a bullet in his brain, and a revolver still grasped in his hand.

The next morning Jack received notice, from his lawyer, that he had been pardoned by the governor of his state.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

It was in the month of June. Nearly a year had passed since Jack and Nellie had arrived in New York, like two waifs cast up by the ocean.

They were standing upon the portico of a palatial residence, on the banks of the picturesque Hudson. Extensive grounds surrounded the building. The lawn stretched far out before them, like bright green shades of soft velvet, interspersed here and there, by beautiful plots of various exotic plants. Long, well kept drives, lined with tall elms, curved in beautiful symmetry towards the distant road.

Jack and Nellie were standing at the head of the broad granite steps leading down into the grounds. Carlo, the other waif of the ocean, lay at their feet.

"Well, Nellie, little girl. Do you still sometimes grow homesick for the island life?" asked Jack.

"Sometimes I do, Jack, really," said she, laughing. "There are moments when I feel like I could give up all this splendor, and go back, at least for a little while, to the rude cabin-tent on the desert isle."

Carlo looked up and thumped his tail, as if he felt the same way.

"I believe you *are* a regular little Bohemian, darling," said he, drawing her fondly to him. "Perhaps I am, Jack, who know? Perhaps some of my great, great, great grand parents were real gypsies," said she, laughing.

“Well,” said Jack. “I don’t know that I have any particular craving for the old island life. But, in looking back over the past, and the curious way in which I have been led, it certainly seems that there was a purpose in it all. That I must have been destined for my present joy and happiness, but that it was first necessary that I should go through the deepest, saddest trials of my life; perhaps that I might better appreciate, and more fully enjoy the bliss, and crowning happiness of my life, in the possession of the sweetest little wife the Creator ever made.

THE END.

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